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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

UNMARRIED MOTHERS

Two real-life
tragic stories

Begin reading MENAGERIE MANOR

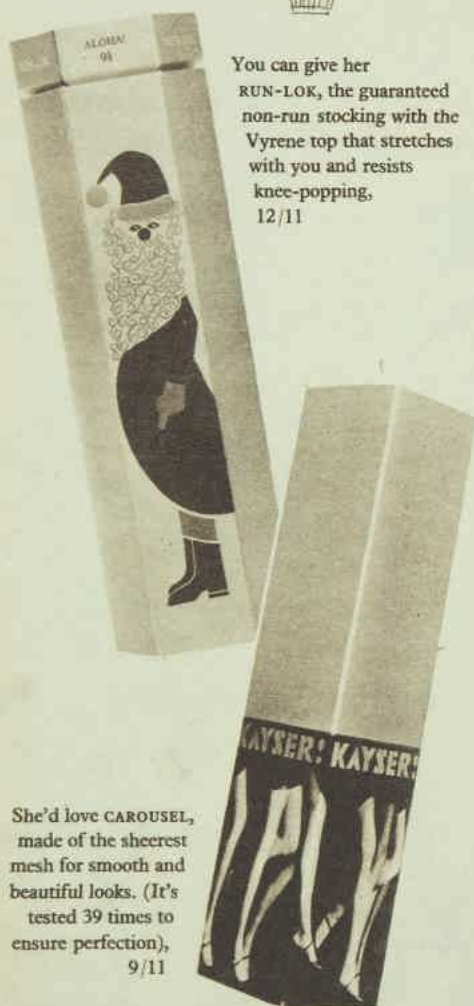
by Gerald Durrell

KNIT A NOVEL
HEADSCARF
for the beach

16-page
CHRISTMAS
COOKBOOK



To put
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top
of the
tree!



You can give her
RUN-LOK, the guaranteed
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FROM THE FASHION WORLD OF
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

DECEMBER 15, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 29

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WORTH REPORTING

THERE'S an interesting little story to the puppy Annabelle, pictured with Squadron-Leader Doug Harvey, C.O. of the RAAF Transport Flight in Vietnam, on page 9.

Dorothy Drain, our News Editor, who is the first Australian woman journalist to visit Australian troops in Vietnam (pages 7, 8, 9, 12), reports:

Annabelle was given to the officers of the RAAF Transport Flight living at the Villa Anna, on the seafloor of Vung Tau, by an Australian nurse.

The nurse was a member of the Australian Medical Team at Long Xuyen Hospital in the Mekong River Delta.

When she was leaving for home, a Vietnamese serving girl gave her Annabelle as a souvenir. The nurse in turn gave it to RAAF officers.

The puppy is a great favorite, except when she runs away with the officers' socks.

The picture of Annabelle and Squadron-Leader Har-

vey and the others in the feature were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, shown below, who attracted the interest of Vietnamese children when he made an adjustment to his camera equipment.

Antique copper

THE antique copper pieces in the lift-out cookery book in this issue were collected by Jessica Whitmont, who owns and manages The House of Copper at Double Bay, N.S.W.

Jessica has found a joy in rejuvenating family heirlooms in copper and brass to their former status in the home.

Many of the copper pieces in her shop are designed just to decorate the kitchen — Jessica believes that a handsome copper kettle on a stove brings art into the home as much as paintings and other decorations.

Her shop specialises in copper and brass pieces from all over the world. There is also a big demand for made-to-order items.

OUR COVER

● Six-month-old Maltese terrier Wimpole Claudius belongs to Miss Sue Fowler, of Maroubra, N.S.W. Very proud of her pet, she brushes him night and morning, and calls him "Sooty" because of his sooty black nose. Sooty is very playful and alert (and partial to his owner's beads). Picture by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

Look at youth

AFTER his first three months in Australia as a representative of the Japanese Youth Council, Akemitsu Mochizuki likes the food, says the trains are "very, very old," and thinks that his course at Outward Bound has made him "understand Australian youth."

"Ake" is a 25-year-old quality control electrical engineer at a Tokyo factory. He was chosen for this Australian Youth Council visit with another young man and two girls—they competed against 50,000 candidates.

Ake has been working since he was 16. He put himself through a university night course in modern Japanese literature. He gained his engineering qualifications by independent study, too, and spends his spare time leading youth groups and operating a ham radio.

One feature of his stay (he visits Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth before going home for Christmas) was meeting two other "hams," in Bendigo, Vic., and Brisbane — they had talked to him in Japan.

"At Outward Bound I found many ideas to bring back to youth groups in Japan. My instructor, he is very keen — push and push and push!" said Ake, whose name means "Light-shine full-moon."

AT a recent business-women's dinner in London, a lady rat-catcher turned up, sporting a handbag made from a rat she'd caught in an RAF mess. It was three years old. Just in its prime. "I enjoy the thrill of the chase," she said.

YOU simply cannot march into a store and ask for lions' whiskers, assorted or otherwise.

When Dover Castle's Deputy Constable noticed the lopsided look on the face of the lion who supports the Royal Arms above a castle fireplace, he had to order replacements from the London Zoo.

"There were only two of the original wire whiskers left," the Deputy Constable explained.

After a small gluing job, officials said that the lion looked "very attractive."

Some reserve whiskers were put aside for possible future necessity, and officials took note that the unicorn supporting the other side of the coat of arms is still in good nick. Good thing, too. Unicorn spares are hard to come by.

Dancers fly Tasman

MORE than 150 Australian dancers will compete in the South Pacific Dancing Championships in Christchurch, New Zealand, on December 10 and 11.

Most will cross the Tasman in one air-lift: a chartered Boeing 707. One advantage of having a plane to themselves, the dancers explained, was being able to hang their long, full exhibition gowns in the aisles instead of packing and crushing them.

Two N.S.W. dancing pairs hold the current titles and will defend them in Christchurch. Kevin Calderon and June Bratt, in private life Mrs. Calderon, are the professional champions and Miss Kay Waterman and Dick Foley are the amateur titleholders.



● Ron Berg and Vietnamese children.

Fresh from the Paris autumn collections is this frivolity by Cardin—a shift with a difference, very go-go.

The dress is wrapped close to the neck, and hobbled at the hemline with a ruffle, a band of pearls or ostrich feathers. In spite of the wrapping, quite a bit of the wearer shows. The material is mostly silk crepe.

Very much of the Paris autumn season is this soft, flowing line against a slim body. Label it: For the young only. —BETTY KEEP

THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER DRESS



● High choker neckline of pearls is matched to a hobble-knee band in the design above. The dress is made in silk crepe. Note the mini-length skirt—new in Paris for after dark.



● Long slinky evening dress (left) has Cardin's new cracker silhouette interpreted via a throttled neckline and a frou-frou of ostrich feathers narrowed to the ankle. The dress is worn with low-heeled evening shoes.

● Cardin's favorite cracker dress (left) is made in autumn's new pastel green. The dress is finished above knee-level with an enchanting double ruffle of lace and organza. The bodice exposes the shoulders.



NEXT WEEK

★ There are
40 PARTIES
and
MANY GAMES

— in fact, there is
everything for the



teenage host and
hostess in a 16-
page lift-out:
from planning to
the party itself.

And:

★ Paris couturier Yves St. Laurent
made world headlines with his
Mondrian
dresses, inspired
by the abstract art
from the canvases
of Piet Mondrian.
Now, for the first
time, St. Laurent
has released his
original designs in
pattern form (for
Vogue) — so

You can have a
Paris original



And:

★ Just wait till you read
UGLINESS—
the 'fun' look for models
— a shock story of Paris trends.

And:

GOOD NEIGHBOR HOUSES



— a color report on two Sydney
houses: they combine two worlds
of design and atmosphere.

And:

★ For the
gardener . . .
The quaint elegance
of **FUCHSIAS**



PLIGHT OF THE

(The authors of the stories below and opposite wish to be anonymous)

● *This girl plans to rear her baby herself*

"He hadn't the courage to marry me"

● As soon as you read the word "baby" you will associate it with "mother," because no two things are so closely connected. Yet because I will be an unmarried mother — an unmarried mother aged 16 — everyone says the right thing is for me and my baby to be separated. My great wish, however, is to keep my baby.

NO doubt you wonder what you would do in my situation, but you can never really answer truly, as you cannot know until you actually have to make the decision on whether to give the baby away as your head tells you to, or keep it, as your heart tells you to.

This is the decision I have to make, and I wonder if I will ever know if I made the right choice.

The father of my baby, a 19-year-old boy, will not marry me because it would be too much of a financial struggle. Yet before this happened we were very much in love and were talking of getting married as soon as possible.

I can see now that he hasn't the courage, or the love for me, I thought he had.

I first saw this the night we were going to tell my mother.

I had already told my father earlier in the morning in a cafe.

When I burst into tears and told him I had to get married, all he said was, "Have you, honey? Now why would you want to go and do a fool thing like that?"

He promised to help me and to break the news to Mum during the day.

But that night my boyfriend hedged for hours before he would come in with me. He was scared.

When he eventually did, Mum only asked if he'd like a cup of coffee while we sat down and worked things out.

Even at that stage we were still planning to get married. I wasn't so upset about being pregnant, because I loved him, and I was pleased to be having his baby.

If we had been the only people involved it wouldn't have mattered at all, but I was upset for our parents' sake.

But then a few days later he told me his parents had convinced him it would be stupid to get married.

He said it would never work out, that we didn't have enough money, and that he didn't want the baby.

His parents backed him up completely. His father even waylaid me on the station one night and yelled at me, and tried to bully me into having an abortion.

My whole world fell apart. I felt as if I didn't have a hope in the world, and I couldn't understand their reasoning.

The financial-struggle bit seemed strange to me, because my family had never had a great deal of money, but we always managed to get along, although we had to work hard.

My parents were divorced when I was very small, and although I have always been very close to my father he couldn't help very much financially.

"Slaved"

My mother slaved and worked, first so that she could keep me and later to send me to a good school.

My mother and I were looking forward to a brighter future when I brought home the news, but she understands how I feel and says that it would have broken her heart to part with me, and that she will understand and help me if I feel the same way about my own baby.

My baby will be born in two months' time, and as I write this I am resolved to keep him and manage somehow.

I am not qualified for any kind of work, and I don't yet know quite how I am going to manage.

My mother says that we can exchange our home for one in another suburb and that we can manage somehow—but I dread the thought of putting too much of a burden on her. Mum would have to keep on working longer and harder, and that just doesn't seem right.

For many years I will have a very large responsibility—a responsibility two people normally share.

People say to me, "You can't do it. The baby needs a father, and you must think of yourself."

"Your youth will be over, you'll be old before your time."

Everyone, except my mother and father, who want me to do what will make me happy, advises me to give the baby away.

Then there are the people who whisper and stare, because that is what people always do. I've done it, and about this very thing, never thinking that some day I would be a subject myself.

It's no use saying looks and words cannot hurt, because they do. Sometimes I hang my head a bit—and sometimes I give them the boldest look I can muster up.

And what is it going to be like later?

But all that is nothing compared to what the baby is being robbed of. Whatever I do he will either lose a real mother or never know a real father.

I think about what to tell the baby as he grows up and how to tell him. When he needs to know the truth I feel he will understand that my love for him was greater than my fears for the future.

Another thought that crosses my mind is that no man may ever love me enough to marry me if he has to take on someone else's child.

I can understand that that is a big thing to expect.

But to give the baby up—to me that would be the worst sacrifice of all.

Perhaps it is selfishness. I can't help thinking resentfully. Why should I give him away—he is mine, I'm carrying him? Why shouldn't I keep him?

Instinct

Or perhaps it is just what they say, a motherly love and instinct built into all women.

I want to believe the latter, but the other thought lingers: "Am I just plain selfish? I have to think of the baby. What is best for him and him alone?"

My brain tells me adoption. Others can give him what I will probably never be able to—a home, legitimate parents, everything a child needs.

But with all my heart I want the baby and feel we can battle through.

I will never know what I could have given him if I don't try.

In the midst of all this I wonder how I could have prevented this from happening.

What went wrong? I have excellent parents who only ever wanted the best for me.

Did I grow up too quickly? Are we all growing up too quickly? Is it a question of "too much too soon?"

It really isn't the time to be blaming anything or anyone, as now there is so much to be made right after that one mistake; that mistake that has left me saying, "I want to keep my baby."

UNMARRIED MOTHER

These are the tragic facts

- One in every three first-born children in Australia is conceived out of wedlock.

It is estimated that 90,000 abortions are performed in Australia every year, and during recent years there has been the Pill. Even so, the illegitimacy rate has risen.

SOME 15 years ago less than four percent of all children born in Australia were born to unmarried mothers. Last year the figure was 6.5 percent.

This rising figure reflects a world trend in changed moral attitudes, particularly a changed attitude to sex.

The change started in the late 1940s after World War II and has increasingly developed in the 1960s.

While there is less condemnation of unmarried mothers than there used to be, social and financial

difficulties nevertheless arise and their situation is a bitter one.

The two real-life stories on these pages show that the situation produces anguish for the girl and her family, and provides her and her baby with a hazardous beginning to what may well be a problem-ridden future.

The girls concerned are unmarried and pregnant. They are both young, both deserted by the men they love, both bravely facing a grim future.

One of their biggest decisions: Should they keep their babies or give them over for adoption?

● This girl will have her baby adopted

"He said he didn't love me enough"

EVERYONE knows what's right and what's wrong, but sometimes you might think you're doing the right thing and it could turn out all wrong, and this is what happened to me.

I first met John when he came to work in the same office as I; he was good-looking, very good-looking, in fact, and I fell for him the moment I saw him.

Oh, I won't say it was love at first sight, but I made up my mind that I was going to get a date with him if it was the last thing I did.

I won't go into detail on just how I did it, but it wasn't very long before he asked me out to a party.

I can't tell you how happy I was—I was like a school-girl being asked out for the first time.

Our first date wasn't the last.

I never dreamed he'd ask me out again, but he did, and the more I saw of him the more I liked him, and it wasn't long before I realised I was head-over-heels in love with him.

We'd been going steady for quite some time when John told me he loved me.

We started talking about marriage; nothing definite, but we knew just what the

other wanted and expected out of marriage.

We both knew marriage was a serious thing, not just a game, but we knew we were both too young to get married.

So we started planning for when we could marry, and we decided to start saving for a piece of land.

I think it must have been all the talk of marriage and saving that let us be carried away by our feelings for each other.

Afterwards, when I realised what we'd done, I felt ashamed, because I knew we'd done wrong, and when I explained this to John he told me it wasn't wrong if we loved each other and intended to marry.

Our affair did not end there, and it wasn't long before I found out that I was pregnant.

Heartache

I can't tell how frightened I was.

I thought of the heartache we were going to give our parents who had trusted us, but it was too late to be thinking of things like that.

I told John of my fears and he told me not to worry,

that we'd get married, but he said to wait awhile and see a doctor so that we would be sure before telling our parents.

The doctor confirmed my suspicions, and we told our parents.

We both knew we'd hurt them badly, but they never showed it in front of us.

They gave us their permission and their blessings to get married.

They explained that we had to think long and hard before we rushed into a thing as serious as marriage, because it was easy enough to get into but a jolly hard thing to get out of.

I knew how I felt, and John said he felt the same way, so we began making arrangements for the wedding.

John and I were of different religions, but I had agreed to marry in his church.

Here again I had hurt my parents, but still they never showed it—they said only that our happiness was the most important thing in the world to them and whatever we decided to do they would accept.

Mary, a very close and loyal friend, gave me a

"shower" and I felt just like any other bride about to be married. It wasn't until all arrangements had been made that my world fell to pieces.

It happened one Sunday morning. John came over to pick me up and straight away I sensed something was wrong.

It wasn't until he drove me over to his home that he told me he just couldn't go through with it—he didn't love me enough. "He didn't love me enough"—how those words stung deep into me.

I just couldn't believe my ears. I couldn't believe all the things we'd dreamed and planned together weren't going to come true.

After I'd told my parents what had happened and after all the wedding arrangements were cancelled, the reality of everything hit me.

I used to sit in my room and cry for hours on end, and nothing anyone said or did would make things any easier.

But after a while, with the help of some very dear friends and my wonderful parents, I realised my life wasn't over, that I couldn't let one bitter mistake ruin my life.

I realised I had to pick up the pieces and start all over again, no matter how hard it might be, and that I had to think of my poor little baby and what was going to become of it.

After many long discussions with Welfare Officers and my parents I decided it best to give my baby up for adoption, because I know I could never give a baby the love of a mother and a father, too.

The truth

And thus I face my future.

I have to think of what's best for my baby. If I keep it, one day it will want to know why it hasn't a father, and I'll have to tell the truth, because you can't keep a thing like this a secret for ever, and I'd run the risk of having my own child hating me—the last thing any mother wants.

I know the months ahead won't be easy and I only hope I shall have the courage to give up the baby I want so much. I dare say having to give up the baby is my punishment for the sin I have committed.

I haven't seen or heard

from John since that Sunday morning, and I don't want to see him or hear from him.

Don't think I don't love him—I do very much, but I know now that we would never have been happy. When you have to rush into marriage it can't possibly work out.

Some day perhaps I'll be able to repay my parents and friends for the help and understanding they showed to me.

I may not be the happiest girl in the world, but deep down I know I'm the luckiest, because instead of a few months of heartache I could have had a lifetime of it.

My greatest wish is that my baby son or daughter will have loving parents like mine.

To young people like myself, parents' advice seems quite often silly or old-fashioned, but it takes only some small incident to make the younger ones realise that the older people know what they're talking about.

After all, weren't they young themselves once?

As we of the younger generation grow older we realise that parents give their advice so that possibly we will avoid making a mistake they made when young, and I'm willing to bet my socks that when I eventually marry, and have a family, I'll give the same advice as I was given.

Worth more than a thousand words...



No words can describe the reassurance that a mother feels when she knows that her baby is safe-guarded from disease-carrying flies by Mortein. No words can adequately describe the safe, sure protection that Mortein gives.

Mortein kills flies so fast, they don't have a chance to harm your baby's health. Mortein is completely safe to use. Mortein is different from all other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed

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To protect your baby's health, and know he's safe, spray Mortein when you see even one fly anywhere in your home.

Mortein Pressure★Pak Prices:
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Jumbo 13/11.

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8 oz. 2/6; 16 oz. 4/6; 32 oz. 7/11.

SPRAY SAFE
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When you're on a good thing . . . stick to it!



'How's it going up THERE? ...'

● To come back from Vietnam is like returning from another planet. "How is it going up there?" people ask.

YOU cannot answer that. You have been too close to it. The closer you are to a situation, the less equipped you are to know how it is going.

So instead you tell them about the searchlights and gunflashes in the night sky; the thump of artillery in the distance as you eat dinner at a hotel; about the ever-present hum and roar of aircraft; the tiny children who run after you at night, imploring you to buy Christmas cards. (At midnight, curfew time, they will fall asleep in the street.)

You tell them about the jungle and the head-high elephant grass where the Australians are helping protect the rice harvest in the Vo Dat Valley, 55 miles north-east of Saigon. You tell them about malaria, plague, amoebic dysentery. About death.

You repeat the official view that the tide has turned, is turning, will turn; talk about the huge American build-up of troops and equipment; the docks and airports bulging with men and materials.

You tell how the Viet Cong spirit away their own dead; and how, if they cannot remove the bodies, they strip the clothing to be used again. How hotels, big plantations, all kinds of South Vietnamese commercial enterprises pay protection money to the Viet Cong.

And explain — as has been said to you over and over again — that, no, it is not like any other war in living memory. Not like Greece. Not like Korea. Not like the Malaya emergency.

The night before I left Saigon I dined at the My-Canh, a floating restaurant on the Saigon River. In June

Viet Cong terrorists bombed My-Canh, killing 42 men, women, and children, and wounding 80. Twelve of those killed were Americans.

Before the bombing it was a favorite eating place for the better-off Vietnamese, as well as servicemen.

Now it is nearly business as usual. Not quite. They have never replaced the girl who used to sing with the orchestra. She was killed.

The patrons are not as numerous, but the night we were there a few of the tables were occupied by Vietnamese and some American servicemen were holding a rather rowdy farewell for one of their fellows due for home leave. When you have seen something of war you do not begrudge servicemen their celebrations.

You can choose from French, American, and Chinese menus, drink French

300-odd working at any given time throughout Vietnam, read their roneoed releases, terse accounts of what has taken place that day.

You study the cold statistics. So many KIA, so many WIA, MIA: Killed In Action, Wounded In Action, Missing In Action.

"The kill ratio for the week ended such and such a date was 3.7 to one in favor of friendly forces."

Friendly forces is the term used, not allied forces. It takes a while to get used to the phrase "friendly casualties."

An American colonel stands on the platform at a microphone beside illuminated maps. He expands some of the items in the release, answers questions:

"No, sir, in this instance there was no body count of Viet Cong. No, sir, I do not know why."

By DOROTHY DRAIN

wine, and look across the river to twinkling lights — in Viet Cong territory.

A cool breeze blows in through the windows as the searchlights sweep the river, lighting up the merchant shipping, the naval craft, a sculling fisherman. To the north, planes are dropping flares. There is the flash and thump of artillery in the distance.

If you saw it in a film you would say, "They have piled on the drama too much. This is not real."

At the daily briefing of the correspondents in Saigon, held every afternoon at five, there is another kind of drama. Understated.

The briefing is held in an auditorium at the American Press Centre. The correspondents, 100 to 150 of the

Question: "You say the Viet Cong renewed their attack on this outpost between our air strikes. At what intervals were the air strikes?" The implication of the question is obvious.

Answer: "Sir, they are HAVING WEATHER up there."

Sometimes the colonel introduces "guests" to give eyewitness accounts of actions.

One such is a U.S. Air Force major, pilot of one of the aircraft that bombed an important airfield of North Vietnam, 50 miles from Hanoi. He describes the craters in the runway, the burning buildings.

"How long will it take them to get the airfield back in service?" asks a correspondent.

"I don't know, sir,"

answers the pilot. "I'm not a civil engineer. I just break them. I don't build them."

These lighter moments are rare. They are especially rare to a woman. A woman finds it hard to accept the chilling shorthand of war. "Light casualties, heavy casualties." These are sons and husbands dead and maimed.

From the Press Conference you can go, if you like, to the American officers' club on top of the same building. Or, better still, you can go to the top of the nine-storey Caravelle Hotel that faces one side of the main city square of Saigon.

To stay at the Caravelle is like getting into heaven (by contrast with other hotels), but the demand for its comforts far outruns the space.

So, every day, we entered these pearly gates to eat. Air-conditioning that worked, a top floor dining-room with a dress-circle view of the night sky through the crisscross shatterproofing tape on plate glass. French cooking, ice-cold, clean water to drink or anything else.

Across the street from the Caravelle is the Continental Palace Hotel. Its great high-ceilinged reception-rooms and tiled verandas looking out on the dusty traffic hark back to the old colonial days. The Continental is somewhat down the heavenly scale, but it has one notable distinction. No one to date has planted a bomb in it, as has happened at the Caravelle.

As "secure"

If you sit at the Continental for any length of time you are approached by a Vietnamese man, neatly dressed, wearing a white shirt and bow-tie. He wants to tell you fortune. In Saigon I don't want my fortune told.

There are other hotels, some worse than others. If they are on the official list they are regarded as "secure." This is a prime consideration, so one should not complain about heat, airlessness, the smelly alley outside the "bathroom" window, where the crowing of a rooster and the crack of toy pistols as small children play, produce some strange dreams.

"It's inside," as an American nurse on leave said. "Better than a tent."

The main reason that Australian troops have, as a rule, only daytime leave in Saigon is the lack of accommodation. Even for the Americans, finding enough accommodation is a continuing battle.

Not long ago an American naval officer went in desperation to Pan American



● Memorial service in Saigon. Beside the Vietnamese colonel is the Commander of the Australian Army Force, Brigadier O. D. Jackson. Service honored Warrant-Officers Ronald Swanton, of Milton, Qld., and Kevin Wheatley, of Campbelltown, N.S.W., killed in action.

Airways. The Navy could not find him a bed. One of the Vietnamese receptionists had a doctor friend. Result: the naval officer spent the night in a maternity clinic.

There is a move to establish a leave centre for Australians at Vung Tau, the old French seaside resort on Cape St. Jacques, a place with beaches and some sea breeze.

At present the Australians have a day's leave in about three weeks in Saigon. But after one day, that clamoring, stifling city has little attraction for them. The hot, dusty streets, the tawdry shops, the bars, soon pall. Better than the battlefield, a change from camp — that is the best you could say.

In the mornings we read the English-language daily papers of Saigon. Their front pages carry the news we have heard at the Press briefing the night before.

In print it seems more real. The battles in the Central Highlands are still going on. Heavy casualties. We had flown over country not far from there.

Below these stories are advertisements for new hotels going up in Saigon, new bars.

On a back page there is a column of local items — a foreigner robbed when changing money in the street. A brawl in a bar. An American found floating in the river. A grenade thrown in a street. On the same page are advertisements for houses. "Villa to rent. Air-conditioning. Secure zone."

Here and there in the pages between are items about other countries. Sometimes there is even a tiny paragraph about Australia. But these all cease to have any meaning. The world revolves round Vietnam.

You tell people all this, you tell them — if they don't already know — that the people of Vietnam have never known anything but war; how corruption and idealism are entwined in the local population; how the Americans and their allies are not only fighting a war but pouring in money, men, and materials to rebuild from

the chaos of this and other wars; about the ever-shifting pattern of friendly and hostile territory.

For the high-level opinions, they can read their daily papers. You have heard those also: opposing viewpoints. Before you went to Vietnam you could have joined argument on one side or another. Not now.

Reads citation

But what stays in the mind is the memorial service for two Australian soldiers — held at Tan Son Nhut military airport at a building that is a theatre by night and a chapel by day.

In the words of the chaplain: "One, bearing and covering a wounded Vietnamese comrade, was himself wounded. The other chose to stay beside him when others (Vietnamese forces) had to withdraw."

● Warrant-Officer Ronald James Swanton, of Milton, Qld.

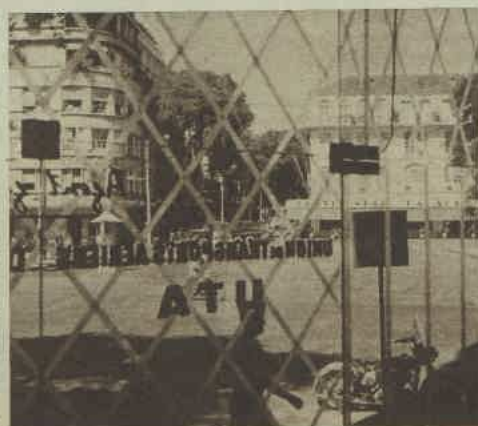
● Warrant-Officer Kevin Arthur Wheatley, of Campbelltown, N.S.W.

"Butch" Swanton and "Dasher" Wheatley, of the Australian Army Training Team, veterans of Vietnam, two of the advisers to Vietnamese military units scattered at outposts over this country, in the highlands, in the Mekong Delta.

Drawn up in the blazing sun between the airport buildings are a Vietnamese band, the band of the Australian battalion, a battalion guard-of-honor. A Vietnamese interpreter reads the citation for posthumous Vietnamese decorations — the Military Merit Medal and the Cross of Gallantry with Palms. Overhead rise the jets and the helicopters. Wreaths. "Reveille." "The Last Post."

"How's it going up in Vietnam?"

Overleaf — Vietnam: Through a cargo door.



● Sergeant-Major Stanley James ("Jesse") James, of Corinda, Qld., also served in World War II, Malaya, and Korea.

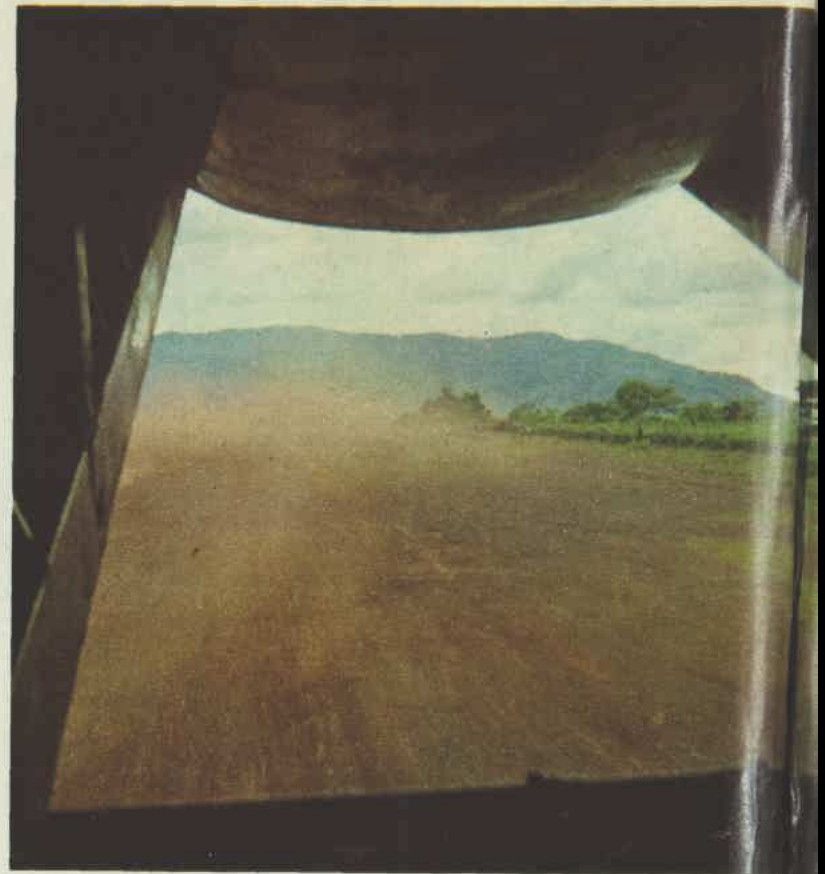
● Looking through shattered glass doors of the Caravelle Hotel. Across the square at right is the Continental Palace Hotel.

On a "Wallaby Milk Run"...



● On Vietnam "milk run"—RAAF Caribou aircraft (above), on Tan Son Nhut airport, Saigon, in the light of the early-morning sun.

● Red dust swirls behind the cargo door (right) as the Caribou takes off from the red, rutted airstrip of Blao, near the town of Bao Loc



● By DOROTHY DRAIN, our News Editor, who is in Vietnam. She is the first Australian woman journalist to visit the Australian troops serving there. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Vietnam: Through a cargo door



● Convent girls in Vietnamese costume (above) farewell a Vietnamese Roman Catholic priest who boarded the plane at Blao airstrip.

● Loadmaster LAC Neil Boss, of Liverpool, N.S.W. (right), with helmet (called "bone dome"), in his position near the cargo ramp.

I AM writing under a hair-dryer in a clean, scented salon run by a Frenchwoman in the Rue Tu-Do, Saigon. Yesterday at this hour, 45 minutes' flying time from Saigon, I was in a RAAF Caribou on the red, rutted airstrip of Blao.

The engines had been kept running ready for quick take-off. The Viet Cong had fired on an approaching American plane the day before. The Viet Cong had an estimated strength of two battalions in the vicinity.

Blao, near the town of Bao Loc, about 90 miles north of Saigon, was the last of our

nine stops in Wallaby Zero One, which is one of the seven Caribous of the RAAF Transport Flight, Vietnam.

The Viet Cong often fire from the jungle at planes approaching or leaving these small airstrips, 2000ft. gravel runways hacked out of the bush. The previous week a bullet had pierced the skin of a RAAF Caribou, just missing a member of the crew. At another time a Vietnamese soldier passenger was hit in the leg by a similar shot through the floor.

The Caribous are ideal as transport planes for the conditions. They can land and take off from short strips, and they can gain (and lose) height rapidly, going up (and down)





in great spirals that put them quickly out of danger.

Between four and five thousand feet, the height at which the RAAF pilots usually fly, is out of the range of the small arms used by the Viet Cong.

It also happens to be an excellent height for viewing South Vietnam, especially as

● *Aerial view of Cam Ranh Bay, which Americans describe as the second best — after Sydney — natural port in the world. The U.S. is developing it as a port.*

● *Continued on page 12*



● S/Ldr. Doug Harvey, left, RAAF Transport Flight C.O., with puppy Annabelle at Villa Anna.

● Above, from left, P/O. Bob McKernan, of Traralgon, Vic., Squadron-Leader Doug Harvey, F/Lt. Noel Bellamy, East St. Kilda, Vic., F/O. Gary Kimberley, Perth, watch F/Lt. Tony Abbott, Perth, "shaping-up" to orderly room runner The. Although 26, The (pronounced "Tie") is less than four feet.

PIANIST
Pamela Le
Nevez,
daughter of
Mr. and
Mrs. Arthur
Le Nevez, of
Pymble.



She offered 'good home' for piano

PAMELA LE NEVEZ, who won the coveted first prize of one thousand dollars in the Johann Sebastian Bach international piano competition in Washington, returned to the U.S. capital last month to appear with the National Symphony Orchestra.

"It was a very great honor to be asked," she said simply. As well, Pamela was to give two other recitals in Washington before returning to her studies in England.

Preparing for her performance with the National Symphony Orchestra was a month of hard and intensive work for Pamela, made even harder by an accident that might have ended her career.

"A man came to fix the television set," she told me. "As he was leaving, in the slush and wet, his car stuck. I helped him out with a sack, so that his spinning wheels could grip. He turned to thank me and slammed the door on my finger."

Mental agony

Pamela had two stitches put in the finger and thought: "That's it. You will never play again."

Strangely enough, she says, the physical pain was something she could bear. "But the mental agony of thinking my musical days were over was terrible."

Time healed her finger and Pamela was back on her eight-hour-a-day practice routine.

It was a £100 musical award she won in a competition for pianists at Australia House, London, that gave her the fare to fly to Washington to compete with 45 other contestants for the Bach Piano Competition.

"I came to London to study on money I saved from my salary as music teacher at Frensham (Mittagong, N.S.W.)," 23-year-old Pamela explained.

"I took a room in Kensington in a large house which was a sort of United Nations and invested £20 in a piano.

"I had no sooner struck a note than a Spanish girl came complaining in Spanish and gesticulating against the noise.

"She was followed by a French girl, an Italian, and a Scandinavian. They all talked in their own language and made more din than my old piano ever could.

"But I got the message. They were going to stop me practising.

"So I wrapped my piano in sleeping bags to dull the sound. I threaded wool through the strings of the piano. I padded the frame-work.

"But still the practising brought complaints. A pianist's life is very hard."

Eventually life became quite impossible for the girl who has been studying at the Royal College of Music since she arrived in June, 1964.

"I fled to the country," she said, "leaving the piano behind. It only cost £20 and would have cost a lot more to remove."

Near Oxford, surrounded by fields instead of foreigners, she shares a house with another Sydney girl.

"This time I didn't buy a piano. I put an advertisement in the local paper asking if anyone wanted a good home for a piano," Pamela said.

"I had only one reply. But that was enough. The piano was installed on loan the very next day."

Goes to races

Pamela, who lives for her music, is a lively girl with a quick, bright smile.

Pamela is quite uncomplicated about her lack of social life.

"When I do get a birthday or Christmas present from my family, who are quite wonderful with unexpected cheques always well in advance of birthdays and Christmas, I take myself to the races.

"I cannot resist a flutter."

— Anne Matheson

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
Mollie Lyons

THE Government House reception which the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Kenneth Street, will give for his granddaughter, Margot Mackay, and Tasmanian Bill Gatenby after their marriage on December 30 will have a special significance for Margot's mother, Mrs. Donald Mackay, of "Nithdale," Ballalaba.

In 1937, Mrs. Mackay, who was then Belinda Street, had her coming-out dance there when her grandfather, the late Sir Philip Street (Lieutenant-Governor at the time) was in residence as acting Governor.

Bridesmaids from four States — Lesley Stephens, of Point Piper, Mrs. Hamish Turnbull (the former Carolyn Quist), of Brisbane, the bridegroom's sister, Mary Gatenby, from Tasmania, and Sally Baillieu, of Toorak — will attend Margot for the ceremony at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point.

Bill, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gatenby, of "Creekton," Cressy, Tasmania, will be attended by his brother, John, Hamish Turnbull, David Baillieu, of Toorak, and Andrew Mackay.

After a honeymoon overseas they will make their home in Tasmania.

AND, speaking of weddings, Carla Lothringer, who has just arrived back after three years abroad, is busy making wedding plans as well as saying "hullo" to her friends. Carla, who has been attached to the secretarial staff of the Department of External Affairs in Saigon and Brussels, met her fiance, Mack Williams, in Brussels two years ago, when he was second secretary. When they wed at the Sacred Heart Church, Mosman, on January 11, Carla will have two of her former Kincoppal schoolfriends, Kathy Gumbley and Carol Henderson, as bridesmaids. After their marriage they will return to Saigon for another year and then will be living in Canberra.

DAVID FERGUS are the names Mr. and Mrs. David Weedon, of "Walwa," Breadalbane, have chosen for their first child, born on November 29 at St. Luke's Hospital. Mrs. Weedon was the former Prue Boundy.

IN a room full of beautifully dressed and hatted women I chose Mrs. John Coghlan (who looked a vision in all pink) as the smartest. Her tailored silk coat in musk-pink was worn over a slim sleeveless dress with a low V-back and her dashing sou'wester hat had a wide bow at the back of the crown.

MOST successful party of the year was The Party That Never Was! Working to aid the Air Ambulance Appeal, Mrs. Nancy Walton sent out invitations to a Phantom Party scheduled for November 17, but told guests that as it was such a busy time for parties with exams, etc., they could send a donation instead. No one came — instead she raised nearly £400 in donations from the reluctant guests. Always full of ideas, her newest project is to take Romano's discotheque company and props with her to Canberra, Bathurst, Newcastle, and Wollongong in January to help raise money for the appeal.



ALTHOUGH details of Sonia Hopkin's wedding dress are still a secret, I believe there was lots of discussion about the wedding at the linen tea Mrs. Peter Hodgson gave for her at her home at Turramurra. The two are old friends and first met as travelling companions twelve years ago on a trip to Sweden and Norway before Mrs. Hodgson was married. Sonia marries Bill McMahon at St. Mark's Church on December 11.

HEAR Harry and Tina Evans are taking a holiday house for two weeks at Collaroy before they leave for the country to spend Christmas with Tina's parents, the Hector MacFarlanes, on their property, "Milly Milly," Young. They will celebrate New Year's Eve at a party to be given by Sue and David Marina on their Young property, "Wonga."

NEW address shortly for Mr. and Mrs. John Massie-Green and their family, who are at present renovating gracious old "Roslyndale," in Woollahra, and expect to move in early next year. "Roslyndale" was built in 1855 and originally stood in 300 acres. (Roslyndale Avenue is called after it.) Mrs. Massie-Green plans to do some research for information about the original owner and designer of the house.

I ALSO hear that Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. Becher have bought a house at Vauluse into which they'll move in January, when they leave Tresco.

THAT industrious worker for charity Mrs. Neville Morgan has her hands full at present with arrangements for the children's Christmas party to be held on December 20 at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. Her sub-committee has been busy at working-bees, making paper caps for the 350 children expected at the party. There's to be a clown, a magician, and, of course, Santa Claus. Proceeds will go to the King George V Appeals Committee.

TRIPLE celebration for Libbie Rudwick, who is celebrating her 21st birthday, the finish of her second-year Arts examination, and her engagement to Bruce Goodson, of St. Lucia, Queensland, who has just finished fourth-year architecture. Bruce (who has been staying in Sydney with Libbie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cook Rudwick), Libbie, and Mrs. Rudwick leave by air on December 18 to attend two weddings in Brisbane.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Farlow after their marriage at St. Matthew's Church, Windsor. The bride was formerly Miss Vonne Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stubbs, of Windsor. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. E. Farlow, of South Windsor, and of the late Mr. Farlow.

AT LEFT: Miss Deirdre Slocock and Mr. Ronald Stedman, who recently announced their engagement, are planning to marry in January. Miss Slocock is the daughter of Mrs. Aubrey Slocock, of Brisbane, and the late Mr. Slocock.



ABOVE: Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, president of the Black and White Committee (right), with Mrs. Max Sturzen and Mr. Robert Carrier, the world-famous authority on cooking, at the luncheon at Le Petit Paris Restaurant, at which Mr. Carrier was guest-of-honor. Proceeds from the luncheon party will go to the Royal Blind Society.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Nikolaus Scheiff after their marriage at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, with their attendants (from left), best man Mr. Rico Annoni, bridesmaid Miss Pauline Hardy, and, at front, the bride's cousin, flowergirl Virginia Ginnane. The bride was Miss Starr Jenkyns, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jenkyns, of Double Bay. The bridegroom is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hans Scheiff, formerly of Berlin.



AT PARTY. Miss Rosemary Bath (left) with Miss Juliet Osborne and Lieutenant-Commander Robert Gerken, R.N., at the cocktail party which the Flag Officer, Second-in-Command, Far East Fleet, Vice-Admiral P. Hill-Norton, and officers of H.M.S. Devonshire and H.M.S. Euryalus gave on board the two ships. There were more than 500 guests at the parties.



ABOVE: Miss Edwina Robertson and Mr. John Cobcroft, who have announced their engagement. Miss Robertson is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. E. J. Robertson, of Double Bay. Mr. Cobcroft is the son of Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, of "Parraseena," Willow Tree, and of the late Mrs. Ted Body.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Charles Eastment (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Bill MacRae at the dinner dance which was arranged by the Town and Country Committee at the Plaka Restaurant, Darlinghurst. Mrs. MacRae, who is acting president of the committee, welcomed more than eighty guests.

Vietnam: Through a cargo door



● Caribou at Nha Trang airstrip, dwarfed by a Globemaster. Nha Trang, 280 miles north of Saigon, is now a huge U.S. military base.

● Cont. from page 9

the cargo door (at the rear of the plane) is open during flight.

I should have borrowed Ron Berg's camera to complete our series with a picture of him lying prone on the inclined cargo ramp shooting pictures from the tail of the plane.

We started our 440-mile, eight-hour run at dawn from Vung Tau, where the RAAF Transport Flight is based. The C.O., Squadron-Leader Doug Harvey, DFC, AFC, had picked us up at Tan Son Nhut airport, Saigon, the previous afternoon on the last leg of a Wallaby run.

Squadron-Leader Harvey, of Gosford, N.S.W., was soon to finish his tour of duty in Vietnam. He took command of the flight last March. He flew with the famous 467 Lancaster Squadron over Europe in 1942.

Vung Tau, 40 miles south-east of Saigon on Cape St. Jacques at the mouth of the Saigon River, still looks what it once was, a beautiful seaside resort.

But the villas built long ago by rich Frenchmen are being turned into service billets. The RAAF officers live in one, the Villa Anna. From its balconies you look across the estuary and sometimes see planes dropping bombs in the Mekong Delta.

As many as 20 ships at a time are strung along at the river entrance. They are waiting for berths at Saigon.

The contrast of Vung Tau with the work that the RAAF Flight has been doing this last 15 months was neatly capsuled in a scrawl on the side of one of the Caribous. It read: "Wallaby Airlines. We fly from peace to place."

"Peace" is not entirely accurate, for there is a curfew (as there is in Saigon),

and the road to Saigon is dangerous. (Four Americans who tried to drive to Vung Tau one night a few weeks ago were kidnapped by Viet Cong.)

But you understand better when you know what a "Wallaby milk run" entails. The American official description states that the RAAF "fly daily military logistical transport missions in support of Vietnamese military forces."

Which means what it says. But in simpler terms the planes carry cargo, supplies (which frequently include live cattle, pigs, and fowls), as well as mail, soldiers, and some of the many civilian workers in special services. They drop supplies to forces in the field. The day's work is always hard and sweaty—and often smelly—in a mostly unspacious climate.

Fair sample

We didn't carry any cattle, pigs, or fowls on our run, but we saw a fair sample of a day's work. At the end of it my notebook was full of written questions and answers. A Caribou is not a whispering jet.

Summarised, the notebook tells the story, with the chief characters as follows:

Captain: Flight-Lieutenant Noel Bellamy, of East St. Kilda, Vic.

Co-pilot: Flying-Officer Graeme Nicholson, of Adelaide.

Loadmaster (sometimes called the Crew Chief): L.A.C. Neil Boss, of Liverpool, N.S.W.

Assistant Loadmaster: L.A.C. Malcolm Lane, of Westmead, N.S.W.

They comprised the crew of four, but another character, Toi, a Vietnamese postal official travelling with mail for Vietnamese units, joined us at Saigon for the round trip. This was our day:

6.20 a.m.: Vietnamese workers are eating breakfast by lamplight at street stalls as we drive through Vung Tau to the base.

6.30 a.m., first light: We take off with a load of parachutes, assorted servicemen (Vietnamese, American, Australian). Below us a tracery of muddy streams through jungle makes a paisley pattern of green and brown.

At Bien Hoa, where we stop briefly to drop the C.O., three Super Sabres whoosh down a runway, flame streaming behind them.

Tan Son Nhut military airport, Saigon: Off go the parachutes, on come bags of mail for Vietnamese forces, plus Toi, the postal official. It is some time before I grasp his role, but he points to his badge, a design showing a bird and an envelope.

Fork-lifts operated by Americans load the heavier cargo, among which is an immense box labelled "anchor bolts" and another labelled "PX Stores." Most of the first batch of passengers leave us here and a new lot scramble on.

By 8.30 a.m. we're flying north to Ham Tan, which looks as if it is strictly nowhere. We corkscrew down on to the red gravel airstrip, dust flying. Mailbags are heaved out. "Can you take passengers?" shouts an American sergeant. "One," answers Neil, the Loadmaster, tersely. We lose a Vietnamese in a white shirt and gain one of his countrymen in uniform.

Up again and out to the coast. Phan Thiet airstrip has a better surface, but there's still plenty of dust. "I got eight passengers." "We'll take four."

The great case of anchor bolts is slid over the cargo ramp and thumps to the ground. Phan Thiet is a bigish town near the sea and provides the first inkling of what people mean when they say this is a beautiful country from the air.

We leap into the sky and out over the ocean before heading north, high over land.

Neil points to a little plane. "An L19, a Bird Dog," he writes on my pad. Then he adds "Spotter" and I remember that I flew in one in Korea 15 years ago. Bomb craters pock-mark the jungle below.

It is 10 a.m. when we drop down to Song Mao. Song means "river." It is a pretty place, but there is a prettier sight—an American serviceman with a flask of coffee on the bonnet of a jeep. For the crew. But I am given a cup, too.

● Map shows the stops made on the 440-mile Wallaby "milk run." Below: "Terminal building" at Song Mao.



There is a group of Vietnamese soldiers standing round. With them is a tiny child. They urge him to shake hands with us. Language bars us from finding out who or what he is. He shakes hands, but he is frightened and cries.

The dust is replaced by a swirl of cloud as we fly from Song Mao to Phan Rang. The American opposite me is dozing. Toi is asleep.

At Phan Rang a voice yells: "How many guys can you take?" "Six off," counts Neil, "six on." Cargo is rolled off, heaved on. As we rise, Malcolm points out the bulldozed earth where American forces are building a 10,000ft. strip. Soon Phan Rang won't need a Caribou call.

Supply base

Fifteen minutes later we pass over what Time Magazine called "the manifesto of American engineering"—the huge base at Cam Ranh Bay. From the air the great harbor, surrounded by green mountains, is extremely beautiful.

The Americans have spent 100 million dollars to develop Cam Ranh as a supply base.

When we first arrived in South Vietnam an American civilian had said to me, "After this is over, Cam Ranh could be a fine tourist resort." The idea had seemed incongruous at the time.

It was still incongruous when I looked down at the great bulldozed bayside of red sand patterned with army buildings and vehicles, and the newly built docks. But it was easier to understand his thought.

Another quarter hour and we land at Nha Trang. The midday sun beats down on what could be a military airfield anywhere in the world. Correction: Any hot place in the world.

"Want a lift, Ma'am?" asks the Crew Chief of a big transport plane. "We're going to Saigon." We explain that our Caribou is refuelling nearby. Had we accepted the invitation we'd have seen a Viet Cong prisoner in handcuffs. He had been escorted aboard a few minutes earlier.

I stare at a Globemaster, awe-inspiring to one who made her first flight in a Gipsy Moth. Graeme takes me nearer to look through the huge cargo door.

An American sergeant invites us inside. "You could hold a dance here," he says. He shows me round the cavernous interior like an owner showing off his mansion.

"She's a good old bird," says the sergeant, "but she's a slow old bird for these days. Top speed about 200 knots. We only carry the heavy stuff now."

I kneel down to see the tunnel where a man can crawl through the wings to the engines, and climb the ten-foot ladder to the cockpit.

Time to go.

South-west, high over the mountains. Passengerwise the plane has quietened. Some of the new cargo is from Japan. Postman Toi is fast asleep. I am cold for the first time since leaving Sydney. Wonderful sensation.

Below us the city of Da Lat, a university town. Put a European town on the New Guinea Highlands and that's Da Lat from the air.

In and out of the airstrip fast. "Three for Saigon?" "Okay." Two Vietnamese girls and a man, civilian employees of the Americans, climb aboard. The girls are dressed in the national ankle-length split tunic and trousers, but the younger of the two wears her long, black hair like Jean Shrimpton's.

Only one more strip to go before Saigon. And this is

Blao, the one I was thinking about under the hair-dryer. I see the red, rutted surface coming up to meet us and hang on tight to the latticed webbing behind the seats.

"They've been shooting at planes round here," says an American. The engines are kept running. Ron jumps over the cargo ramp, catching a picture of a flock of Vietnamese girls, all clad alike, their silk tunics blowing in the slipstream.

Quaint color

Considering that there are Vietnamese soldiers sleeping in hammocks along the edge of the strip (guards presumably) and two battalions of Viet Cong in the area, the girls add a quaint bit of color to the occasion.

There is a short, sharp exchange about the number of passengers to come aboard. A man puts a bag on the ramp. An American serviceman pushes it off. Neil settles the matter fast.

Ron, to my relief, jumps back into the plane. Cargo is heaved in, plus the elected passengers. One is a Vietnamese Catholic priest, swelteringly robed in black silk and carrying a loudspeaker. It appears that the covey of girls were from a convent school seeing him off.

Red dust blots out Blao as we spiral high and away. Next stop, Saigon.

We say goodbye to Noel, Graeme, Neil, and Malcolm. Likewise postman Toi. The Caribou flies away, back to base at Vung Tau.

Ron and I hop a jeep to the edge of the tarmac and lug our bags on a long, dusty walk to the gates of the airport. We take a long, dusty ride in a bus to the city.

It was as incident-packed a day as I ever spent. But I needed that hairwash.



● Dorothy Drain with Australian servicemen during a visit to a Vietnam village.

**Chrissie, aged 19, is
headed for fame as...**



PHOTOGRAPHIC SESSION. David Bailey studies the features of Chrissie's face.

... Next, Bailey gets to work with make-up stick to achieve an effect suitable for the camera.

... The Bailey magic is complete, and Chrissie is ready to be photographed.

ANOTHER "SHRIMP"



JEAN, Chrissie's "big sister," who says her success is due to Bailey.

● Chrissie Shrimpton, 19 years old, is not content to be overshadowed by her famous sister, Jean Shrimpton, or her famous fiancé, Rolling Stone Mick Jagger.

Although she has followed her elder sister's footsteps into the modelling world (she is even photographed by David Bailey, the London photographer who helped make Jean the world's top model), Chrissie wants to be a success on her own account.

Besides photographic work, Chrissie is in demand as a mannequin, modelling the collections of some of Britain's "Young Mod" designers. Her ambition is to break into the television world.



CHRISSIE SHRIMP-TON (above) as David Bailey likes her to look. Is he re-creating another "Shrimp" in the exact mould of Jean (pictured far left)?

MOD LOOK (left and right) which Chrissie adopted for modelling way-out fashions by young British designers meant cropping her hair, formerly worn "Shrimp" - fashion.





JENNY the cat (Carole Stace) prances around at the Sultan of Barbary's palace. right, are Fitzwarren and Dame Suet (Hedley Cullen, Lionel Williams); centre, the chancellor and sultan (Jim George, Gordon McDougall); and, Left Alice and Dick (Pam Western, David Flatman).



CHANNEL 9s CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME

LEFT: The Fairy Queen (Pat Harrison) and Robin Goodfellow (Ernie Sigley) privately discuss how they can help Dick. Below: Ready to sail for Barbary, an excited Dame Suet (Lionel Williams) nearly falls overboard, but Dick (David Flatman) and Fitzwarren (Hedley Cullen) catch her. Alice (Pam Western) and Captain Bilge (Max Birch) look on in consternation.

WITH the Christmas pantomime season in progress, Channel 9 Network will present "Dick Whittington," made by NWS9, Adelaide.

This will be NWS9's fourth pantomime to be seen nationally — they have done "Cinderella," "Aladdin," and "Jack and the Beanstalk"—and it has been revived so delightfully that children AND adults should enjoy it immensely.

They've left the old tale much the same. Dick goes to London with his cat to find "streets paved with gold."

He meets the rich merchant, Fitzwarren, lives for a time in London, then, with the help of his cat, makes his fortune in a foreign land, returns to marry Fitzwarren's daughter, Alice, and become "thrice Lord Mayor of London."

But, to give some fresh interest, NWS9 has added extra twists and extra characters. In this version there's a Fairy Queen and her personal assistant, Robin Goodfellow, to help Dick along with a bit of magic.

There's a horrible character called King Rat who rules the rats and mice, and Dick's cat, named Jenny, is a bundle of fur concealing a Channel 9 ballet girl.

Instead of a girl taking the lead, as usual in pantomime, Dick is played by good-looking David Flatman, a station personality and former disc jockey.

(I've never been enthusiastic about girls playing boys, no matter what tradition says. The hero isn't a hero if he hasn't a nice, strong voice.)

Dick's sweetheart, Alice, is pretty Pam Western, NWS9's children's program hostess, who has acted in local plays.

The one male taking a female role is in the part of Dame Suet, the old cook, played by Lionel Williams, a leading NWS9 personality. He's brilliant.

Lionel and a young Welshman, Trevor Jones, collaborated on the script, and the show took months of hard work.

The thing that caused the most trouble was the cat suit. It was made in Melbourne after producer Rex Heading had searched frantically all over Australia to get enough of the fur fabric. — JOAN KENNETT

• Dick Whittington may be seen on December 19, on Sydney TCN9 and Brisbane QTQ9, at 5 p.m.; on Melbourne GTV9, at 4.30 p.m.; on Adelaide NWS9, at 7 p.m. On December 28, at 5 p.m., it will be repeated on the Nine Network.



You'll see a new, more brilliant Sammy Davis

By
NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Swinging World of Sammy Davis Jr.," an early Christmas treat on TCN9 to be telecast on Sunday, December 12, at 7.30 p.m., is power-packed entertainment.

I SAW this show at a preview, and I imagine it is the kind that TV executives dream about.

It is a non-stop hour of entertainment with Broadway's top stars singing, dancing, and generally carrying on — the sort of thing both viewers and advertisers love.

To all this is added the NEW Sammy Davis Jr., for Mr. Davis in 1965 is entirely different from the Sammy of the 1959-61 Big Shows at Sydney's Stadium and on TV spectaculars.

I was bug-eyed when I first saw him—he is so different. He is calmer, more mature in approach and style, no longer looking as if he is strung together on high-tension wires, jerking around like an electronic grasshopper.

Don't think I am saying in an underhand way that he has got older and quietened down. He is just different, much better.

He gives me the idea that his talents have been mellowed by success and happiness, but he is still the mightiest atom in the entertainment world, giving off that special zing-zing-zing that gives every Sammy Davis show a special quality.

Pointed beard

To add to the excitement, Sammy wears a beard, a kind of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't beard, one you have to look hard to find. It is as worn by Spanish grandees, very thin along the jawline and ending in a sharp little point on the chin.

His hair looks straighter and slicker, too, and I think he's put a pound or two on that sparsely covered frame.

Sammy introduces Lola Falano, his co-star in the Broadway hit musical "Golden Boy," to TV.

Lola is very shapely, young, and has two voices, a sexy one and a shouting one.

She wears a gold lame slacks suit with high boots something like the ones Honor Blackman used to wear in "The Avengers," and sings and dances with a quartet of negro boys.

Sammy has two other guests — Billy Daniels (who "discovered" him when he was a kid), who, among



BOWLER-HATTED, with gold-topped cane, Sammy Davis Jr. does his famous "jump" beside his Rolls-Royce, outside his London hotel.

other things, impersonates Sammy singing "That Old Black Magic," and Englishman Peter Lawford.

Daniels these days is an old man, but still entertaining. One of the interesting bits of information I gleaned at the preview is that in reality he is bald as a badger, and his very real looking grey hair is a wig.

Something has happened to Peter Lawford, too. He hasn't lost his hair, but he has stopped being a good-looking, lithe, clean-cut young Englishman.

He is a portly, middle-aged gent these days, rather seedy looking.

I found Lawford quite a shock and think he made a mistake when he did a dance routine with Sammy. Evidently the producer agreed with me, for I noticed he kept the camera off Lawford's feet.

The show is not all singing and dancing, either. Sammy (Billy Daniels calls him "Sam") does his impersonations better than ever. Before viewers' eyes he becomes Sinatra, Dean Martin, James Cagney, Cary Grant.

It's a show that is very good value. There are lots of good songs (Sammy sings eight or more), lots of fun and laughter.

A new look at children

EVERY week I find something that makes TV really worth while, makes you grateful for the magic box that brings the world into the living-room.

Sometimes it is pure entertainment, other times it is more solid fare presented so well that it is just as absorbing.

For me, recent outstanding TV programs were ABC-TV's documentary "The Exceptional Child," and an interview by Dr. Peter Pockley with a Canadian geophysicist, Professor J. Tuzo Wilson.

"The Exceptional Child,"

a 50-minute documentary about children who are different, was crammed full of surprising, enlightening information.

It talked about children bright and dull; stammerers; ones who are bright but suffer from a strange affliction called "dyslexia" (which means they can't read, can't spell), and introduced a new classification of child, "the inconsequential child," who lives for the present, is unaware of the consequences of his actions.

Television

Viewers not only met the clever people whose lives are dedicated to research and work, but saw the children being taught, helped, and interviewed.

They should have learned enough to help them be more patient and tolerant with the children around them.

One fascinating segment of the documentary concerned studies in South Africa, where it has been discovered that artificially stepping-up an unborn child's oxygen supply increases the child's brain power.

Experiments and studies of the added oxygen theory have been going on for four years, and the babies born are incredibly advanced. They walk at, say, six months, talk much earlier, have earlier muscular coordination, and are, in fact, the most amazing little creatures.

I was carried away with the whole documentary. I do hope it is repeated before long.

Professor Wilson, now a middle-aged geophysicist, must have been an exceptional child, for he certainly is an exceptional adult.

Geophysics isn't my line, and I just happened on the program — and stayed glued to the TV set for more than

half an hour, for Professor Wilson is one of those wonderful humans who is enthusiastic about life and communicates his enthusiasm.

He talks quickly, excitedly, about everything from Eskimos in Baffin Land to the movement of the earth around us.

"I wish people could understand what fun science is," he said. "It's not hard work. I'm just fascinated by what I'm doing. I like to do it all the time, and I find it a very exciting life."

Professor Wilson even managed to make geophysics sound poetic. This year in geophysics is "The Year of the Quiet Sun."

It sounds so serene and oriental that I wasn't surprised to hear that Professor Wilson sails a Hong Kong junk round the Great Lakes of Canada when he holidays with his family.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "Well, it's almost holidaytime again, and people will be packing their cars with the pets, the children, the luggage, and driving somewhere to get away from it all. And quite a few of these people, just ordinary human beings like you and me, won't be coming back — and all due to a split second of carelessness while driving. Maybe it won't even be their fault — it might be the fault of a complete stranger who has his children and his pets and his luggage in his car." So if you are driving on your holiday, take it easy on the road, never pass on a hill, never go over the speed limit, keep well over to your left, read Momma's moral very carefully, and come back alive.

Momma's moral: The only people who should pass on curves are beauty-contest judges.

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READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 15, 1965

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AUSTRALIANS' BALLET TRIUMPH

● The spectacular "Raymonda," one of the most difficult classical ballets the Australian Ballet Company has ever attempted, will be performed at the Adelaide Festival next year.

THE work of the *corps de ballet* as well as the principals requires the highest virtuosity.

The score, by Glazunov, is glorious lyrical music to listen to but difficult to learn.

The ballet takes two and a half hours to perform and keeps most of the company on stage all the time.

So when English critics who travelled to Birmingham for the "Raymonda" premiere raved about a "triumph" and "superb company work," they were paying the Australian dancers, who have had great success overseas this year, the highest of compliments.

The triumph had been achieved despite difficulties.

Rudolf Nureyev, who had produced the old Marius Petipa original, had conceived a new interpretation in the light of modern choreographic developments.

But he had managed to rehearse the Australian Ballet Company only during odd breaks in his and their packed schedules in Britain.

In fact, when they opened in Birmingham, they had never had a complete full-dress run-through.

Their dress rehearsals had to be interrupted for lighting, costume, and other changes which would enable the ballet to be adapted to the Birmingham stage, yet still be

ready for a European tour, and for Dame Margot Fonteyn's Royal Dance Gala on December 14 in London, before the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and the Earl of Snowdon.

This eventful evening was planned as London's first view of "Raymonda," its first opportunity to see a Nureyev full-length production, and the first full-length ballet that the Australian Ballet Company has danced in London.

And it is an eye-ful. The sets by Ralph Koltai, already famous for his work with the Royal Shakespeare Company, are dramatic and bursting with color.

So are the costumes by Nadine Baylis.

The plot is set, as the program note says, in the "medieval fantastic" period.

By
BETTY BEST,
in London

When Act 1 opens, Raymonda (who was danced by Margot Fonteyn for the premiere, and will be doubled by Marilyn Jones and Elaine Fifield) is celebrating her birthday at the castle of her aunt, the Countess de Doris (Rhyl Kennell).

Raymonda's fiance, Jean de Brienne (danced by Nureyev for the premiere, and doubled by Garth Welch), is expected back from the wars next day and has sent her presents and treasures. One of these is a tapestry incorporating a portrait of himself.

Abderachman, a Saracen chief, is guest-of-honor at the castle. He has heard of Raymonda's beauty and has sent her presents.

(He is usually danced by Bryan Lawrence, but will occasionally be doubled by Nureyev.)

In Scene 2, Raymonda falls asleep and dreams that Jean steps down from the tapestry and leads her into the garden, where they dance.

Suddenly he disappears



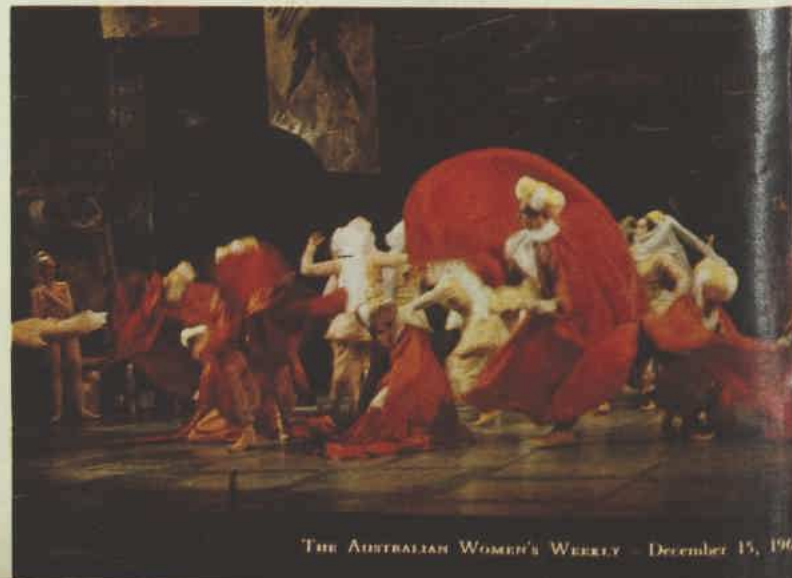
THE DREAM (above): Lovely Raymonda dreams that her absent beloved, Jean de Brienne, "comes alive" from a tapestry portrait and dances with her in a garden.

THE DUEL: Garth Welch, as Jean de Brienne (Raymonda's fiance) challenges Bryan Lawrence, as the Saracen chief Abderachman, Jean's rival in love, to fight. At left, they duel with swords.

FOLLOWERS of the Saracen Abderachman, who is a guest at the castle of the Countess de Doris (Raymonda's aunt), perform a vigorous dance in Act 2 of the ballet (right).



COUNTESS DE DORIS, danced by Rhyl Kennell, is an aunt of Raymonda and mistress of an imposing medieval castle.





DAME MARGOT FONTEYN and RUDOLF NUREYEV as Raymonda and Jean de Brienne in the wedding scene in "Raymonda". Fonteyn's role is doubled by Australian dancers Marilyn Jones and Elaine Fifeild, and Nureyev's by Garth Welch.

and the sinister Abderachman rushes in through a massive gold tent to embrace her.

In a dramatic *pas de deux*, surrounded by the orange-cloaked Moorish followers of the Saracen chief, Raymonda fights off Abderachman's advances, rushes back to her room, and awakens.

She tells her friends of the dream and they try to still her fears.

Act 2 opens in the Great Hall of the castle, where the Countess is giving a party. Both Jean de Brienne and Abderachman attend, and dance with Raymonda.

Afterwards Abderachman orders his vast court of fol-

lowers to provide an entertainment, and jugglers, Moors, and a Spanish group join in a dance which becomes a wild bacchanale.

Then Jean challenges Abderachman to a tournament, which is played out with lances, on horseback, and in a hand-to-hand sword fight.

Mazurka

Jean overpowers Abderachman, who is carried off.

Act 3 opens in a riot of color with the entire ballet, in deep red, hand-painted costumes, dancing a wild mazurka to celebrate Raymonda's wedding to Jean.

All the guests join in and

Raymonda and Jean, in stiffly embroidered lace wedding clothes, dance a triumphant *pas de deux*.

On tour, company members are carrying 67,000 cubic feet of scenery and costumes — 25-30 tons.

They are dancing on stages of varying sizes, from Paris to Copenhagen, Berlin to London, Los Angeles to Honolulu.

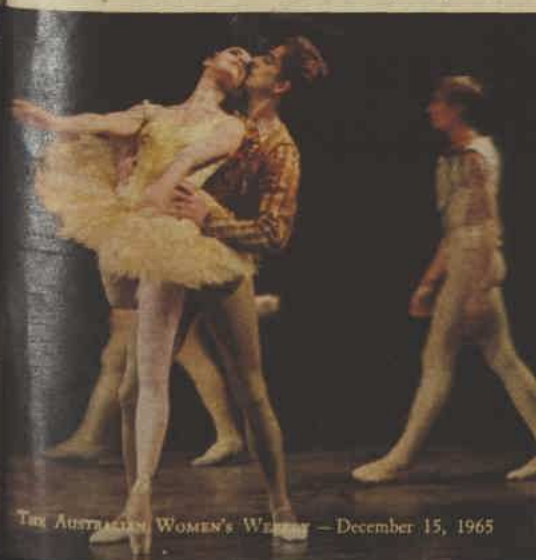
Nureyev and Fonteyn will travel with them as far as Honolulu.

Nureyev hopes to come to Australia half way through next year to do his new ballet, "Don Quixote," with the Australians.

Pictures by Alec Murray

AUSTRALIAN Ballet Company members Marilyn Jones and Garth Welch in a scene from Act 2 of "Raymonda" (picture left).

PRAISED by Paris critics for his dancing in "Raymonda," Bryan Lawrence, of the Australian company, is seen at right as the sinister Abderachman, repulsed by Raymonda (Marilyn Jones). The other dancer is Robert Olap.



NEW BIKINI HEADGEAR

● *A Mediterranean whim, these gay little head-turners are an up-to-the-minute fashion gift for Christmas.*

Candy stripes

Materials: Villawool Purple Label Ban-Lon, 2 balls dark color (d.c.), 2 balls light color (l.c.); 1 pair No. 7 needles; 1 press stud.

Tension: 13 sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; st(s), stitch(es); sl., slip; tog., together; l.c., light color; d.c., dark color.

PATTERN OF STRIPES IN STOCKING-STITCH

Two rows l.c.

Two rows d.c.

Rep. these 4 rows.

Using d.c. and No. 7 needles, cast on 165 sts. and work in moss-stitch for 6 rows. (When changing color twist to prevent making a hole. Wind off a small ball of d.c.)

Cont. in pattern of stripes and shape as follows:

1st Row: D.c. moss-stitch 5 sts., l.c. sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 7 sts., k 2 tog., join in a small ball of d.c., moss-stitch 5 sts.

2nd Row: D.c. moss 5 sts., l.c. purl to last 5 sts., d.c. moss 5 sts.

3rd Row: D.c. moss 5 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to

last 7 sts., k 2 tog., moss 5 sts.

4th Row: D.c. moss 5 sts., purl to last 5 sts., moss 5 sts.

Rep. these 4 rows until 61 sts. rem., then dec. 1 stitch as before on every row until 13 sts. rem. Cont. in d.c. only as follows:

Next Row: Moss 5 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., moss 5 sts.

Next Row: Moss 11 sts.

Next Row: Moss 4 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., moss 4 sts.

Next Row: Moss 9 sts.

Next Row: Moss 3 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., moss 3 sts.

Next Row: Moss 7 sts.

Next Row: Moss 2 sts., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., moss 2 sts.

Next Row: Moss 5 sts.

Next Row: Moss 1 st., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., moss 1 st.

Next Row: K 3 tog. and fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

Tidy ends of yarn. Lightly press work on the wrong side. Sew press stud to ends.



BLUE and white stripes offset a smooth suntan.

● *Easy to crochet using half trebles and chain.*

A CROCHETED TRIANGLE

BESIDES being prettily practical at the beach, these made-in-a-moment triangles are handy round the house.

Materials: 4 balls Patons Soft Touch Orlon yarn; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 10; 1 press stud.

Measurements: To fit an average head.

Tension: 11 sts. to 3½in. 7 rows to 2½in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; y.o.h., yarn over hook; h.tr., half treble (i.e., y.o.h., insert hook through single loop of ch., yarn over and pull through a loop, yarn over and draw loop through all 3 loops on hook); sl-st., slip-stitch;

rep., repeat; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

TO MAKE

Commence with 72 ch., worked loosely.

1st Row: 1 h.tr. into 7th ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 1 ch., 1 h.tr. in next ch., rep. from * to end of row, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first h.tr., * 1 h.tr. into next h.tr. inserting hook through 1 loop of ch. of previous row, 1 ch., * rep. from * to * to last h.tr. Do not work into turning ch. at end of row, 1 ch., turn.

3rd Row: Sl-st. into 1 ch. space, and into top of first h.tr., 3 ch., * 1 h.tr. into next h.tr., 1 ch., * rep. from * to * to end of row, working last h.tr. into turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

Repeat rows 2 and 3 until 27 rows have been worked, ending at straight side of work.

Rows 28, 30, 32, and 34: Work in patt. to last h.tr., but one 1 ch., turn.

Rows 29, 31, and 33: As 3rd row.

Cont. to rep. rows 3 and 2 until 2 h.tr. remain. Fasten off.

EDGING

Work a row of d.c. firmly down decreased edge of scarf. Work shell edge evenly along other 2 sides thus: 3 tr. into first space, 1 d.c. into next space. Fasten off.

TO FINISH OFF

Run in all loose ends, and press lightly. Sew press stud to back ends.



● *A pretty way to keep wispy locks out of sight.*

TRIMMED WITH BRODERIE

IF you're the ultra-feminine type, this scalloped broderie-trimmed, bikini scarf is ideal for those "I can't do a thing with my hair" days.

It takes two balls of yarn and, on No. 7 needles, knits up very quickly. Make it for summer in Bri-nylon, a synthetic that is easy to launder.

Materials: 2 balls Emu Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, Emu Scotch Double Knitting or Emu Double Crepe; 1 pair

knitting needles No. 7; if using Bri-Nylon Double Knitting we recommend No. 6 needles; 1½yds. fin. lace or broderie trim; 1 press stud.

Measurements: To fit average head.

Tension: 5 sts. and 8 rows to 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; sl., slip; p.s.s.o., pass sl-st. over; m-st., moss-st., worked thus: k 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. this row.

Using No. 7 needles, cast on 99 sts. Work 4 rows m-st. Work in pattern thus:

1st Row: M-st. 3, k to last 3 sts., m-st. 3 (wrong side).

2nd Row: M-st. 3, p 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to last 3 sts., m-st. 3.

These 2 rows complete pattern.

Rep. last 2 rows. Continue in pattern decreasing 2 sts. on next and every following alternate row thus:

Next Row: M-st. 3, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 5 sts., k 2 tog., m-st. 3.

When decreased to 19 sts. work 4 rows without shaping, then work 4 rows m-st. Cast off in m-st.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side of work with a warm iron over damp cloth. If Bri-Nylon has been used press over dry cloth. Stitch lace or broderie trim around all edges as illustrated. Sew press stud to ends.

...keeps hair trim

● Five new fashions to keep hair delightfully controlled on a breezy beach. There are three bikini scarves (opposite), two to knit, one to crochet; a daisy-studded sou'wester and a quickly made bikini headband plait.



● Trim any beach hat with these appealing daisies.

Daisies to stud sou'wester

Materials: 1 ball Patons Charm knitting and crochet yarn in main color (m.c.), 1 ball 1st contrast color (c.c.1), 1 ball 2nd contrast color (c.c.2); Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 8; hat.

Tension: 6 d.c. to 1 in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch.

DAISY

With m.c., make 4 ch. Join with sl-st.

1st Petal: — ** 1st Row: Make 8 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each ch., 1 d.c. into ring, turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c. Fasten off. **

Join yarn at ring and repeat from ** to ** as given for 1st petal. Cont. thus until 7 petals have been completed. Make 5 more daisies the same.

LEAF

With c.c.1, make 12 ch., turn.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. in each d.c. Fasten off. Make 2 more leaves in this manner.

STALK

With c.c.1, make 18 ch., turn. 1st Row: 1 d.c. in each ch. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. With c.c.2, make small pompon for centre of each daisy. Sew leaf and stalk to daisy. Attach to hat as illustrated.

Headband plait

Materials: 3 balls Patons Totem knitting yarn, black (b), 2 balls white (w), 2 balls grey (g); 1 pair No. 6 knitting needles.

Measurements: Length, 45 in.

Tension: 11½ sts. to 2 in. in width.

1st Strip: With b, cast on 12 sts. and work 52 in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

2nd Strip: With g, work as for 1st strip. **3rd Strip:** With w, work as for 1st strip.

BOW

With b, cast on 24 sts. and work 4 rows in garter-st., then cont. in st-st., keeping a border of 2 sts. in g-st. at each end of every row until work measures 25 in. Work 4 rows in g-st. Cast off.

With b, cast on 9 sts. and work 3 in. in st-st. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Plait 3 strips, st. tog. at each end. Sew one end to plait, to size of head. Make bow, sew to plait.

● Plait in three colors.



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Laurence Harvey's

'LIFE

● Seven years ago a film called "Room at the Top" won an Academy Award for French actress Simone Signoret and rocketed to international stardom an actor named Laurence Harvey.

THE story, adapted from John Braine's best-seller of how a small-town Romeo succeeded in marrying the daughter of a wealthy businessman, made an impact in film circles all over the world.

The film, notable for Simone Signoret's poignant portrayal of the discarded mistress, broke box-office records.

Now everyone connected with the sequel—"Life at the Top"—is wondering whether Harvey as the vain, ambitious Joe Lampton can do it again.

This time there is no Simone Signoret. The "other woman" is played by Honor Blackman. Joe's wife (Heather Sears in "Room at the Top") is Jean Simmons.

The budget is larger and a much-praised television director, Ted Kotcheff, is in charge. But where a sequel is concerned it's anybody's guess as to whether it will come off.

"I suppose it is a bit of a risk to do a sequel," said Laurence Harvey during a break in filming at Shepperton Studios.

"But people all over the world have been wondering what happened to Joe when he married the boss' daughter and took up the rich life. I'd been wondering myself.

I'll admit that the impact of this film can't be as great as the first one because neither the story-line or the characters are new. But they will be new to the younger generation of filmgoers and it will have an impact because it concerns the people who are predominant in society in Britain today, the middle class, who often have more money than the titled."

For Harvey, Joe Lampton provided the break into the international class of actors for which he had worked so long and so hard. His superb portrayal in that first "Top" took him to Hollywood, where he began playing opposite big names like Sinatra, John Wayne, Kim Novak, and Elizabeth Taylor.

Stage success

Now he has written and directed his first movie, "The Ceremony," and enjoyed a lengthy West End run as King Arthur in "Camelot."

The seven years between the two "Tops" have made a considerable difference in the lives of Harvey's leading ladies.

Honor Blackman has emerged to gain fame first as Cathy Gale in television's "Avenger" series only to go on to bigger stardom as Pussy Galore in the James Bond saga—"Goldfinger."

Jean Simmons, happy in her second marriage, to director Richard Brooks (Novem-

ber, 1960), gave up tempting offers to concentrate on her husband and family. She came out of retirement specially for the part of Joe's wife.

For Harvey the past seven years have made an enormous difference.

"Well, I've become more tolerant and easy-going I suppose," he said. "Joe went on to better things at the end of the last movie and so have I — although I've worked damned hard for them."

"I lead what you might call a chameleon-like existence now. I thrive on variety and I like to divide my acting between the stage and the screen."

"It's not so bad on the stage because there you can vary a performance nightly to suit yourself, but on films, if you're not careful you can easily become type-cast. That's why you'll find me playing a cavalry officer one minute and a playboy the next. I love variety and in fact I just love life."

Harvey has excellent reason to love life. Always in demand by film producers, he recently acquired a black custom-made £10,000 Rolls-Royce complete with tape-recorder and cocktail bar and he commutes regularly between London and a sumptuous home at Palm Springs, U.S.A.

He loves the character of Joe Lampton, although he

Off-screen threesome



UNHAPPY screen family of Sir Donald Wolfitt, Jean Simmons, and Laurence Harvey are just the opposite off-camera. They're seen here during a break in filming on Ilkley Station, where the company hired a diesel train, complete with crew, for some film scenes.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 15, 1965



ABOVE: One of the superbly acted scenes from the film where Honor Blackman and Laurence Harvey (as Joe) begin their romance.

BELOW: Honor Blackman and Harvey chat during a break in filming. Honor says she's glad to discard "leather coat" parts.



AT THE TOP

dislikes the motives that drive the man.

"Joe lives by the creed that if you are young and ambitious and aim to reach the top you will get there," he said. "He is really a cad and a despicable character whose only aim in life is to get to the top, caring little about the methods he uses to achieve his aims."

"I'll admit that you sometimes have to be a little hard to get places," said Harvey. "But in real life you wouldn't commit half the crimes that Joe gets away with."

"Room at the Top" faded out on Joe resignedly marrying Susan, the daughter of a prosperous mill-owner. He has achieved his aims but at a high price.

Sudden crisis

"Life at the Top" views the missing years and finds Joe still working for his tough father-in-law (played by Sir Donald Wolfitt). But there suddenly comes a crisis in Joe's gold-plated life.

It concerns his wife, Susan (Jean Simmons), who, he discovers, has been having an affair with his friend Mark, played by Michael Craig. This leads Joe to think that their four-year-old daughter is not his.

Having previously struck up a friendship with television personality Norah Hauxley, Joe throws up his job and goes to her for sympathy, finding out eventually that he still loves his wife and daughter.

"Norah is a wonderful part for me," said Honor Blackman as she relaxed in her dressing-room. "She's a hard businesswoman who loves to be dominated and when she finds out that Joe isn't the man she thought he was she isn't very interested."

Honor Blackman looks the cool, calculating, dominating career woman. But she said this was merely a screen image.

He's boss

"Honestly, if you could see me at home you'd soon know who is boss," she smiled. "My husband, Maurice, makes all the decisions and like any good wife I obey most of them."

"I loved being in the 'Avenger' series because Cathy got me away from all those understanding - wife roles I'd been playing, but I'm glad the black leather and punch-up days are over."

"I'd loved to have visited Australia in connection with the series, but when I stepped out of it here I went straight into a Hollywood film and then another one here and now this one, so there really hasn't been much time for travelling. I remember seeing the first 'Top' film but never dreamed I'd be asked to appear opposite Larry in the sequel."

Filmed on colorful locations which range from the Bradford Wool Exchange (where Honor Blackman

made history by being the first woman in 200 years to tread its hallowed floor) to the bleak but breathtaking Yorkshire moors. "Life at the Top" has provided its stars and crew with an exhausting schedule.

For Jean Simmons it has been the first British film location she has worked on in years — "I've worked nearly everywhere," she said.

"I remember Sydney very well from the days when I made one of my first big pictures, 'Blue Lagoon,' in the Pacific. And I tramped around the Pacific for nearly two years recently when my husband was filming 'Lord Jim.'"

This star of numerous films who has been a film name since she was 16 now devotes much of her life to her husband, their daughter Kate, 4, and Tracy, 9, daughter of her first marriage, to film star Stewart Granger.

"It does feel strange to be back in the studios, but this was such a wonderful part I couldn't resist it," she said.

"It was really my husband and a director friend, Noel Willman, who made me change my mind about acting. They kept telling me that I'd never be satisfied if I just sat back and refused parts. So I said I'd try again and this is the result, although we're never happier than when we are all at home in California."



JEAN SIMMONS laughs delightedly as Laurence Harvey kisses her on her arrival at the Shepperton Studios to begin work in "Life at the Top." Harvey said that as Jean was to be his screen wife in the British-made film he thought he had every right to get in practice.



DRAMATIC scene in the film shows a crisis in Joe's life when he discovers that his wife (Jean Simmons) has been having an affair with his best friend (played by Michael Craig). This leads Joe to throw up his job at the mill and he becomes even more deeply involved with Norah (Honor Blackman). He later finds he still loves his wife.

Don't let flies & biting insects bother you. Spray on Aerogard.

It really repels insects... University tests prove it!



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The moment this girl's arm entered this glass cage, the captive flies swarmed to land. They persistently clung and crawled over her arm.

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This clean, non-sticky repellent gives a cool pleasant sensation when applied. When sprayed on to skin and clothing it repels all insect pests.

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Aerogard's powerful repellent action sent the flies into a frenzy. Not one landed. They would not go near the arm now sprayed with Aerogard.

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One spray gives lasting protection from flies, mosquitoes, sand flies & all biting and annoying insect pests. Pocket size 8/6. Large size 11/6.

OUTDOORS, ENJOY COMPLETE FREEDOM FROM FLIES AND BITING INSECT PESTS—SPRAY ON AEROGARD.

46, 120, 65

Opening those gift parcels

PLEASE don't feel hurt, "Old and New," because your Australian friends do not always open their gifts in front of you. It is not lack of manners, but rather, I think, a feeling of embarrassment on their part. Personally, I would much prefer to open a gift when I am alone, and then send a little note of thanks and appreciation.

£1/1/- to Mrs. L. Bailey, Kogarah, N.S.W.

ALTHOUGH I've lived in Australia for nearly 80 years, I have been fortunate in not meeting up with these "non-openers." My friends usually fall upon their gifts, tear off the pretty wrapping-paper with cries of "You shouldn't have!", "It's just what I wanted," etc., etc., thereby sending a warm glow to the heart of the giver. Here's hoping you come upon some of the "instant-opener" type this year.

£1/1/- to "Old Aussie" (name supplied), North Cotterell, W.A.

NOT opening presents has always puzzled me, too, and I also wonder if it is perhaps not bad manners. Personally, I usually say "May I?" or "Would you mind if I opened it now?" The recipient's pleasure is half the giver's pleasure also. To put the receiver at ease, say, "You may take a peep now, if you wish," for she may really want to look, but not like to.

£1/1/- to "J. Mac" (name supplied), Wauchope, N.S.W.

WHEN the recipient fails to open a package, the donor not only misses sharing in any pleasure given but also loses a possible clue toward future success in gift-giving. However, it is doubtful if the custom of not opening gifts originated in bad manners. More likely embarrassment is to blame. But the custom is by no means universal among Australians — old or new.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Pack, Monbulk, Vic.



Do you want to be the smartest girl in town?

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Welcome guests

MY healthy brood of mixed horrors are apparently welcome guests, even though I do not consider myself an excellent mother. When they are staying away from home I find it makes life much easier if I include a complete inventory of every item packed, as well as doctor's house and surgery telephone number, and also their dentist's. If I cannot be easily reached, I also give their grandparents' address and number. I list the chores of which each is capable, and ask their hostess to treat my children as her own, and not spare the rod!

£1/1/- to "Mother of Four" (name supplied), Hazelwood Park, S.A.

"Listed" wedding presents

FOLLOWING a pre-wedding party, guests were shown a list of items the young couple wanted as wedding presents. Admittedly this avoids duplication, but doesn't such a businesslike arrangement take away the spontaneity? I've always thought half the pleasure of receiving a gift is the surprise on opening it. What are the opinions of other readers on the subject of giving wedding presents?

£1/1/- to "Wedding Bells" (name supplied), Kallista, Vic.

Easy rules for staying slim

HAVING celebrated my 45th birthday I am proud to say that my measurements are 34-25-34. Pretty good for my age. My secret was told me by my doctor 20 years ago: Place your bread tin on the floor, your potatoes on the floor, and your saucepans near the floor. Bend down from the waist, keeping your knees straight. When putting out the washing, wind your clothesline a few inches higher than you normally would have it. Stretching up keeps your bust firm and stops your arms from getting flabby. I have never needed to go on a diet.

£1/1/- to "Nicely Rounded" (name supplied), Cremorne, N.S.W.

Workmates' Christmas

HERE'S a suggestion for girls working in offices faced with the annual problem of buying Christmas gifts for all their co-workers. Set up a carton, wrapped in gay paper, into which each girl places a gift of a predetermined amount (say 10/-). When the time comes, each girl draws a number and takes her turn to dip in the carton and draw out her gift. Thus each girl receives a gift but has to buy only one.

£1/1/- to Miss S. Riley, North Kew, Vic.

Baby girls of 1966

WITH no expected royal births to give inspiration, I wonder what will be the most popular name for new baby girls next year? Perhaps the year of 1966 will be the year of Decimas.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

Vacuum-clean the cat

WHENEVER I vacuum my room, I always vacuum the cat. This collects any loose hair in his fur and the cat loves it. Now a vacuum-cleaner can't be turned on without the cat purring about my legs to be "cleaned." I am trying to do the same to the dog, but the noise frightens him away.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Lynton, Darwin, N.T.

He knew about hospitals

A RECENT letter reminded me of an incident that a friend and neighbor told me about some years ago. Her son, aged seven years, went into hospital for the removal of his tonsils. When the time came for her to leave him in the ward he looked at her forlornly and said, "Mum, if they give me a baby, will I bring it home?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Howland, Pilliga, N.S.W.

Status symbols can vary

RICH or poor, we all have our status symbols — and they're not always new homes, late-model cars, or TV sets. They can be anything from clever children to personal letters from famous people. For instance, here are what I consider my status symbols: an antique pendant, a dog who brings in the morning papers, a large collection of Harry Belafonte discs, and the fact that I can cook Russian caramel. Other readers may have even more unusual ones.

£1/1/- to O.B. (name supplied), Colmslie, Qld.

Sweet memory

RECENTLY the smell of burning sugar brought back a memory of when I was about nine years old. I had taken my three-year-old sister for a walk in the bush, and as we neared home the toffee-like smell of burning jam caught my little sister's attention, and she exclaimed, "I can hear a lovely taste!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. V. Brown, Somersby, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE people who make hundreds and thousands had a nasty shock lately.

A lady in England, who organises children's parties, said: "100s and 1000s don't go down at all well these days. Children want what grown-ups eat — asparagus and so on."

Manufacturers of 100s and 1000s are wondering if this is the writing on the wall.

Some of them have invested big money in machinery. Are they going to find themselves stuck with 1,000,000s and 1,000,000s of unsold 100s and 1000s?

I would not like to see these goodies go under. They are a colorful part of our way of life.

That is one of the attractions of 100s and 1000s—they have colors to suit everybody.

When I was younger I was keen on the purple ones. My daughter Pip prefers pink ones, but is happy to eat the others as well.

I need hardly stress that there are six standard colors in 100s and 1000s, in addition to white — red, pink, orange, yellow, green, and purple.

1000 THANKS

De luxe varieties sometimes include pale blue, beige, and chocolate; but you can have a good party without these.

After reading the report that 100s and 1000s were on the skids, I did some investigation at a children's party.



There was nothing there to cause alarm. The guests were eating the technicolored tucker with relish.

I saw only one case of consumer resistance to 100s and 1000s. A boy called Gary said: "I hate them!" But his mother added: "He's off his food. I think he's getting something."

I did hear some criticism of 100s and 1000s from mothers.

One said: "They're awful when they spill on the floor."

She gave me a tip: "Don't buy 100s and 1000s in paper bags! I got one and the bag tore and they went everywhere. It was the family size, too. I always get them in the tubes now."

However, another woman said: "I swear by 100s and 1000s. When Neville was in his high chair I used to pour some on the tray and he'd lick his fingers and pick them up. It's a wonderful way to keep them quiet."

I think the lady in England has exaggerated the position.

No doubt there are sophisticated children who have switched to asparagus. But I know a child who likes both asparagus and 100s and 1000s.

There is no denying the latter make a brighter show than asparagus at a party. They cost less, too.

Grown-up foods have their place, but 1000s still cheer 100s and 1000s.

MUMMY, WHO IS YOUR HUSBAND?, a selection of Ross Campbell's best writings, is on sale at bookshops and newsagents. Published by Shakespeare Head Press, price 17/6.



NEVER TURN YOUR BACK ON THE WATER

... not even during time-of-the month!

If you want to, why not swim, water-ski, skin-dive, snorkel? Tampax internal sanitary protection leaves you marvellously free to enjoy all water sports. Ask your friends.

They'll tell you that Tampax is totally invisible under a bathing suit, with no outline to give you away. The surgical cotton of which it is made is so absorbent, you're protected against embarrassment. And because Tampax is worn internally, it can't get soggy from the water. It can't chafe or irritate either. The applicator ensures correct and hygienic insertion. In fact, once gentle Tampax is in place, you don't even feel it.

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Summer Skin Beauty

To cherish your skin and complexion during the hot summer months your first thoughts should be to a nourishing night time massage with a rich vitalizing cream. Smooth on a film of the vitalizing Ulan night cream using a gentle upward and outward movement to feed nourishing elements to the skin cells and to prevent wrinkle dryness. As you sleep, the rich cream will carry on the task of beautifying the complexion and bring a youthful softness to the skin.

—Margaret Merrill

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF PHYSICAL SCIENCES
CHICAGO, ILL. 60637

Cyclax





AVONMORE, the more-than-a-century-old house at Portland, Vic., where Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Leighton grow their famous carnations. Wisteria and roses wind along the old-style wrought-iron veranda posts.

THEIR CAREER IS CARNATIONS

● Boxes of big, beautiful carnations have come to rank as prestige exports in Portland, on Victoria's south-western coast, along with the bales of fine wool for which the district is noted.

Pictures by Brian Ferguson

MR. AND MRS. EDGAR LEIGHTON with their Airedale, Roy, in the sitting-room at Avonmore. Carnations are on the mantelpiece. Arranging carnations gives Mrs. Leighton as much pleasure as growing them.



By
BERENICE CRAIG

ORDERS for the carnations and carnation plants come to the historic town, founded by Edward Henty in 1842, from all over Australia and New Zealand.

Recently, a request for seed arrived from England, the original home of these elegant migrants.

In Portland, where history and modern enterprise are nicely balanced, happy combinations of something old and something new are plentiful.

One of the happiest exists at Avonmore, a more-than-a-century-old house that has given its name to the carnations that flourish all the year round in its gardens.

Appropriately, the carnations have meant a fresh start in life for both the house and the family who own it.

Avonmore was practically derelict when English-born Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Leighton first saw it in 1952, at a time when their own world had crashed around them.

After 28 years in North China, they had lost everything they possessed and came to Australia with their two young children, Sally and David (who prefers to be called Tim to save confusion with a Welsh cousin), to begin again.

Their success story takes in 15 years of back-breaking work, many early disappointments, and complete dedication to the long-stemmed, pedigreed beauties who rule their lives.

Avonmore was originally built by Mr. Yelverton Wilson, a brother of the Reverend Yelverton Wilson, who was the first Anglican minister of Portland, and who

renounced his title of Viscount Yelverton, Earl of Avonmore, when he went into the ministry.

Mr. Yelverton Wilson, known as "Chemist Wilson" because he owned a local chemist's shop, chose a high point on the western side of the little town to establish the palatial residence which he named after his old family home in England.

After he died, his daughters leased Avonmore, and the property gradually went back to nature through the years, until it was bought for subdivision.

When the Leightons found it, roofs were sagging, plaster had fallen in, and trees and scrub were fighting to take over.

"When we first moved in we had to hack away blackberries to get into the kitchen at the back of the house, the only habitable room," Mr. Leighton said.

Bulldozers

"There was no road, no water pipeline. Bulldozers had to do the initial clearing.

"But the house was three bricks thick on its solid bluestone foundations, and we knew it was basically sound."

He and his wife, with a caravan hitched behind their car, had toured Victoria looking for a place they could afford which would also suit the carnations they planned to grow.

Finances were tight; economy was the watchword.

After the bulldozers finished, the Leightons began.

Today they can look with pride on the oaks they planted, which already make a gracious avenue; gardens, which are blazing with flowers; and the wide, green

Continued on page 29

Hickory made me a

Put on a 'Scamp' when a girdle is too much

The way a Scamp lets you move around so comfortably, you can't really call it a girdle. It isn't lingerie, either. Although it certainly looks and feels like it. Why not just think of it as something that will help your figure a lot without you feeling it one little bit.

Hickory
UNDER-FASHIONS



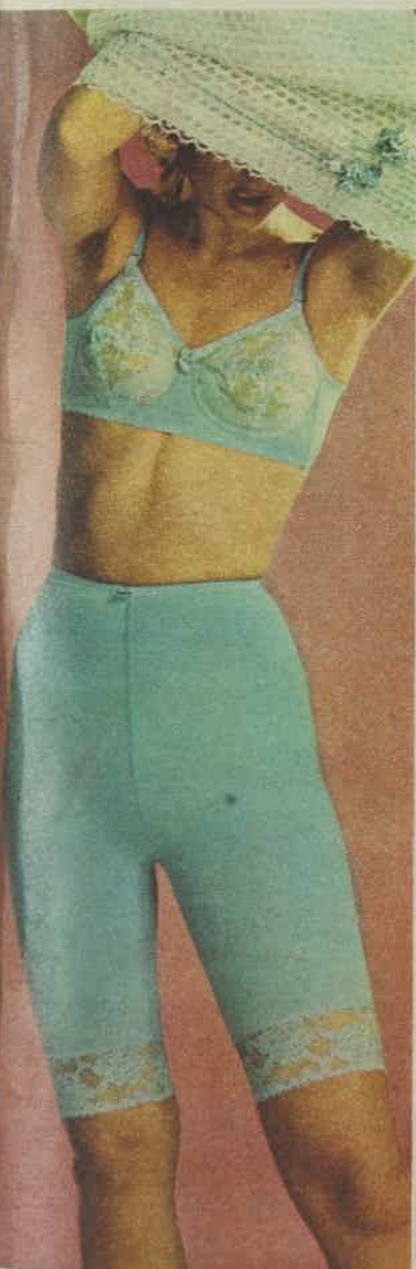
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49/6 or \$4.95

At left: 7900, 'Scamp' Hostess Pants in 'Lycra' Tricot, Black, Coral, White, at 89/6 or \$8.95. Above: 7501 'Scamp' Petti-pants in 'Lycra' Tricot has 'Lycra' stretch lace trim, 69/6 or \$6.95. Top centre: 7300, 'Scamp' medium-leg pantie in 'Lycra' Tricot, 49/6 or \$4.95. Matching long-leg pantie, 59/6 or \$5.95. Above centre: 5000, 'Scamp' girdle, 39/6 or \$3.95.

Top right: 7000, 'Scamp' bikini in 'Lycra' Tricot, priced at 29/6 or \$2.95. All styles except 7900 'Hostess Pants' are available in Coral, Blue, Pink, White and Black. Four sizes—Petite, Small, Medium, Large—fit everybody. Above right: 1100, Colour-matched 'Scamp' short-line bra in nylon lace and 'Lycra' Tricot has 'Magic Inset', A, B, C, 32"-38", priced at 49/6 or \$4.95.

Hickory
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with a great host of uses



Globemaster (double capacity) colours—Ruby, Silver Leaf, Wedgewood, Old Gold, £7/15/-; **Hostmaster**—Ruby, Pale Green, Wedgewood, Poppy, Cornflower, Primrose, Emerald Green, Old Gold, £5/11/6; **Streamline** in gleaming chromium, £9/8/6; **Stainless steel**, £8/19/6. Every syphon complete with bulbs; Refill bulbs, 11/9 per packet of ten. **The Sparklets Corkmaster**: Opens wine bottles without fuss or struggle. Simply insert the Corkmaster needle through the cork, press the lever slightly and the cork removes itself almost magically. Great gift for the wine-lover who has everything, including a cork-screw. Complete, 49/6. **Sparklets products are available everywhere!**

Page 28

The Sparklets syphon makes superb soda-water that's less than half the cost of 'bought' varieties. Just refill with iced water and 'charge' it with an inexpensive Sparklets bulb. Another entertaining point — a Sparklets syphon is a great family acquisition, to make bubbling children's drinks all year round.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 15, 1965



VIEW along the front of Avonmore, where the "pleasure garden" is as lovingly tended as the carnation nursery on the property.

THEIR CAREER IS CARNATIONS

Continued from page 25

lawn which surround the beautifully restored house.

Smooth, red gravel drives lead round to the long glass-houses which dominate one side of the property.

Long, plastic-covered seedling beds are on the other.

It is a very different world from the early one in which the children "just about tore the place apart" looking for the heard of money Chemist Wilson, who had no love for banks, was supposed to have buried in the garden; and the first night when, sleeping in the

of Wilson and Co., one of the oldest British general importing and exporting firms in North China, he and his wife saw to it that their two-and-a-half-acre garden was a showplace, with carnations a special pride.

"In those days, gardeners did the hard work and my wife and I grew carnations in a greenhouse for a hobby—and for the pleasure of being able to give a friend a perfect bloom to wear to a cocktail party," Mr. Leighton said.

During the war the Leightons and their children (Sally was two and Tim a

come to Australia because we had friends here, and also, at our age, we thought it would be an easier place in which to start again and also educate the children.

"We couldn't have done it in England and are still very grateful to this country."

For two years, Mr. Leighton managed the country golf club at Barwon Heads, near Geelong in Victoria.

During this time, on request, friends in England sent out a packet of carnation seed, which the Leightons planted in a friend's garden.

"Up popped one which I knew at once was something right out of the bag, and that was the actual beginning of the Avonmore strain," said Mr. Leighton.

This turned out to be Madeleine (pictured at left), named after Mrs. Leighton.

"Murdered"

Madeleine is still the matriarch of the collection and a firm best-seller.

Mr. Leighton feels very strongly about Madeleine. He tells the story of the time he was delivering seedlings to a house in Portland and caught sight of a poor, struggling plant beside the steps.

He demanded of the astonished woman who opened the door, "What do you mean by murdering my Madeleine?"

Madeleine has now been joined by many prize-winning companions, all propagated at Avonmore, whose names are spoken with reverence in the world of flowers.

These days, instead of the long outdoor beds which were their early homes, they grow in glasshouses, because commercially it is essential that their blooms are protected from weather damage.

But both the Leightons insist that there is no mystique to raising carnations; commonsense is necessary and they thrive better outdoors with proper care.

Feeding and caring for the growing plants is one of Mrs. Leighton's jobs.

Continued on page 31



MADELEINE, the first perpetual flowering hybrid carnation grown at Avonmore, has a ruby centre with lighter edge and heavy scent.

kitchen, the Leightons were almost ready to believe local rumor that the house was haunted.

"We woke up in the early hours to hear faint bells ringing and a regular, slithering noise somewhere inside the house," said Mrs. Leighton, laughing.

"But we found the first was caused by possums who had shorted the bell wires in the roof as they ran across them, and the second by a broken door blowing against the brick we had used to try to keep it shut."

Even when they were first married, in Tientsin, where Mr. Leighton was principal

baby of six months) were interned in Stanley prison camp in Hong Kong for nearly four years.

Neither of them will talk very much about that.

With true British understatement, Mr. Leighton referred to it as "a very trying time, with some very rough spots," and said that "keeping the kids alive was our most difficult task."

He had just begun to get his business on its feet again after the war when, as he put it, "the communists rolled in and we had to get out with what we could carry."

He added: "We decided to

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so many ways to say
Merry Christmas
with
Betta



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Elegantly simple in French Brocade.
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QUILT

Sweet quilted satin slipper with rosette.
Pink, Blue, Lilac, Watermelon, Ming, Gold, Black.

SWIFTY

Light and easy to wear, fashioned in Latex.
Gold, Red, Green, Black, Purple.

Betta SLIPPERS from 29'11
"never wear out their welcome"

1960

Page 29



The one you've been waiting* for

The new sparkling wine for all occasions . . . blended with sunlight and laughter. Penfolds Sparkling Mardi Gras. A light, bright fun wine to suit your mood—no matter where you are . . . what you're doing. It's as casual or as formal as you want to make it. Dinner or lunch . . . indoors or out! So unwind a little. Unscrew the cap from a bottle of Mardi Gras tonight. Ease out the stopper. Pop! Pour smiles all round . . . pour Sparkling Mardi Gras by Penfolds. (And remember, you're wine-wise when you choose Penfolds, Winemakers since 1844.)

Sparkling **Mardi Gras** by **PENFOLDS**

THEIR CAREER IS CARNATIONS



PACKING the carnations that leave Avonmore by air, rail, or road for destinations all over Australia are Mrs. Edgar Leighton and her son, Tim. An Adelaide florist has a standing order for 60 dozen blooms every week.

"We are also getting scent back into the blooms, and this has been missing from hybrids for some years."

Mr. Leighton, who describes the nursery as a small, specialised family business, run only by six people, himself, his wife, Tim, and three helpers, is confident its future can be big.

"If I were a younger man, I could take it much further myself, but it is all here for Tim and he can make of it what he wants," he said.

(Sally has chosen to care for people rather than flowers and is a nursing sister in a Melbourne hospital.)

With the imminent opening of Portland's new airstrip, the Leightons feel that interstate orders for blooms and plants will be much easier to fill.

Holidays are something Mr. and Mrs. Leighton find very difficult to fit into their schedule, but they have a small sail boat moored in Portland's harbor which affords them much pleasure and relaxation.

But it is perfectly obvious that they love their beautiful, demanding "babies," and there was no doubting Mr. Leighton when he said with a quiet smile:

"We wouldn't change what we're doing now for the best-paid job in Melbourne or anywhere else."

Continued from page 29

"She lives and breathes carnations," her husband teased.

"But carnations are our lives and every day must go on until the work is over, regardless of the clock," Mrs. Leighton explained.

"It's rather like bringing up a family of babies. Feed-

ing and schedules have to be worked out just as carefully.

"We always keep 25 top varieties in our catalogue and are always learning and never satisfied.

"We're really thrilled that the new lot we are currently developing promises to be far superior to any we have had before.



ROSETTE, one of the most popular of the Avonmore carnations, is a brilliant phlox-pink, deeply ruffled, and has won many championships.



GRACE (right), a favorite among the perpetual flowering hybrids from the Avonmore Plant Farm, is a delicate shade of yellow, with pink markings.



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New designs by Donald Deskey of New York for the traditionally famous Three Flowers fragrance

GIFT SET 11/6 SKIN PERFUME 6/11 TALC 3/11 & 7/11

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9 ways to please the men on your Christmas list

No worries about size, colour or shape when you give the men on your list Schimmelpenninck cigars . . . they're tops with all smokers. Choose from the 9 traditionally shaped cigars, all handsomely wrapped and ready to give. Just make sure they're Schimmelpenninck cigars, the connoisseur's choice for over 40 years.

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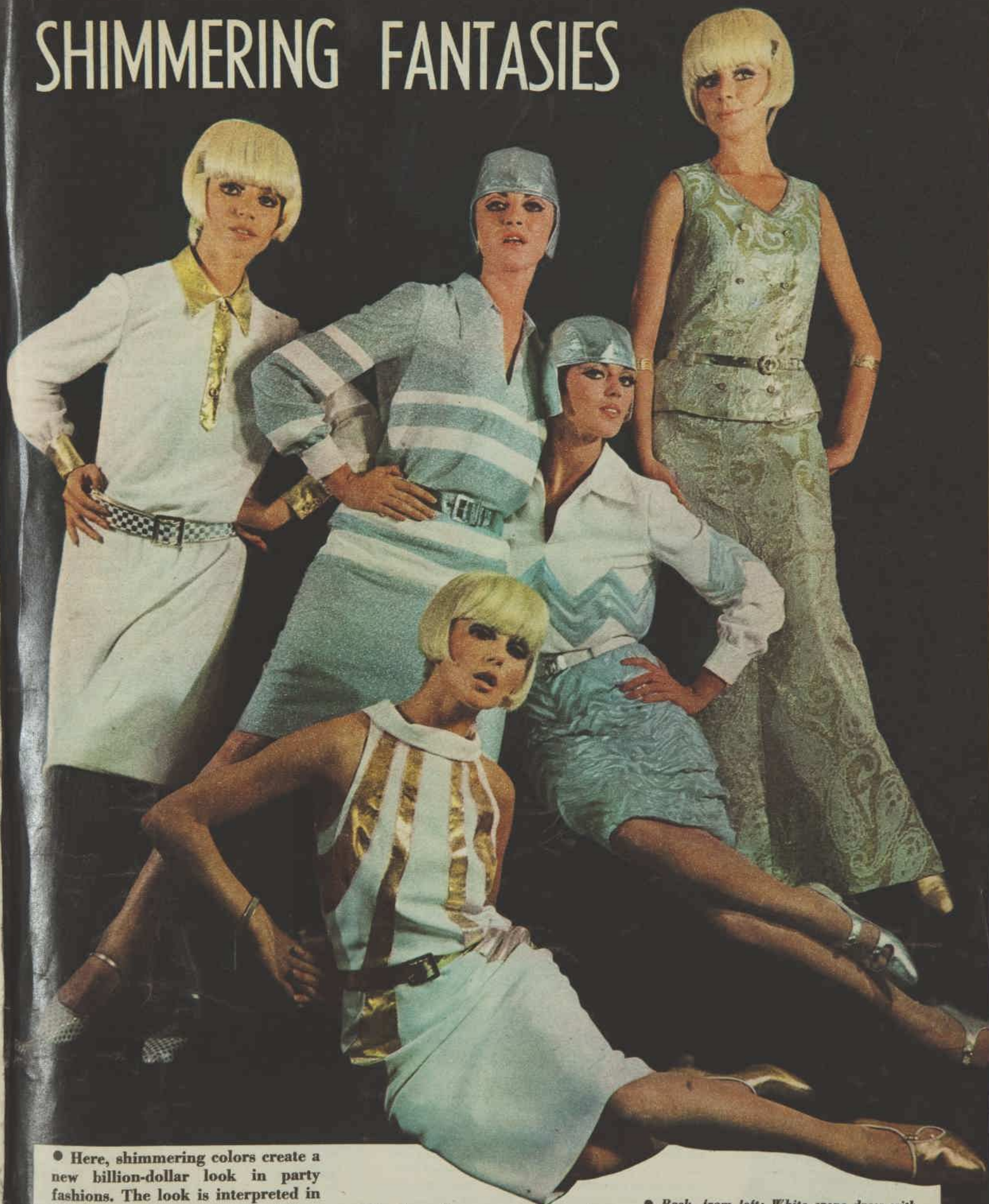
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SHIMMERING FANTASIES



● Here, shimmering colors create a new billion-dollar look in party fashions. The look is interpreted in kid, lame, and crepe, and in designs pared down to smooth, chic lines. Silver, moon-cool and of the space age, is mingled with gold and white.

We show five young women in a lunar glow. The designs are way out and hover on the edge of fantasy.

— BETTY KEEP

● Back, from left: White crepe dress with gold kid trim; shimmering silver striped in white; silver glitters on white crepe; pyjama suit in gold and silver brocade. Front: Turtle-necked dress with bands of gold kid. Note fitted space-helmets in silver kid.

Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The queries and answers on these pages are the most recently asked fashion questions in my mail. The two-piece for the larger figure and the one-piece after-5 dress are the most popular style requests. Paper patterns are available for the two designs.

THE first letter answered is from a young woman with a 40in. bust. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

"This is a cry for help. I am in my twenties and just plain big — bust 40 inches. The shops simply don't cater for young

styles in my size. Could you publish a pattern for large girls? I am sure there are lots with my figure problem."

Your cry for help is answered in the picture below, right—a soft, pretty two-piece with a self-tie belt. Choose a color or colors to flatter your eyes and hair and

start sewing. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

The second request comes from a Melbourne reader. Here is part of her letter and my reply:

"Have you a Paris-designed pattern for a glamorous after-5 frock? I intend making the

style in white silk crepe. I have three yards of the material."

The gently fitted, slightly A-line dress (right) is my choice for a white crepe after-5 dress. The bodice is sleeveless and the wide V-shaped neckline is finished with a self-band. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"Do you think I could wear a pastel jacket and matching hat with a sleeveless black silk summer frock?"

I think a white pique jacket fastened with black buttons and a white straw hat would be a smarter choice. Add black gloves and a red carnation buttonhole.

"As I have a long thin face, I am always uncertain what type of hat to wear. The shape is for summer."

A hat with width will flatter a long face. A medium-size turned-back shape or a medium-size sailor would be a good choice.

"I have bought a dark brown sleeveless shantung dress and I intend to wear it mostly for late-day. What costume jewellery would be correct for the frock and what color for gloves and shoes?"

Costume jewellery featuring topaz set in gold looks wonderful with dark brown. Add satin shoes in dark brown and wear white wrist-length gloves.



Every girl needs a hair colour tune-up

(about every three weeks)



Napro hi-liter
COLOUR SHAMPOO
14 FASHION SHADES

Hair colour tune-ups? Yes, but naturally. Because Napro Hi-Liter Colour Bubbles give living sparkle with a colour lift to your hair. Colour that lasts through about 3 weeks of regular shampooing. Colour Bubble application? Easy. Shampoo it in. The result? Nothing less than exciting. The cost? 4/- or 40 cents (which is about one third the cost of most other hair colourings). Tune yourself in to a more exciting life tonight with mistake-proof Colour Bubbles. 14 heady shades make it so easy to choose. Each just 4/- (40c).



THE NATURAL LOOK FROM

napro

3474.—Two-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, and 42 for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44in. bust. Butterick pattern 3474. Price 6/6 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No COD orders accepted.

14 fabulous tune-ups: Sable Brown • Hibiscus Blue • Spanish Cherry • Persian Ruby • Hawaiian Gold • Jamaican Brown • Pink Haze • Sunray Gold • French Plum • Tahitian Fire • South Sea Gold • Copper Glow • Smoke Grey • Samoan Brown — For an exciting you!

"My winter coat for next season is to be red. As I have to start making it soon, I would like your ideas about the correct buttons, also accessory colors."

Red bone buttons, the same color as the coat, would be my choice. Wear the coat with black patent leather shoes and bag and white gloves. Gold ball earrings and bracelet would add glamor.



1507.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. Just 1507 is a Vogue Paris original by Gres. Price 16/- includes postage. Pattern from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have bought a super white wool coat. Would it look up to date worn over a pink frock?"

Yes, it would. Pink and white look very pretty worn together. Actually, a white coat can be worn over any color; one of the smartest looks in current fashion is the combination of beige and white.

"Should I wear jewellery with a formal wedding gown?"

Simplicity in jewellery is correct with a wedding dress. I consider a pearl necklace, pearl earrings, and a simple brooch all appropriate. If the groom's present to the bride is jewellery, it should be worn on the wedding day.

"Would it be correct to wear black shoes with navy-blue or must they be matching navy?"

I prefer black — and black shoes look particularly chic.

"Is it necessary to wear gloves in a hot climate?"

Unless the occasion is completely casual, yes. For summer, short white or beige cotton gloves are perfect.

"Would you please tell me the correct attire for a formal church wedding at 6.30 p.m.? I don't want to go to more expense than necessary as I do not lead a social life."

A good choice would be a slim dress and matching jacket made in pastel or printed silk. The jacket means you don't need an evening coat. A flat bow, in a shade to match the ensemble, can replace a hat. Wear pale beige or white gloves.

"What would be an appropriate summer

wrap to go with an ankle-length terrace frock made in white pique?"

A wide stole in a vivid color — my choice would be orange.

"How should a flower-girl and a pageboy be dressed for a formal wedding?"

Traditional dress for a flower-girl is ankle-length and made with a high-waisted bodice, all round gathered skirt, little puff sleeves, a small self-ruffle at the neckline. A pageboy is correctly dressed in ankle-length pants and a shirt finished with a self-ruffle.

"Is it necessary to take a formal evening dress on a cruise?"

Not really. You will change for dinner, but this does not mean formal dress. For most evenings at sea, a pretty short-skirted dress is adequate. However, during most cruises there is sure to be a special gala evening. For such an occasion, it is nice to have something a little more formal, such as a short evening dress or cocktail dress.

"I am being married in a navy silk suit. As I intend wearing a hat, I would

like to know what shape and color would be a fashionable choice."

There's nothing newer than a turban. One made in printed silk featuring varying shades of pink and red would look wonderful.

"My summer suit is pastel pink linen. Please suggest the correct color for blouse and accessories."

All white accessories would look cool and summery worn with a pink linen suit.

Buttered Chicken is a "conversation piece"

FROM THE DAIRY FOODS TEST KITCHEN



An elegant table setting contributes to a memorable dinner, but the food is the real basis of success. Many a hostess has built a reputation on essentially simple food, painstakingly selected and presented, with garnishes chosen for colour, shape and texture. Use of Butter in cooking and serving brings out every nuance of flavour. Here is such a dinner:

Buttered Chicken...

Wash and dry chicken. Sprinkle inside with salt, pepper. Place knob of butter inside. Brush outside with melted butter. Place on sheet of foil, crimping edges. Bake 1-1½ hours at 375° gas, 400° electric. Open foil 20 minutes before serving, brush again with melted butter.

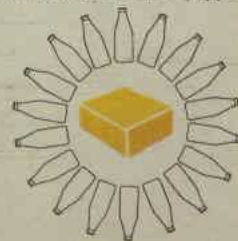
Try these variations — when opening foil, pour over ¼ cup white wine, or 1 tablespoon soya sauce blended with ¼ cup pineapple juice.



Stuffed Chicken...

Basic bread stuffing — Sauté 1 finely chopped onion in 1 tablespoon butter. Combine with 1 teaspoon herbs, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper and 1 egg (for 2 chickens).

Rice stuffing — Sauté ½ lb. mushrooms in 1 tablespoon butter. Combine with 1½ cups cooked rice, ½ teaspoon sage, pinch thyme, 1 egg yolk, ¼ cup chopped celery, salt, pepper.



IT TAKES 16 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE A POUND OF BUTTER.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

PRESENT HIM WITH...

Old Spice



SHULTON · NEW YORK · LONDON

OLD SPICE AFTER SHAVE LOTION, 10/-, 15/- and 27/6
Travel Pack, 17/6

Page 36

OLD SPICE GIFT SET: Stick Deodorant, Body Talc and After Shave Lotion, 34/6

OLD SPICE GIFT SET: Body Talc, After Shave Lotion, Stick Deodorant and Hair Cream, 54/6

OLD SPICE SHAVING MUG, 18/9

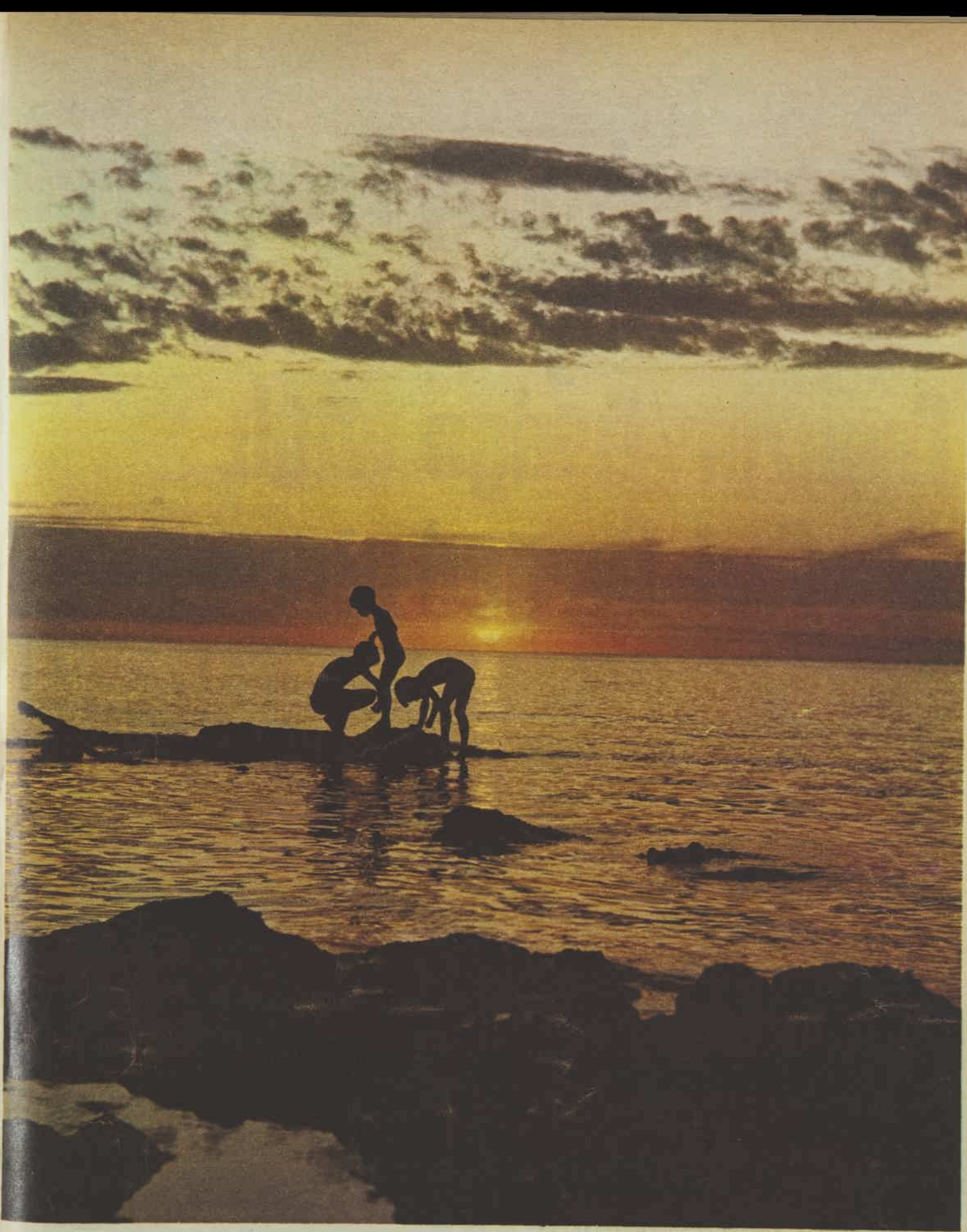
OLD SPICE GIFT SET: After Shave Lotion and Lather Shave Cream, 15/9 and 23/9

OLD SPICE HAIR CREAM, 9/6

OLD SPICE GIFT SET: Hair Cream and After Shave Lotion, 24/6

OLD SPICE BODY TALC, 9/6 and 15/-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 15, 1963



SUNSET ON PORT PHILLIP BAY

● Shadows are deepening at the end of the long warm day, and rock pools hold a gathering mystery. Picture by J. O. Colahan, Beaumaris, Vic.

BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA

It's completely Frost Free Why? It's the only freezer/fridge with fan-forced air throughout!

Not just fan-forced air in the freezer. But in the main cabinet. And—over/around/under (but never in) the covered meat-keeper. This exclusive Westinghouse system is called 'Cold Injection.'

Here's how it works. The secret of complete frost freedom is in the fan hidden in the freezer. It forces air of exactly correct temperatures via special ducts and inlets into every compartment of the freezer/refrigerator—in a continually repeating fan-forced cycle. 'Cold Injection' is such a positive method of refrigeration that it chills food four times faster and—regardless of door openings—maintains low temperatures in a way no unit has ever done before.

How can you tell 'Cold Injection'? Look in a frost-free Westinghouse. See — no coils — no frost! This is Westinghouse 'Total Cold Injection'!



Westinghouse Model RJF 145:—14.4 cu. ft. capacity

HERE'S THE WESTINGHOUSE FAN. Hidden behind this plate, it keeps air moving in a continual cycle via special ducts and inlets. Over the freezer plate. Into and around the freezer. Down and around the main cabinet. And right down to the meat-keeper—then back up to the freezer plate. This fan is where 'Cold Injection' starts.

COMPLETELY FROST-FREE FREEZER. 119 lbs. capacity. Biggest in any fridge up to 15 cu. ft. Packages don't stick together—labels don't frost over. Rapid ice-cube trays make 36 cubes—instant-release handles. Tilt-up shelf gives storage flexibility.

MAIN CABINET INLET. 'Cold Injection' comes into this food compartment via this special inlet. Look for the other inlets in the freezer and behind the meat-keeper. These inlets prove that it's Westinghouse 'Cold Injection'!

LOOK FOR OUR SPECIAL RED* FROST-FREE MEAT-KEEPER

It is not a crisper. It is a specially designed meat-keeper. Fan-forced air continually flows down the special duct and under/over/around but never in the meat-keeper—so meat can't dry out. Meat never freezes—never needs thawing—stays butcher-shop fresh for days on end, ready for baking or grilling. Meat-keeper also keeps smallgoods and left-overs at their tastiest. Slides right out, too.

*Meat-keeper also available in matching blue.

FREEZER DOOR has ice-cube tray (100 non-stick cubes for instant use)—rack holds frozen canned foods and juices—fast hills cans on hot days, too.

MAIN DOOR has special cheese and butter keepers. Two large lift-out bins each holds fruit or 24 eggs.

MAIN CABINET always has exactly correct (fan-forced) air temperature. Top shelf is adjustable to take the largest items—such as 26 large bottles (standing up!). Continual fan-forced 'Cold Injection' also means items chill four times faster, even with continual door opening.

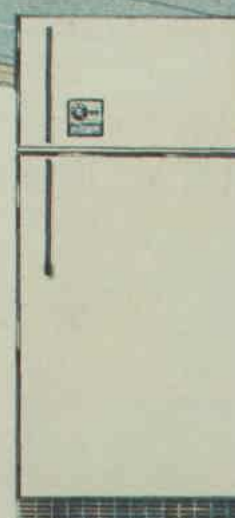
SPACIOUS VEGETABLE CRISPER keeps fruit and vegetables fresh and juicy. It's alongside special meat-keeper for convenience. Covered for maximum protection.

And what else is great about this new freezer/refrigerator?

All that superb attention to details such as styling and finish you've come to expect from modern-minded Westinghouse. And it's just one of the magnificent new Westinghouse models for 1966—from 10 cu. ft. up.

COMPLETELY FROST FREE
Westinghouse

14.4 CU. FT. OF COLD INJECTION



A fine product from





*The finest gifts
to give...
and receive...*

Wonderful, wonderful Christmas gifts by **Gemey** (7/- to 34/6)

Glorious Gemey Skin Perfume,
delightfully gift-packed.
3 sizes, 8/6, 12/6 and 18/6.



Gemey Talcs.
Sheer luxury.
Gift-wrapped.
7/- and 9/6



Exciting duo. Gemey Talc
and Skin Perfume. A most
appealing gift. 16/6



Parfum Gemey.
An exquisite floral
bouquet. Excitingly
packaged. 8/6 and 16/6



The GODDESS on the 15a

By EVA IBBOTSON

His ideal girl was a statuesque blonde and he never doubted he would find her . . . a short story

TO some people, London is a hostile huddle of smoke and dirty stone and they'd go miles to avoid it. To me, born and bred in the wilds of Northumberland, it's always been Mecca, Shangri-La, the lot. And when, at the age of twenty-two, I graduated from my very provincial university and found that a committee of enchanting old gentlemen in grey suits had awarded me four hundred pounds a year to work at the Bacteriological Institute in Chelsea, I expected to levitate then and there, all eleven stone six of me, so great was my joy.

I suppose I was naive. A lot of young men are, I guess, even in this enlightened age of ours. Anyway, I had it all worked out. A year or two over my Petri dishes; a triumphant lecture tour of the States, followed by a modest acceptance of the Nobel Prize and the great world breathless as it realised that in Andrew Strang from Wooler they had a second Alexander Fleming.

But though I meant to work like a fool (and I did, actually) I was also absolutely sold on the idea of being the Complete Man. And if there's one thing the Complete Man looks pretty silly without it's the Complete Woman.

About this matter of the Complete Woman I had no doubts at all. Not for me the shilly-shallyings of my friends who fancied snub-nosed redheads one week and then were away after sleek brunettes well before the month was out.

No, my ideal was absolutely clear in my mind, had been for years. I could have drawn her for you. Statuesque, curvaceous, with a proud head and smooth, silver-blond hair. Eyes, blue — that deep blue which borders on purple — lashes black. And since I'm six feet in my socks, and too much bending gives me backache, she'd be tall.

What's more, she'd never giggle and never scuttle, but glide beside me like, well, like the goddess Demeter blessing the corn. That this sublimely beautiful girl existed, and that London, in spite of her other preoccupations, would eventually throw her up for me, I never doubted. And as you will see, I was perfectly right.

But first I had to go through a period of initiation, as you might say. And part of this, as is the way of initiations, was a trifle rough.

I'd expected the sleazy boarding-house in Paddington: the brown paint, the worn lino, the room which even the landlady didn't have the nerve to call a flatette. But I must say I hadn't expected quite such a set of characters as inhabited the place.

There was the old man on the floor below who told me to Repent and Meet My Doom every time he borrowed a shilling for the gas, and the ex-opera singer across the landing who went right through the mad scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor" every time she took a bath. And there was this girl.

You could say a lot about this girl: that she was eccentric or unusual or unique, for

example. My own view was that she was simply nuts.

Her name was Sophy, but she didn't use it much, and she swore she was eighteen, rising nineteen, which I'd have said was a plain lie except that there didn't seem much point in lying. I'd been there quite a while before I found out what she looked like, because she lived inside a full-length curtain of dark hair which she drew when she wanted to be alone, which seemed to be often. I don't know how, but I got the idea that she was on the run from an Approved School or a Borstal or something.

She had that kind of starved-lemur look, all eyes and cheekbones. All in all, she was the kind of thing you'd expect to find under a piece of sacking after a revolution or an earthquake, and the fact that she never wore shoes and went round in a terrible smock covered with oil paint (she was supposed to be an art student or something) didn't exactly give her that tended look.

Surrounded as I was by this unpromising material, my thoughts naturally dwelt more and more on my Fair Unknown, and I waited almost daily for my first glimpse of smooth, silver-blond hair and violet eyes. Meanwhile, however, I seemed to have got stuck with feeding spaghetti into that screwball bush baby from upstairs.

I don't know how it happened, quite. I suppose you could put it down to Early Training. My mother has always had a table out for the birds and a bowl of scraps at the back for the stray dogs and cats. So that when I went up on the third day to borrow some matches and found this Sprat, with no shoes on, standing miserably in front of a painting of green stripes and purple squiggles, I simply couldn't take it.

"My goodness," I said, recoiling (no one had warned me), "couldn't you be a bit less abstract?"

She shook her head. "I have to be with the mainstream of my time," she said gloomily. And then: "I suppose you couldn't tell me what to do with that purple blob down in the corner?"

"I could tell you, all right," I said. "But I won't. Not till you're older. How about leaving it and coming out to eat?"

She shook her head and her hair parted long enough for me to see that she looked fagged out and hungry. "Can't," she said. "My money hasn't come."

"Oh, for heaven's sake. Go and put on some shoes."

In the end I had to find her shoes. Goodness knows how that girl had survived as long as she had, let alone had the wit to escape from her Borstal or whatever it was.

Fortunately, I'd found this Italian place by then and it seemed this Sophy-Sprat had a passion for spaghetti. Come to that, she had a

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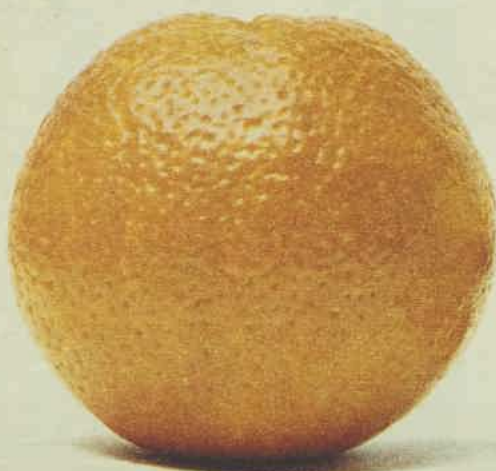


ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"Yes!"

**"Let's get
together!"**

**"In a
Duet?"**



Duet is the Orange and Lemon Fruit Juice Cordial by Schweppes. It's made with real oranges and lemons, so it's true to the fruit. There isn't a simpler way to flatten a big thirst . . . or twenty-one big thirsts. All you need is a tap, a glass, and a bottle of Schweppes Duet.

Schweppes
Fruit Juice Cordials—true-to-the-fruit.

Beautiful To Behold

MY wife, Kate, has bred deep in her bones an abiding sense of hospitality, but no one could have foreseen that, because of it, two young American men would find themselves in a fight over a girl in Rome. It would not have occurred to me, to begin with, that Kate would or could carry her instinct for hospitality along with her when we went on our trip to Europe.

She could hardly set up a dormitory in the attic of the hotel, as she often did at home for a half dozen or more friends of our son, Cam. And it certainly was not probable that she would take in any jilted brides, runaway boys, stray dogs, or injured birds. Or, as she once had done, a crate of cackling geese that had bounced from the back of a truck.

I suppose for that reason I did not give any serious attention to the request that, when we got to Rome, we "look up" Vickie Lawrence, the daughter of old friends, who was studying there. It did not seem an unreasonable demand, or one that posed any threat, and for the time being I put it out of my mind. Which wasn't too difficult to do, since I did not look forward with breathless delight to seeing Vickie Lawrence.

Vickie had been one of those rebel little girls, hostile to the world, who seemed forever to be hiding in brambles, to emerge with smudged face and tangled hair, and braids often unbraided for weeks, simply because her mother could not get close enough to her to do anything about it. My impressions of Vickie were superficial, since over the years we had not seen very much of her.

If her name happened to be mentioned in our circles, our son, Cameron, and his friends, who were about the same age, were prone to hold their noses or even to make rude sounds. But if Vickie were an acquired taste, it seemed that she had her connoisseurs.

As a teenager she thinned out to become a long-legged, oddly graceful girl. The unbraided, corn-colored hair hung loosely about her shoulders, and there was a challenge in her manner which, I suppose, you either liked or you didn't. She scared the devil out of me, but I told myself that was simply because we were only used to boys around our house.

I saw how it was going with the Lawrences when they once invited us to their house for dinner during Vickie's college days. It was a holiday and Vickie was home, but she wasn't in sight.

"She brought a boyfriend home with her," her mother, Mary, said, handing around the canapés.

Bert Lawrence loudly cleared his throat.

"Bert thinks he's awful," Mary said. "He can't stand the young man, but Vickie is so determined I just don't know what to do about it."

At this moment Vickie ran through the front hall from the back door to the front door, flashing by in stretch pants and flowing hair. She had a sketch pad under one arm and a handful of drawing pencils, and she was followed by her young man, a black-haired Lothario in heavy-soled tennis shoes and pants that seemed to be grafted on to his legs.

His black hair was longer than Cam and his friends wore theirs, and he wore a bright red sweater, but he was unmistakably masculine.

"The light is more luminous on the south side of the house," Vickie said as she went by. Not to us. Vickie did not speak to her elders. She merely judged them with her eyes and, having found them wanting, passed on.

The front door banged behind them.

"The trouble is," Mary said, "I remember myself at that age. I had my own rebellious stage. And I left home and went to live in Greenwich Village for a while."



Tom Hadley and Vickie looked intently at each other for a long, long moment.

"Well, at least I did put on a shirt and a tie and a jacket when I came to see you," Bert said. "And I went to the barber."

"Even so," Mary said to Kate, "you should have heard Father after I brought Bert home for the first time! He hit the ceiling! I can tell that Vickie knows that Bert feels the same way about Rod, if that's his name. So, I mean, who am I to cast the first stone?"

"I'd like to hit him over the head with a baseball bat," Bert said, getting up for a canapé.

It was the following year, her second year there, that Vickie left college. She talked Bert and Mary out of her next year's tuition money, and went off to Rome for a year's study in art. And now that we were going to be there, wouldn't it be nice if we would look in on Vickie and see how things were going?

In our travels nothing pleases Kate more than an assignment. She had a little batch of notes which she always carried around with her in her handbag, ready to take out and shuffle through when necessary. A bit of lace from a special shop in Venice, a tooled-leather book-

cover from Florence, a scarf from a shop in Rome; she begged her friends to let her do their shopping, and so now, along with the notes, went Vickie Lawrence's address.


Except that it wasn't really her address. Or at least she wasn't living there when we arrived in Rome. It was a woman's club, a sort of combined overseas effort on the part of several women's associations to provide respectable quarters for respectable young ladies passing through Rome, and Vickie Lawrence probably found it about as inviting as a penitentiary.

She got her mail there, the pleasant woman at the desk said, but she did not stay there. No, they did not have her address.

Kate left a note for Vickie and went off to look up a special kind of special embroidery which somebody's mother had once found in a special shop in Rome twenty-five years ago. We did not find the embroidery and we did not hear from Vickie.

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A romantic short story By BENTZ PLAGEMANN



SEA SERPENT FOR CELIA

A short short story by C. P. SMITH



Who wants to slim?



"me"...



"but only if I can enjoy it!"

PEEK FREAN'S VITA-WEAT

No Corn. No Rye. No Chemicals. Just 100% whole wheat goodness. That is why Vita Weat tastes so much better, is so good for you — for every one of your family. Fun to eat anywhere any time. Plain. As a sandwich. Or with your favourite spread. Vita Weat . . . Australia's largest selling crispbread.



A MAN can be tall, strong, and tender to a girl. He can be brave, kind, and handsome. He can even be heir to a large coastal fish-canning factory—and still be a log at sophisticated parties.

Meryl Haines was talking. "Really, Ed, with your fishy background you don't honestly believe in sea serpents?"

"All I said . . ." he pointed to Celia . . . "was that she wouldn't believe in them if she saw one."

"He goes on like this," Celia said. "Take no notice."

"Well, you wouldn't because you're built that way. You never believed in Santa Claus. You're too confounded blasé to believe in anything."

"Getting back to the fellow on the trawler," one of the men put in, "you say he saw this huge head sticking up out of the sea?"

A powerful squall rattled the windows of the room. Momentarily people stopped talking. One of the girls shuddered.

"Can't we drop the subject? It's not funny when you're driving home on the coast road."

Her escort yawned. "Talking of home, it's five past one. Think we'll call it a night. Any takers?"

It was a long drive back. Celia cradled her head on Ed's shoulder.

"Did you have to go on and on about that serpent thing?"

"What d'you mean 'on and on'?" He sounded irritable. "I merely said you wouldn't believe in it if you saw it."

"Well, just because some old fisherman imagined something . . ."

He jerked the wheel and the car slewed into a bend. "Nothing much gets through to you, does it? You have your own private little world, your own rigid opinions!"

"Ed, for heaven's sake. You don't even believe in it yourself!"

"At least I've an open mind." She sat up and stared fixedly ahead. "Well, show me your wonderful monster. Then I'll believe it."

"Right!"

He swung the car off the highway into a side road that wound down to the bay.

The moon came out as he stopped the car almost at the edge of the sea wall. The waves in the bay were small, but a big sea was running behind the breakwater.

"All right," she said. "Where is it?"

"There, somewhere." He pointed vaguely seaward, climbed out of the car, and jogged along the jetty to his launch. She watched disinterestedly as he jumped on board and cast off the bow line.

He was doing something to the engine controls now. Water spluttered from the exhaust pipe at the stern. He clambered on to the jetty and came back to her.

"Ready? We're going serpent hunting."

"You may be," she said with dignity. "I'm staying here."

"You're coming serpent hunting . . ." He opened the door, forced his arms under her, lifting her bodily . . .

While she kicked and thumped with her fists, he put her over his shoulder and made for the jetty. He didn't let her free until they were on board and he'd cast off.

She stood beside him fuming as he steered toward the breakwater. He glanced across and laughed.

The entrance to the breakwater was closer. Huge waves threatened ahead. Celia decided it was time to give in gracefully.

"Look. Perhaps you're stubborn. Perhaps I'm pig-headed. Perhaps there are sea serpents. I'll take your word for it. Now couldn't we call a truce and go back to shore?"

"Where's your sense of adventure? Think of the thousands of young girls safe in bed tonight. How many are out in the middle of the ocean serpent-spotting?"

As the launch nosed outside the breakwater entrance, its bow dipped alarmingly into the trough of the first huge wave. They seemed to be sliding backward as a wall of water towered in front of them. The boat shuddered and sluggishly lifted. Water sluiced over the foredeck. Spray peppered the windscreen of the cockpit. Somehow, the wave passed beneath them and another rose ahead.

Celia clung to a handrail, staring up at each horrifying crest. She found it hard to stand upright. Ed grinned, swaying easily to the pitching of the boat, enjoying having her on his own territory.

"I think you're ridiculous and boorish."

"Better save your breath. You might need it when we're swimming."

Dark clouds obscured the moon. The waves became black outlines.

"You won't see any serpents now," she told him.

"See them better than ever. They're phosphorescent."

"And I suppose they think it's fun to swim round in a gale."

"No. They usually shelter inshore when there's a big swell."

He released the wheel a fraction and a spurt of cold spray hit her. She screamed and cowered behind the bulkhead. He altered course a few points and took the next wave on the quarter. The launch rolled heavily and some water sloshed inboard just ahead of her.

She looked even prettier damp than dry, he thought. One small, cold ball of misery. Then he saw she was crying.

"Ed. Can't I go home now? I believe in sea serpents. Honest I do. Please take me home."

Sol. It had finally come. Beneath her cold, correct little act was a normal girl with normal fears who wasn't as self-sufficient as she liked to pretend.

Taking off his coat, he put it over her shoulders, then expertly brought the boat around.

Back in the car, he kissed her.

"I'm sorry you got wet."

"I'm sorry I was so silly."

He stroked her hair slowly.

"Are there really sea serpents?"

she asked after a time.

"You wouldn't have got me out in that boat if there were."

She was staring over his shoulder at the jetty.

At that moment she saw it.

Quite a little one near the sea wall. Not more than a few feet of its neck showing out of the water.

It was looking at the car with great wide phosphorescent eyes.

Fascinated, she wound down the window and made cooing noises.

It put its head on one side quizzically but it didn't seem to understand.

"What on earth are you doing?"

he asked.

"Look." She pointed excitedly.

"A baby one."

He saw it just before it submerged.

It took her all of five minutes to bring him round.

(Copyright)



This year, try saying "Merry Christmas" in French

This is Teal, the luxury talc. It makes a great Christmas gift because it's perfumed by Robertet of Paris. And it comes gift-wrapped, at any chemist or store. Price? Just three French francs. (Or 5/11d.) Bon Noël!

Johnson & Johnson

Use Summer To Be Lovelier



Mrs. M. Reynolds,
Beauty Skin Care
Consultant

The Australian summer presents ideal conditions for the radiant blooming of your complexion, for this is the time when you spend so much of your leisure in the great outdoors. Do be careful to ensure that your skin is well protected by daily moist oiling to enable you to gain the benefits of summer skin loveliness. Here are some beauty suggestions that will help you to remain radiantly lovely throughout the summer and beyond.

Complexion Sparkle

Your skin will look flower-fresh even after a hot or tiresome day by following this simple beauty hint. Remove stale make-up, then wipe over your face and neck with lemon Delph-freshener to clear away impurities in your pores and to refine and refresh your skin. Before making-up again, smooth in a film of oil of Ulan and your complexion will glow with youth and deep-down loveliness.

A Lovely Smooth Neck

For a beautiful smooth neck, toning is of immense value, for it prevents the neck and throat from becoming slack and tired. Soak a pad of cotton wool in lemon Delph-freshener and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction. This stimulates the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are reactivated and any tendency to sallowness is corrected. Follow this with a smoothing of moist oil of Ulan.

An Instant Beauty Bath

If you have to hurry away to a party or an urgent date without time for your beauty bath, it is an easy matter to freshen up in a few seconds by simply smoothing the face, neck and hands over with a cotton pad soaked in your lemon Delph-freshener. This will ensure cool, dainty freshness, besides the beneficial toning and cleansing that the beauty lemons will give your complexion.

Smooth Elbows

Smooth and lovely elbows will enhance the beauty of your arms. Combine a teaspoon each of white sugar, lemon Delph-freshener and oil of Ulan, and rub the mixture well into the elbows until the skin becomes pink and clean. Remove pack with warm water, dry thoroughly and then smooth in a rich film of the Ulan oil to nourish and promote a silky smooth surface.

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Strictly a loser

Concluding instalment
of our dramatic serial

By EDNA SHERRY

WHILE still a schoolgirl, SUSAN WELLS had to keep house for her irresponsible widowed father in Boston. Stealing money from the housekeeping, she paid for a secretarial course, and after her father's death went to New York. With no faith in human nature, she had acquired, instead, a passionate desire to possess beautiful things.

Working in an advertising agency, she had tricked HARRY CALDWELL, the boss's weak son, into marriage shortly before his father died. Harry has to wait until he is thirty before inheriting, but Susan is content, knowing her ambitions will soon be realised. But she is shocked when Harry says he wants a divorce to marry LEILA THOMAS, a young widow. Posing as an author, Susan visits a lawyer, SEBASTIAN VARNEY, who tells her a Reno divorce, if not defended, leaves the first wife the legal heir if the husband dies.

With Harry's lawyer, STEVE RANKIN, as a witness, she hands over her house keys, but secretly keeps a spare one. She moves back to her old apartment in New York and gets another secretarial position with CHARLES STEVENS.

Eight months later Harry turns thirty, and, choosing a night when she knows he and Leila will be at the Country Club, Susan disguises herself, enters her old home, where Harry is living with his second wife, and places poison in a jar of his favorite marmalade. Harry dies next morning and LIEUTENANT CHRIS STORM first suspects Leila of the murder. But after interviewing her cousin, MARTIN LOWRY, and other neighbors, the CRANES and TYLERS, he begins to have doubts.

Sure of her alibi, Susan is not surprised when Ruth Crane rings to say Storm will probably call on Susan. NOW READ ON:



"What on earth are you talking about?" Susan asked Arnold as he stood looking down at her.

anyone could give me a line on possible enemies you could."

"Harry had no enemies. He was a friendly person."

"I got that reaction from the people I talked to, but they were all mere acquaintances. I figured that you—" He waited, hoping as usual that silence would bring a spate of words.

But Susan only said: "They were right," and lapsed into silence, too. Storm had to try again.

"Let's consider the business world first. As son and heir to the head of such a big outfit and then as head of it himself—? Surely there must have been clashes, incidents, leaving somebody with a grievance or a grudge?"

"In all the years I knew him, Harry was an account-executive and nothing else. His father showed him no preference. In fact, he leaned the other way. Nobody had a reason to resent Harry."

"Didn't he ever wangle a big account from under somebody else's nose because he was the boss's son?"

She smiled.

"Not Harry. He never wangled anything. He didn't care enough. He was a playboy. His job was just something that provided the cash to have fun with. There was no harm in him, but he never grew up."

"If I may say so, your marriage must have been the attraction of opposites."

She looked down at her hands and said in a low voice: "Harry was appealing. He made you want to take care of him—the way you do with a careless kid."

"And it didn't work out?"

"No. Our tastes were too different. Harry's standards weren't too high, and Chuck—" she threw Stevens a fleeting grin—"Mr. Stevens will tell you I'm a moral prig. I was beginning to nag, and Harry didn't like criticism. But we were neither of us spiteful people, so we talked it over and decided to try it apart. But we differed even there. I was willing to separate but not to divorce. I believe it's wrong to break an oath of any kind. In the end he lost his temper and went over my head—he got a divorce in Reno."

"Didn't you fight it?"

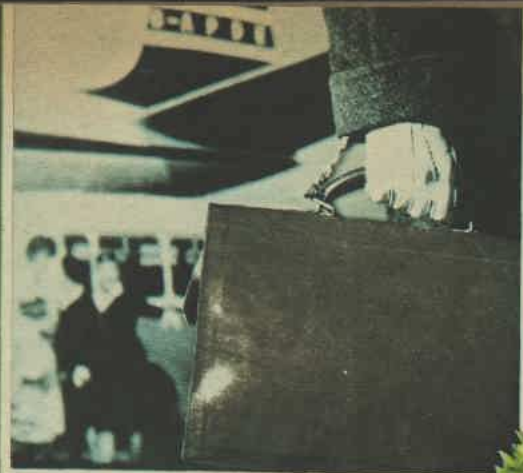
"Mr. Stevens is a generous boss, but I have all I can do to pay my way without spending money on lawyers."

"You mean you weren't represented at all in the Reno court?" he asked as casually as he could.

She answered just as casually: "The first I ever knew of it was about two months after I left Greenaway. I received an announcement from the Reno court that the divorce had been granted."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 15, 1965



Our Kia-ora globe-trotting
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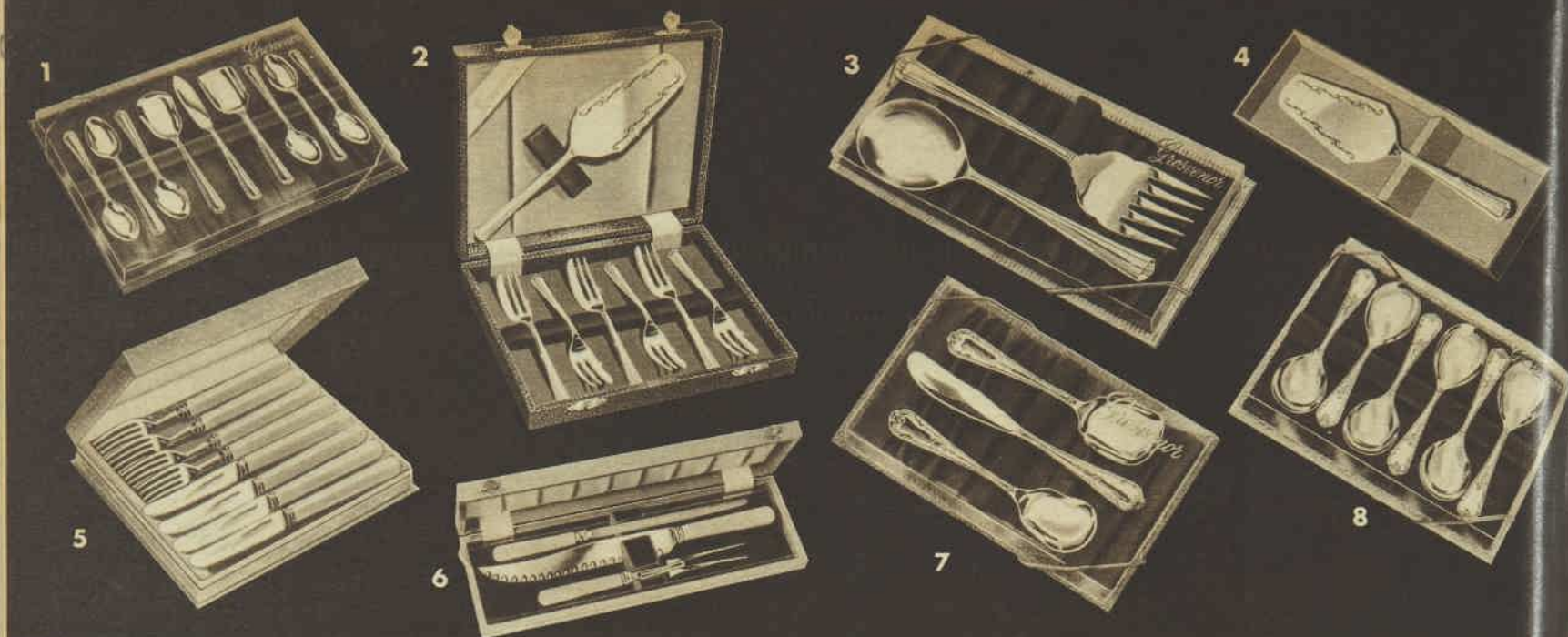
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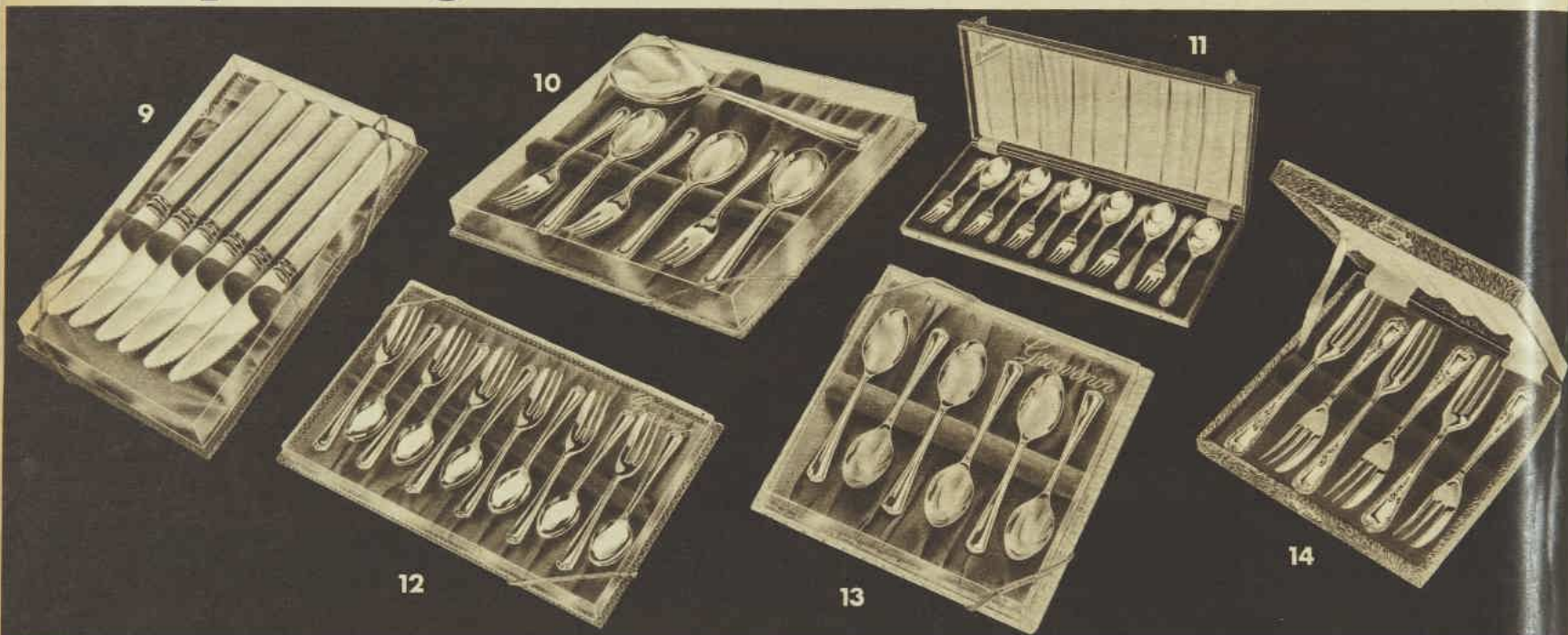
red tomatoes, spices and nippy cheddar cheese which has to be specially matured 12 months to match the U.S. recipe. The spaghetti's firmer, twirlier, with long strands you can really roll around a fork. Try the *sauciest* spaghetti ever — soon!



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N'PONGO THE GORILLA

MENAGERIE MANOR

By GERALD DURRELL



QUEENIE THE TREE OCELOT

FROM my last trip to West Africa I brought back a considerable collection of animals, which were ensconced in my sister's suburban garden in Bournemouth.

They were there, I assured her, only temporarily, because I was convinced that any intelligent council having a ready-made zoo planted on its doorstep would do everything in its power to help by providing a place to keep it.

After eighteen months of struggle I was not so sure of the go-ahead attitude of local councils. I decided to investigate the possibility of starting my zoo in the Channel Islands.

My wife, Jacque, and I flew to Jersey, where we were met by Major Hugh Fraser. He drove us to his family home, probably one of the most beautiful manor houses on the island.

Here was a huge walled garden dreaming in the thin sunlight; a great granite wall, thickly planted with waterfalls of rock plants; 15th-century arches, tidy lawns, and flowerbeds brimming over with color.

All the walls, buildings, and outhouses were of beautiful Jersey granite, which contains all the subtle colorings of a heap of autumn leaves, and they glowed in the sunshine and seduced me into making what was probably the silliest remark of the century.

Turning to Jacque, I said, "What a marvellous place for a zoo."

If Hugh Fraser, as my host, had promptly fainted on the spot, I could scarcely have blamed him. In those lovely surroundings the thought of implanting the average person's idea of a zoo (masses of grey cement and steel bars) was almost high treason.

To my astonishment, Hugh did not faint. He said the house and grounds were too big for him to keep up, and he wanted to move into a smaller place in England. Would I consider renting the property to establish my zoo?

By the time lunch was over the bargain had been sealed and I was the new "Lord" of the manor of Les Augres, in the Parish of Trinity.

The alarm and despondency displayed by all who knew me when I announced this can be imagined.

No ordinary zoo

The only one who seemed relieved by the news was my sister, who pointed out that, although she thought the whole thing was hare-brained, at least it would rid her back garden of some two hundred assorted denizens of the jungle, which were at that time putting a great strain on her relationship with the neighbors.

To complicate things even more, I did not want a simple, straightforward zoo with the ordinary run of animals. My zoo was to aid in the preservation of animal life.

All over the world species are being exterminated or cut down by the spread of civilisation. Many of the larger species are of commercial or tourist value, and, as such, are receiving the most attention.

Yet, scattered all over the world are a host of fascinating small mammals, birds, and reptiles, and scant attention is being paid to their preservation, as they are neither edible nor wearable and are of little interest to the tourist who demands lions and rhinos.

The obvious answer to this problem is to see that the creature is adequately protected in the wild state so that it does not become

extinct, but this is often easier said than done. However, while we are pressing for this protection, another precaution that can be taken is to build up breeding stocks of these creatures under controlled conditions in parks or zoos, so that should the worst happen and the species become extinct in the wild state you have not lost it for ever. So this is the story of our trials and tribulations in taking the first step toward a goal which, I think, is of great importance.

Illustrations by Ralph Thompson

I SOON found, to my relief, that Jersey appeared to have taken us to its heart. The kindness that has been shown to us has been tremendous, both from officials and the islanders.

After all, when living on an island eight miles by twelve, people may be pardoned for having certain qualms when someone wants to start a zoo and import a lot of apparently dangerous animals.

In a zoo of five or six hundred animals the variety and quantity of food they consume are staggering. It is the one thing that must not be stinted if they are to be kept healthy and happy.

Above all, the food must be not only plentiful but good. Cleanliness and good food go a long way to cut down disease.

When you consider that most animals in the wild state—unless they are natural carrion feeders—always eat the freshest of food, such as fresh fruit and freshly killed meat, it is scarcely to be wondered at when they sicken and die if fed on a diet that is "not fit for human consumption."

Some time ago a grocer telephoned us inquiring whether we would like some peaches. He explained that his deep-freeze had gone wrong and it contained some South African peaches which had gone black just round the seed.

There was absolutely nothing wrong with them, he assured us, but they were unsaleable. We said we would be delighted.

But it might happen that someone else, in the most kindly way, would bring us a whole lorry load of completely rotten and mildewed peaches and be hurt and puzzled when we refused them on the grounds that they were unfit for animal consumption.

One of the biggest killers in a zoo is that rather nebulous thing called enteritis, an infection of the stomach. This can cause an animal's death, and even a mild attack can weaken the creature and open the door to pneumonia or some other deadly complaint. Bad fruit can cause enteritis quicker than most things.

As soon as the people of Jersey knew what our requirements were in the matter of food, they rallied round in the most extraordinarily generous way.

Take calves, for instance. In Jersey, most bull calves are slaughtered at birth, and until we arrived they were simply buried, for they were too small to be marketable.

We discovered this quite by accident when a farmer telephoned us and asked, rather doubtfully, if a dead calf was any use to us.

It was then that we found out there was this wonderful source of fresh meat: meat which—from the animal point of view—could not have been more natural, for not

only was it freshly killed (sometimes still warm) but it also included the hearts, livers, and other internal organs which were so good for them. Gradually the news spread, and at certain times of the year we were receiving as many as sixteen calves a day.

Other farmers, not to be outdone, offered us tomatoes and apples, and would bring whole lorry loads around.

One man telephoned to say he had a "few" sunflowers, the heads of which were now ripe—would we like them? As usual,



BUSHBABY

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• Famous animal expert and author Gerald Durrell has travelled the world collecting and observing unique animals, and has written wittily and observantly about them in such books as "A Zoo In My Luggage," "The Overloaded Ark," and "My Family and Other Animals"—the latter about life on a Greek island with his family.

He was born in India, and has two famous brothers—Lawrence, the author, and Leslie, the painter.

Gerald Durrell's wife, Jacque (he is pictured with her at right), is of Dutch-French-Spanish extraction.

The Durrells were in Australia about three years ago to collect material for a series of articles about one of his favorite subjects: wildlife conservation.

They also made a series of wildlife television programs for the BBC and, with their collectors' instincts for the unusual, took some Australian quokkas back to Jersey to add to the 650 animals already in the zoo there.





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MENAGERIE MANOR



Continued from page 49

we said yes, and he turned up in a small open truck piled high with gigantic sunflower heads.

Another item for which we are always grateful is what could be loosely called "live food," that is to say, earwigs, wood-lice, grasshoppers, moths, and snails. Here a great many people come to our rescue and turn up at the zoo with jam jars full of wood-lice and other creatures, and biscuit tins full of snails, of which they are, of course, only too glad to see the last.

The earwigs, wood-lice, and so on are fed to the smaller reptiles, the amphibians, and some of the birds. The snails we feed to the larger lizards, who scrunch them up avidly, shell and all as a rule.

In order to pad out the collection of animals I had brought back from West Africa and South America, we had to acquire others from different sources.

The most amusing of these was, undoubtedly, the bird Trumpy the trumpeter. Not only had he appointed himself the zoo's clown but also the zoo's settler-in.

As soon as we got a new creature, Trumpy managed to hear of it and would come bouncing along, cackling to himself, to settle it in. He would then spend 24 hours standing by the cage (or in it, if he could) until he thought the new arrival was firmly established, whereupon he would bounce back to his special beat in the mammal house.

Sometimes Trumpy's settling efforts were on the risky side, but he seemed to be too dim-witted to realise the danger.

When Juan and Juanita, the white-collared peccaries, were first released into their paddock, Trumpy was there to settle them in. The pigs did not seem to mind in the slightest, so Trumpy did his 24-hour stint and departed.

But later, when Juan and Juanita had their first litter and had brought them out into the paddock for the first time, Trumpy flew gaily over the fence to settle in the babies.

Now, Juan and Juanita had not minded this for themselves, but they thought that

America, Trumpy was there to supervise the work.

When the swans were eventually released, he insisted, in spite of all our entreaties, in standing up to his ankles in water for 24 hours to settle them in. It did not appear to have any effect on the swans, but Trumpy enjoyed it.

Another new acquisition was the fine young male mandrill, Frisky. With his blue-and-red behind and his blue-and-red nose, Frisky was a fine sight.

He was, of course, exceedingly inquisitive, like all members of his family, and one bright spring day this was his undoing.

We were having the tops of the monkey cages repainted in a pleasant shade of mushroom, and Frisky had been watching this operation with keen interest.

He was obviously under the impression that the paint pot contained some delicious substance, probably like milk, which would repay investigation.

The painter, however, in the most selfish and boorish manner, kept the paint pot close beside him.

But patience is always rewarded, and after a few hours Frisky had his chance. The painter went to fetch something and Frisky seized the opportunity.

He pushed his arm through the wire, grabbed the edge of the pot, and pulled. The next moment he was spluttering and choking under a waterfall of mushroom-colored paint. He had turned into a mushroom-colored mandrill.

There was not much that we could do. You cannot take a half-grown mandrill out of its cage and wash it as though it were a poodle.

When the paint had dried as hard as armor on his fur he looked so miserable we decided to put him into the cage next door, which contained a female baboon and two female drills, in the hope that they would clean him.

When Frisky was let in with them they viewed him with alarm. It was some time before they plucked up enough courage to approach him.

When they did, however, and found out what was the matter with him, they gathered round enthusiastically and set about the task of giving Frisky a wash and brush-up.

The trouble was that the paint had dried so hard on the fur that the three females had to use a great deal of force, and so, although at the end of two days they had removed all the paint, they had also removed a vast amount of Frisky's fur.

Now, instead of a mushroom-colored mandrill, we had a partially bald and slightly shamefaced one.

Nice, if slightly imbecile

Another newcomer was our lion, who went under the time-honored name of Leo. He was one of the famous Dublin Zoo lions, probably about the 50th generation born in captivity. On his arrival he was only about the size of a small dog.

I was glad to see, when his mane started to develop, that he was going to be a blond lion, for in my experience the lions with blond manes, as opposed to dark ones, have always nice, if slightly imbecile, characters.

This theory has been amply borne out by Leo's behaviour. He had in his cage a large log as a plaything and a big black rubber bucket for his water ration.

This bucket fascinated him, and after he had drunk his fill he would upset the remains of the water and then pat the bucket with his great paws, making it roll round the cage.

In his second year Leo decided, after mature reflection, that it was a lion's duty to roar. He was not awfully sure how to go about it, so he would retire to quiet corners of his cage and practise softly to himself.

He was rather shy of this new accomplishment and would stop and pretend it had nothing to do with him if you came in view.

When he was satisfied that the timbre was right and his breath control perfect, he treated us to his first concert. It was a wonderful moonlight night when he started, and we were all delighted that Leo was, at last, a proper lion.

A lion roaring sounds just like someone sawing wood on a gigantic, echoing barrel.

The first coughs or rasps are quick and fairly close together, and you can imagine the saw biting into the wood. Then the coughs slow down, become more drawn-out, and suddenly stop. (You instinctively wait to hear the thud of the sawn-off piece hitting the ground.)

The trouble was that Leo was so proud of his accomplishment that he could not wait until nightfall to give us the benefit of his vocal cords. He started roaring earlier and earlier each evening, and would keep it up solidly all night, with five-minute intervals for meditation between each roar.

Sometimes, when he was in particularly good voice, you could imagine he was sitting on the end of your bed serenading you. We all began to be somewhat jaded.

We found that if we opened the bedroom window and shouted, "Leo, shut up," this had the effect of silencing him for half an hour.

Now Leo has learned to roar with a certain amount of discretion, but even so there are nights—especially at full moon—when the only thing to do is to put the pillow over your head and curse the day you ever decided you wanted a zoo.

We also obtained in our first year two South African penguins, called Dilly and



BINTY the binturong suggests a badly made hearthrug, to one end of which has been attached an Oriental-like head with long ear tufts and protuberant vacant eyes.

Dally. I hasten to add that they were not christened by us, but arrived with these revolting names stencilled on their crate.

Trumpy, of course, spent 24 hours in their pen with them, faintly disgruntled that the pool was too deep for him to join Dilly and Dally in it.

After settling them in, he took a great fancy to the penguins and paid them a visit every morning, when he would stand outside the wire making his curious booming cry, while Dilly and Dally would point their beaks skyward and bray to the heavens like a couple of demented donkeys.

I am not quite sure when the rift in this happy friendship appeared or for what reason. But one morning we saw Trumpy fly over into the penguin enclosure and proceed to beat up Dilly and Dally in the most ferocious manner. He flew at them, wings out, feathers bristling, pecking and scratching until the two penguins (who were twice his size) were forced to take refuge in the pool.

Trumpy stood on the edge of the pond and cackled triumphantly at them. We chased Trumpy out of the enclosure and scolded him, whereupon he shuffled his feathers carelessly and stalked off.

After that we had to watch him, for he took every opportunity to fly over the wire and attack poor Dilly and Dally, who, at the sight of him, would flop hysterically into the water.

One morning he did this once too often. He must have flown over very early before anyone was about, intent on giving the penguins a bashing, but they had grown tired of these assaults and rounded on him.

One of them, with a lucky peck, must have caught him off balance and knocked him into the pool, from which—with his waterlogged feathers—he couldn't climb out.

This was the penguins' triumph. As Trumpy floundered helplessly they circled round, pecking at him viciously with their razor-sharp beaks. When he was found he was still floating in the pond, bleeding from



LEO the lion, wearing his water bucket like a hat, in playful mood.

a number of pecks, and with just enough strength to keep his head above water.

Another new arrival that caused us a certain amount of trouble was Delilah, a large female African crested porcupine.

She arrived at the airport in a crate that looked suitable for a couple of rhinoceroses—why became obvious when we peered into the crate, for even in that short air journey she had succeeded in nearly demolishing one side with her great yellow teeth.

When she saw us looking into the crate she uttered a series of such fearsome roars and grunts that one would have been pardoned for thinking it contained a pride of starving lions.

She stamped her feet petulantly on the floor of the crate, and rattled and clattered her long black-and-white quills like a crackle of musketry. It was obvious that Delilah was a personality to be reckoned with.

The old fable of a porcupine being able to shoot its quills out like arrows is untrue. The quills, some of them 14in. long, are planted loosely in the skin of the back, and when the animal is harried by an enemy it backs rapidly into the adversary (the quills point backward), jabs the quills into him as deeply as possible, and then rushes forward.

This action drives the quills into the enemy and pulls them loose from the porcupine's skin, so the enemy is left looking like a weird sort of pin-cushion—and so rapidly that you are quite apt to get the impression that the porcupine has shot its adversary full of quills.

Delilah used to do this with great frequency, and at feeding and cleaning times you had to be prepared to drop everything and leap high and wide.

She lived happily in her new quarters for about three months before the wanderlust seized her.

It was a crisp winter's evening when Delilah decided there might be something in the outside world that her cage lacked, and so she set to work with her great, curved yellow teeth, ripped a large hole in the thick interlink wire, squeezed her portly

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DELILAH the porcupine being "brushed" along the road at night.

Page 51



TRUMPY "settling-in" the peccary babies. He is a grey-winged trumpeter, looking like a badly made chicken clad in sombre plumage, with a shot-silk cravat at his throat.

Trumpy's efforts on behalf of their piglets held some hidden menace.

They converged on Trumpy (who was standing on one leg, eyeing the piglets benignly), their fur bristling, their tusks clattering like castanets.

Trumpy woke out of his trance with a start, and only a skillful bit of dodging and a wild leap saved him. It was the last time he went into the peccary paddock.

When we dammed up the little stream in the sunken water meadow and constructed a small lake for the black-necked and coscoroba swans I had brought back from South



MONKEYS are apt to be uninhibited before the TV cameras.

MENAGERIE MANOR: The

Continued from page 51

form through it, and trotted off into the night.

On that particular evening I had gone out to dinner, so the full honors of the Battle of the Porcupine go to Shep, of our zoo staff.

At about midnight my mother was awakened by a car which had driven into the courtyard beneath her bedroom window and was tooting its horn vigorously.

Mother, leaning out of the window, saw that it was one of our

nearest neighbors from the farm over the hill.

He said there was a large and, to judge by the noises it was making, ferocious creature stamping about in his yard and would we like to do something about it?

Mother, who always has a tendency to fear the worst, was convinced Leo had escaped, and she fled to the cottage to wake Shep.

He decided from the description that it must be Delilah, and, pausing only for a broom, leapt into the zoo van and drove up to the farm.

There, sure enough, was Delilah, stamping about in the moonlight, gurking to herself, rattling her quills.

Shep explained to the farmer that the only way to get Delilah back to the zoo was to brush her, as it were, with the broom along the half mile or so of road.

The farmer said if, Shep would undertake that part of it he would drive the zoo van back again.

So Shep set off, clad in his pyjamas, brushing a snorting, rattling Delilah down the narrow moonlit road. He met several cars full of late-night revellers, who screamed to a halt and watched in astonishment the sight of a man in pyjamas brushing along a plainly reluctant porcupine.

Several of them, I am sure, must have hurried home to sign the pledge, for, after all, the last thing you expect to find wandering about a respectable parish is an infuriated porcupine pursued by a highly embarrassed man in night attire.

Not long afterward, Delilah caused trouble in quite another context. The zoo needs every form of publicity it can obtain, and, as television was clearly one of the best mediums, I used it when possible.

A television producer once said to me that if he could produce a program without a television personality or professional actor he would be a happy man.

You can't win

I could see his point, but he did not know there could be something infinitely more harrowing. He had never undertaken one with live wild animals, the difficulties of which make the fretting of television personalities fade into insignificance.

Animals either behave so badly that you are left a jittering mass of nerves, or else they behave so well that they steal the show. Whichever way it is, you cannot win, and anyone who undertakes to do such a job should be kindly and firmly conducted by his friends to the nearest mental home. He will end there, anyway.

One of the first programs I did was devoted to the primates, or monkey family, of which the zoo boasted a rather fine collection.

For the first time, live, on television, I could show the great British public a splendid array of creatures ranging from the tiny, large-eyed bushbabies, through the lorises, the Old and New World monkeys, to the gorilla and chimpanzee, with myself thrown in as an example of Man.

I had no qualms about this: the monkeys and apes were extremely tame, the bushbabies would be confined in glass-fronted cases, and the lorises would be on upright branches, where they would simply curl up and sleep until awakened by me during the program.

At least, that is how it should have worked, but, unfortunately, I had not taken into consideration the effects of the journey, for Jersey is an hour's flying time from Bristol, where the program was to be recorded.

By the time the animals had been crated, flown to Bristol, and unloaded in the dressing-room which had been put at their disposal, they were in a highly neurotic state. So was I.

When the time for the first rehearsal approached, all the monkeys had to be removed from their travelling crates, have belts and leashes attached to them, and be tethered (one to each compartment) in a construction that resembled a miniature cow-stall.

The monkeys, hitherto tame,

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COL. 11

reluctant TV 'stars' screamed and struggled...

placid, and well behaved, took one look at the cow-stall and had what appeared to be a collective nervous breakdown.

They screamed, they bit, they struggled. One broke his leash and disappeared behind some piled scenery, from which he was extracted—yelling loudly and covered with cobwebs—after half an hour's concentrated effort.

Rehearsals were now an hour overdue. At last we were under way, and by this time I was in such a state of nerves that the rehearsal was a shambles. I forgot my lines. I called most of the animals by the wrong names.

For some technical reason, it is too expensive or too complicated to cut portions out of a television tape. So it is exactly like doing a live program: if you make a mistake it is permanent. This does not help to bolster your confidence.

When you are co-starring with a number of irritated and uninhibited creatures like monkeys, you start going grey round the temples before you even begin.

The red light went on, and with shaking hands I took a deep breath, smiled a tremulous smile at the camera, as if I loved it like a brother, and commenced.

To my surprise, the monkeys behaved perfectly. My confidence started to return. The bushbabies were wonderful, and I felt a faint ray of hope. We reached the lorises and they were magnificent. My voice lost its tremulo, and, I hoped, took on a firm, manly, authoritative note. I was getting into my stride when the studio manager came over and told me that there had been a breakdown in the recording. We must start all over again.

I had agreed to do five more programs. They were not quite as trying as the monkey program, but some of the highlights still live vividly in my memory, and occasionally I awake screaming in the night.

There was, for example, the program on birds. The idea was to

quested, put up its amazing crest and shout loudly, a most impressive act.

The other birds taking part in the program did nothing at all. They were, very sensibly, content to sit there and be themselves. So my only problems were Dingle and Cocky, and I had great faith in both of them.

The program was to open with me standing there, Dingle perched on my wrist, while I talked about him.

To page 54

• The tapirs, Claudius and Claudette — portly, Roman-nosed, benign — play with Willie, the black-and-white cat who guards the aviaries from rats. Willie lies on his back and pats at the whiffling, rubbery noses of the tapirs as they sniff and nuzzle him. Eventually tiring of the game, he rises and starts to move off, whereupon one of the tapirs reaches forward and tenderly engulfs Willie's tail in its mouth and pulls him back into the game. RIGHT: Claudius and Willie.



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4 POTTO — rather like a miniature teddy bear, with tail. Pottos are night creatures, awakening at dusk to prowl about their cages, looking furtive.

assemble as many different species as possible and show how their beaks were adapted for their varying ways of life.

Two of the birds were to be star turns, because they did things on order. There was Dingle, the chough, a member of the crow family rare in Great Britain now. We are extremely lucky to have him.

Choughs are clad in funeral black feathering, but with scarlet feet and long, curved scarlet beak. Dingle, who had been hand-reared, was absurdly tame.

The second star was a cockatoo named—with incredible originality by its previous owner—Cocky. Now this creature would, when re-

Wiltshire

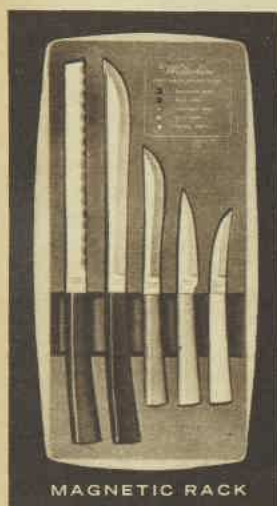
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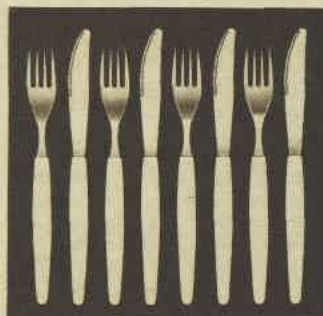


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FEATURES
JOKES
FICTION

16

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MENAGERIE MANOR

From page 53

During rehearsals this worked perfectly, for if you scratch Dingle's head he goes into a trance-like state and remains quite still. However, when it came to the actual recording, Dingle decided he had been scratched enough, and just as the red light went on he launched himself off my wrist and flew up into the rafters of the studio.

It took us some time, with the aid of ladders and bribes in the shape of mealworms, meat, and cheese (of which he is inordinately fond), to retrieve him. Whereupon he behaved perfectly and sat so still on my wrist that he appeared to be stuffed.

All went smoothly until we came to Cocky. Here I made the mistake of telling my audience what to expect, which is the one thing not to do with animals. So, while five million viewers gaped, expectantly waiting to see Cocky put up his crest and scream, I made desperate attempts to persuade him to do it.

This went on for five soul-searing minutes, while Cocky sat on his perch as immobile as a museum specimen. In despair I moved on to the next bird, and as I did so Cocky erected his crest and screamed mockingly.

Delilah cropped up in a program which I did on adaptation. I thought she would be a good example of the way an animal protects itself, and certainly she showed this off well.

When we came to put her into the crate, she charged wildly in all directions, backing into us and the woodwork, and leaving spines imbedded in the sides of the crate and in the end of the brushes.

She gurred and roared and rattled her quills throughout the trip to Bristol, and the studio hands who unloaded her thought I had brought a full-grown leopard with me.

Then we had to transfer Delilah from her travelling box into the studio cage built for her.

A born star

By this time, Delilah had stuck so many quills into so much of the studio scenery I began to wonder whether she would be completely bald for her debut on television.

During the actual transmission she behaved perfectly, to my amazement, doing all the things that I wanted; she gurred fearfully, stamped her feet, and rattled her quills like castanets, as though she were a born television star. By the end of the show I was feeling quite friendly toward her.

Then came the moment of inducing her out of the studio cage back into her travelling crate. It took eight of us an hour.

I look back on the television shows I have done with animals rather in the

• These are teguexins — tegus, for short — large, handsome, intelligent lizards from South America. They are patterned in yellow and black. Before the zoo acquired this docile, friendly pair (right), it had a belligerent female. She died from overeating. Her successors are kept on a diet.



way that one remembers a nasty series of accidents.

There is, however, one incident on which I look back with extreme pleasure, and that was the occasion when the BBC wanted our young gorilla N'Pongo to take part in a program.

They even chartered a small plane to fly us over to Bristol, and sent a cameraman to cover the trip—a timid individual who confessed to me that he did not like flying, as it made him sick.

We took off in brilliant sunshine, and almost immediately dived into black clouds filled to capacity with air pockets.

N'Pongo, sitting back like a seasoned traveller, thoroughly enjoyed everything. He accepted six lumps of barley sugar to counteract

Now, most people will confess to you (as though it were something unique) that they have an "instinctive" loathing for snakes, and with much eye-rolling and grimacing they will give you many reasons for their fear, ranging from the sublime ("It's instinctive") to the ridiculous ("They're all sort of slimy").

To begin with, it is not "natural" for human beings to fear snakes. You might just as well say that they are naturally afraid of being run over by a bus.

Most people, however, are convinced they are born with a built-in anti-snake feeling. This can be quite simply disproved by handing a harmless snake to a child who is too young to have had its head filled with a lot of nonsense about these creatures. The child will hold the rep-

the world, and when you consider that the creature is walking with its ribs it is even more remarkable. You can sometimes see the ribs moving beneath the skin as the snake draws itself along.

The creature's unblinking stare (another thing to which people object) is due not to the fact that the snake is trying to hypnotise you but simply a lack of eyelids.

The eye is covered with a fine, transparent scale, like a watch-glass. This is very clearly noticed when a snake sheds its skin, which they all do periodically.

The skin comes loose around the lips, and then, by rubbing itself against rocks or branches, the snake gradually peels it off. If you examine this shed skin you can see that the eye scales have been shed as well.

Poisonous snakes bite and then wait for the poison to take effect, which is generally very soon. Once the prey has undergone its last convulsions it can be eaten.

Blase rabbit

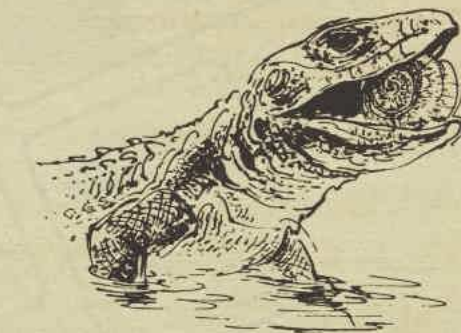
The poison fangs, in the upper jaw, usually near the front of the mouth, when not in use fold back against the gum like the blade of a pen-knife. As the snake opens its mouth to strike they drop down into position. The fangs are hollow, like a hypodermic needle, or else they have a deep groove running down the back.

The poison sac, to which they are connected, lies above the gum. As the snake bites the poison is forced out and trickles down the groove or hollow in the fang and so into the wound. However, whatever the method of attack, once the prey is dead the swallowing process is the same in all snakes.

In most zoos nowadays dead creatures are fed to the snakes, not because it is better for the snakes but simply because of misplaced kindness on the part of the general public, who imagine that a white rat or a rabbit suffers terribly when put into a cage with a snake.

That this is nonsense I have proved. I have seen, in a Continental zoo, a rabbit perched on the back of a python (obviously not hungry), cleaning its whiskers with tremendous sang-froid.

The director of the zoo told me that when white rats were given to the snakes it was imperative they be re-



• George, the Guiana dragon, a rare lizard from northern South America. They measure about 2ft. 6in., have heavy heads with big, dark, intelligent eyes. When he came to the zoo he would eat none of the proffered food. It seemed he might starve to death, until his keeper tried snails, which he ate with relish, crushing the shell with huge, shoebox-shaped molars, and ejecting the pieces of shell with his tongue before swallowing the succulent snail.

the popping in his ears, peered with interest and excitement out the window, and when the air pockets began he fetched out the sick-bag and put it on his head.

I KNOW it is a confession of acute and depraved eccentricity, but nevertheless I must admit I am fond of reptiles.

They are not, I grant you, over-burdened with intelligence. You do not get the same reaction from them that you would from a mammal, or even a bird, but still I like them. They are bizarre, colorful, and, in many cases, graceful, so what more could you want?

tile and play with it without a trace of fear.

Our reptile house is fairly small, but we have a pretty good cross-section of reptiles and amphibians on show.

I derive a lot of innocent amusement out of going in there when it is crowded and listening to the general public airing its ignorance with breathtaking assurance.

For instance, the snake's tongue: this is purely a scent organ with which the creature smells, flicking it rapidly in and out of the mouth. It is also used as a feeler, in the way a cat uses its whiskers.

A snake moving along the ground or through the branches of a tree is one of the most graceful sights in

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 15, 1965



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BY RICHARD HUDNUT

MENAGERIE MANOR:

• "A pathetic little face peered at me with large, lustrous eyes that seemed full of tears."

Continued from page 54

moved if they were not eaten straight away, otherwise they gnawed holes in the snake's body.

While snakes are passive and rather expressionless beasts, lizards can display considerable intelligence and character. One such reptile we had was a mastigure, which I christened Dandy, owing to his great partiality for dandelion flowers.

One must, I think, face the fact that mastigures are not the most attractive of lizards, and Dandy was a particularly unattractive member of his species.

Nevertheless, his eager personality made him a likable creature. He had a blunt, rounded head; a fat, flattened body; and a heavy tail covered with short, sharp spikes.

His neck was rather long and thin, and this made him look as though he had been put together out of bits of two totally unrelated species. His color could be described only as a rich, dirty brown.

Dandy's liking for dandelion flowers amounted to an obsession. He had only to see you approaching the reptile house with something yellow in your hands and he would immediately rush to the front of his cage and scabble wildly against the glass.

If it was a dandelion you were carrying, you had only to slide back the glass front of his cage and he would gallop out on to your arm, panting with emotion. Then, closing his eyes, he would stretch out his long neck and, like a child waiting to have a chocolate popped into its mouth, open his jaws.

The flower in his mouth, he would munch away in ecstasy, the petals dangling as though he had a bright yellow military moustache. Dandy was the only lizard I have known that would genuinely play with you.

ON acquiring new animals one problem is the process of settling them in. Until they have learned to look upon their new cage as home and learned to trust you, they are uneasy.

There are many ways of making animals feel at home, and these vary according to the species. Sometimes special tidbits have to be given, so the animal forgets its fear of you in its eagerness for the food.

You may have to provide highly nervous creatures with a box in which they can hide, or cover the front of the cage with sacking until they

have decided that you mean them no harm.

Sometimes extraordinary methods have to be used to give an animal confidence, and Topsy was a case in point.

I was in an animal dealer's shop in the north of England one cold winter's day. As I walked around I suddenly noticed a dank, dark cage in one corner, and peering at me from between the bars was one of the most pathetic little faces I had ever seen.

It was coal-black, with large, lustrous eyes that seemed to be perpetually full of tears. The fur surrounding this face was reddish-brown, short, and thick, like the pile on an expensive carpet. I looked closer and saw that the face belonged to a baby woolly monkey, one of the most charming South American primates.

So appealing

This one could not have been more than a few weeks old, and was far too young to have been separated from its mother. It crouched miserably on the floor of the cage, shivering and coughing, its nose streaming, its fur matted and tangled with filth.

It was not an animal anyone in his right senses would contemplate buying. But then it peered up at me with its great, dark eyes filled with despair, and I was lost.

I asked the dealer how much he wanted for the baby. He said he would not dream of selling it to me, as I was a good customer and the baby was sure to die.

I replied that I realised the animal was a bad risk, but if he would let me have it I would pay him if it lived but not if it died.

Rather reluctantly he agreed to this. We bundled the plaintively squealing baby into a box full of straw, and I hurried back to Jersey with it. I knew that unless it was treated rapidly it would die, and already it might well be too late.

On my return to Jersey, we put the baby, which someone christened Topsy, into a warm cage and examined her.

Most baby monkeys will, within a matter of hours, take to a human foster parent and be no trouble. As Topsy's experience of human beings had obviously been of the worst possible kind, she threw herself in fits of screaming hysterics

(as only a woolly monkey can) if we so much as opened the door of her cage.

To manhandle her, therefore, was going to do more harm than good, and yet she had to have treatment or die. Then we had a brain-wave: If Topsy would not accept us as foster parents, would she accept something else?

How about a teddy bear? We were all doubtful about this, but we had to try something. We obtained one.

The bear had a pleasant if slightly vacuous expression and was just about the size

problem. As the days passed the teddy bear became more and more unhygienic until finally we decided he would have to be removed from Topsy's cage to be washed and disinfected.

So, to Topsy's extreme annoyance, we removed the bear. Immediately she threw a screaming fit. Of all the monkey family the woolly monkeys have the most powerful and excruciating scream you have ever heard.

She screamed solidly all morning, and by lunchtime our nerves were in shreds. There was only one thing to

chase a large ginger guinea-pig of placid disposition and no brain. He was introduced into Topsy's cage, and at first she ignored him, except when he went too near to her precious bear, whereupon she would clout him.

It was not long, however, before Topsy discovered that the guinea-pig had one great advantage over the bear as a sleeping companion—it had built-in central heating.

The guinea-pig—whom we now called Harold for convenient reference—took, I think, a rather dim view of all this.

found disquieting was Topsy's firm conviction that, if given the opportunity, he would be able to leap about in the branches with the agility she herself displayed.

She was sure that if only she could get him up into the branches he would turn out to be a splendid climber, but the job was to lift Harold off the ground. He was fat, heavy, and unco-operative.

She would, after considerable effort, tuck him under one arm and then start to climb, but before she was more than a few inches up the wire, Harold would slip out from under her arm and plop back to the floor of the cage.

Poor Harold—I think he suffered a great deal at Topsy's hands, but he served our purpose, for soon Topsy had forgotten all about her teddy bears and was able to take her place in the big cage with the rest of the woolly monkeys.

Harold was returned to the guinea-pig pen, where he spends all day up to his knees in vegetables, champing his way through them with grim determination.

Another creature that gave us a certain amount of trouble during his settling-in period was Fred, a patas monkey from West Africa. He was a fully adult male, one of the largest patases I have ever seen, and he had been the pet of some people in England.

Sharp as razors

How they managed to keep him up to that size without being severely bitten was a mystery, for Fred's canines were a good two inches and as sharp as razors.

Apparently, right up to the time that Fred came to us he used to go into the house each evening and watch television.

But the really awful thing about Fred was his clothing. Patas monkeys are covered with thick, bright ginger-colored fur, and Fred arrived wearing a knitted jumper in a startling shade of red. This combination of colors made even the most unsartorial members of the staff blanch.

The trouble was that Fred missed his television and his rides in the car and, deciding we were in some way responsible for depriving him of these, loathed us all from the start.

Fred just sat among the branches in his cage, wearing his scarlet jacket and showing no signs of forgiving us.

To page 59

TOPSY stuck to her bear like a limpet.



that Topsy's mother would be, so we put it in the cage and awaited results.

At first, Topsy would not go near it, but at last her curiosity got the better of her and she touched it. As soon as she discovered that it was cuddly and furry, she took to it, clinging to it with a possessive passion that was quite touching.

A complete change came over Topsy. As long as she was clinging to her teddy bear with arms, legs, and tail, she lost her fear of human beings. We simply lifted the bear out of the cage with Topsy stuck to it like a limpet, and she would allow us to do what we liked.

We were able to inject her and clean up her matted fur, and within a few days she was well on the road to recovery and looked a different monkey.

But then came another

do: we took the van and he rushed down into the town and managed to buy a teddy bear closely resembling Topsy's original one.

Then we hurried back to the zoo and stuffed it hastily into Topsy's cage. She stopped in mid-scream, gave a loud squeak of joy, and flung herself on to the new teddy bear. She wrapped her arms, legs, and tail lightly round it, and immediately fell into a deep and exhausted sleep.

At last Topsy grew so big that she was bigger than her teddy bears, and we decided that we would have to wean her off them, for eventually she would have to go in with other woolly monkeys and she could not take her bears with her.

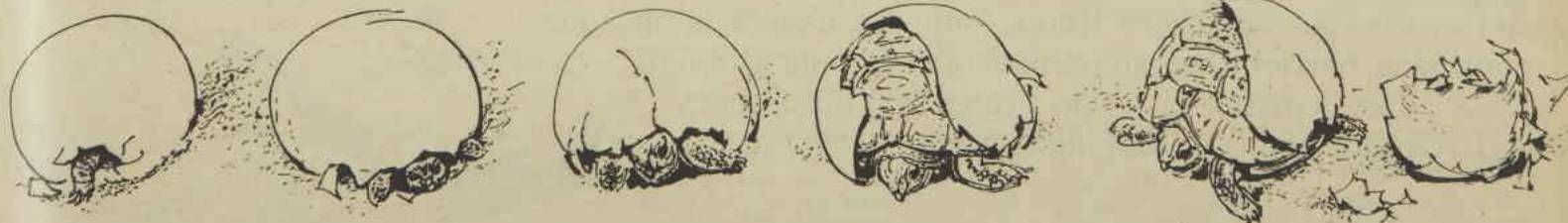
It was time, we felt, that she grew used to the idea of having a companion in the cage with her, and so we

To begin with, if he possessed a thought in his head at all, that thought was food. Harold's life-work was to test the edibility of everything with which he came in contact, and he did not like having his life's work mucked about by a domineering woolly monkey.

It seemed to Harold that no sooner had he found a respectable piece of carrot or something than Topsy would decide it was bedtime, and he was seized by the hind leg and hauled off to their box of straw in the most undignified manner.

Here, to add insult to injury, Topsy would climb on to his back, wrap her arms, legs, and tail tightly round him to prevent his escape, and sink into a deep sleep, looking like an outsize jockey on a small and rotund ginger horse.

Another thing that Harold



• A baby tortoise fights its way out of an egg. It is a Greek tortoise, one of the commonest pets, but not easy to breed in captivity. On its nose the baby has a horny "beak," but did not use it to break out. The hard work was done with front and hind legs, with frequent pauses to regain strength. The hatching took three-quarters of an hour. Gerald Durrell was amused to see, after the baby had been using its hind feet to enlarge the hole, that the tiny reptile would swivel around inside the shell and poke a tiny, wrinkled, rather sad little face through the hole in the shell as if to reassure itself that the outside world was still there. Eventually, the egg split in half.



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MENAGERIE MANOR

Continued from page 57

● The heatwave was too much for Fred. He was soon pulling meditatively at the offensive woolly garment.

The trouble was that, as the days passed, the jumper grew more and more grubby and dishevelled, until he looked as though he had just emerged from a slum.

We tried every method to rid him of this insanitary garment without success. Fred seemed rather proud of it and became annoyed if we tried to take it off him. We began to wonder how long it would take the wool to disintegrate and fall off, but whoever had knitted the jumper had chosen tough wool, and it was obvious that it would be several years before it fell to pieces.

Then fate played into our hands. We had a heatwave. At first Fred enjoyed it, but soon it became too much and we noticed he was pulling meditatively at his jumper.

The next morning we found the offending garment hanging neatly over a branch in the cage and managed to hook it out with a long stick.

From that day onward Fred grew increasingly placid. He will never be really trustworthy, but at least he is less inclined to treat human beings as enemies.

Feeling at home

It is amazing how wild animals (as opposed to hand-reared ones) differ in settling down in captivity. Some take a considerable time to adjust themselves, while others, from the moment of arrival, carry on as if they had been born in the zoo.

A dealer sent us a pair of brown woolly monkeys which he had received direct from Brazil.

The male was fully adult, about 12 or 14 years old. We were not pleased with this, for an adult monkey of that age would, we felt, take a long time to adjust to captivity.

We released him into his cage with his mate, and

brought them some fruit and milk. As soon as he saw these, he became very excited, and when the door of the cage was opened, to our astonishment he came down and ate and drank while we were still holding the dishes, as if he had been with us for years.

Right from the start he was perfectly tame, and ate well and seemed thoroughly to enjoy his new life.

There are many creatures which, on being settled in, make determined attempts to escape from their cages, not because they want their freedom but simply because they miss the travelling crate to which they have grown used and which they look upon as their home.

I have known an animal removed from its tiny travelling crate and placed in a spacious, well-appointed cage that spent three days endeavoring to break out.

When it was finally successful it made a bee-line to its old travelling box and was found sitting inside it.

The only answer to this problem was to place the travelling crate inside the new cage. This we did, and the animal used it thereafter as its bedroom and settled down quite happily.

Some creatures, of course, escape and present you with considerable problems. For instance, there was the night Claudius, the South American tapir, contrived to find a way out of his paddock.

It was a suitable night from Claudius's point of view. The skies were black as pitch and the rain was streaming down in torrents I have rarely seen equalled outside the tropics.

It was about a quarter past eleven, and we were all on the point of going to bed, when a rather harassed and extremely wet motorist appeared and beat upon the front door.

Above the roar of the rain,

FRED, the patas monkey, had bright, ginger fur — and wore a red jumper.



he said that he had just seen a big animal in the headlights of his car. He felt sure it must be one of ours. It looked to him like a misshapen Shetland pony with an elephant's trunk.

My heart sank, for I knew how far and fast Claudius could gallop if given half a chance. I was in shirtsleeves and slippers, but there was no time to change into more suitable attire.

I rushed round to the cottage and harried the members of the staff who lived in. They tumbled out into the rain, and we headed for the field into which the motorist assured us our tapir had disappeared.

This was a large field which belonged to our nearest neighbor. I remembered, to my horror, that it had recently been planted out with anemones. I could imagine what Claudius's 400lb. could do to those rows of delicate plants.

We reached the field, soaked to the skin, and surrounded it. There, sure enough, stood Claudius, obviously having the best evening out in years.

When he saw us, he

uttered his greeting — a ridiculous, high-pitched squeak similar to the noise of a wet finger being rubbed over a balloon. It was plain he was delighted to see us.

But he decided from our manner and bearing that we did not see eye to eye with him about gambolling in other people's fields at half-past eleven on a wet night, so, pausing only to snatch another mouthful of anemones, he set off across the field at a sharp gallop, leaving a trail of destruction that could have been duplicated only by a runaway bulldozer.

Worse was to follow. He suddenly swerved, and, instead of running into the next field, as we had hoped, he ran straight into the back garden, crashing through the small glasshouses there.

Before we could do anything sensible, Claudius, having decided that the garden was not to his liking, crashed through a hedge, leaving a gaping hole in what hitherto had been a nice piece of topiary.

And now he was heading straight for our small lake.

To page 62

● Millicent, the Malabar squirrel, was anything but tame. Given the chance, she would bury her teeth in your finger.

Malabars, the largest of the squirrels, come from India. Their undersides are saffron-yellow, their upper parts mahogany-red, and they have large ear tufts like a couple of black sporrans perched on their heads.

One day, Millicent was in a state of collapse. She was treated, and moved to the warmth of a reptile house. She recovered — and her character changed. She became pro-human. Open her cage door and she would rush into your arms, nibbling your fingers gently, peering earnestly into your face.

She was then allowed out of her cage each morning, and soon found that the tortoise pen provided her with everything a Malabar could want: an infra-red lamp that cast a pleasant heat, an abundance of fruit and vegetables. She used to ride on the backs of the giant tortoises, snatching pieces of fruit from under their astonished noses.



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Helena Rubinstein

from Helena Rubinstein

HEAVEN SENT -

THE ANGELIC FRAGRANCE

COCKTAIL HOUR - THE INTIMATE FRAGRANCE

SPECIALTY GIFT PACKS

AS A VIS-DARING, IRRESISTIBLE

Helena Rubinstein

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 15, 1965

Page 61



To make his Xmas
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MENAGERIE MANOR

From page 59

Tapirs in the wild state are very fond of water. Excellent swimmers, they can submerge themselves for a considerable length of time. The thought of having to search for a tapir in a quarter of an acre of dark water on a pitch-black, rainy night made the needle in a haystack pale into insignificance.

We ran as we had never run before. Coming up close to his rotund behind, I launched myself in a flying tackle and, more by luck than judgment, managed to grab him by one hind leg.

In 30 seconds I was wishing that I had not. Claudius kicked out and caught me a glancing blow on the side of the head which made me see stars. He then revved up to a gallop, dragging me ignominiously through the mud. But by now I was wet, so cold, so muddy, and so angry that I clung on with the determination of a limpet in a storm.

My tenacity was rewarded, for my dragging weight slowed Claudius down sufficiently to allow the others to catch up, and they hurled themselves on various portions of his anatomy.

The difficulty with a tapir is that there is practically nothing on which to hold. The ears are small and provide a precarious grip, the tail is minute, there is no mane. The only parts you can grip with any degree of success are its legs, and Claudius's legs were fat, and slippery with rain.

Wouldn't budge

However, we clung on while he bucked and kicked and snorted indignantly. As one person loosened his hold another would grab on, until eventually Claudius decided he was using the wrong method. He stopped pirouetting about, thought to himself for a moment, and then lay down and looked at us.

We stood round him in a sodden, exhausted circle and looked at each other. There were five of us, and 400lb. of reluctant tapir.

I sent one of my dripping team back to the zoo for a rope which I should, of course, have brought with me. In my innocence I had assumed that Claudius could be chivvied back to his paddock with no more trouble than a domestic goat.

When the rope arrived, we attached it firmly round Claudius's neck, making sure that it was not a slip-knot. (I thought I heard one drenched member of the staff mutter that a slip-knot would be ideal.)

Then two of us took the rope, two took hold of his ears, the fifth took hold of his hind legs, and with considerable exertion we raised him to his feet and wheelbarrowed him all of ten feet before he collapsed again.

A short pause to regain our breath, and we started off again. Once more we carted him for about ten feet, in the process of which I lost a slipper and had my hand heavily trodden on by one of the weightier members of my team.

● Claudius struggled to get away, covering his pursuers with mud as they floundered about in the pouring rain.



"CLAUDIUS'S legs were
fat and slippery . . . I
clung on like a limpet."

We rested again, sitting dejectedly panting in the rain, longing for a cigarette, and unanimously deciding that tapirs were animals that should never have been invented.

It took us an hour and a half to get Claudius out of that mud-logged field. We felt rather as those people must have felt who erected Stonehenge—that none of us was ruptured was a miracle.

With a final colossal effort we hauled Claudius out of the field and over the boundary into the zoo.

Here we were going to pause for further recuperation, but Claudius decided, since it appeared inevitable we would return him to his paddock, it would be silly to delay. He suddenly rose to his feet and took off like a rocket, with us desperately clinging to various parts of his body.

Clinging on

For an hour and a half we had been making valiant attempts to get him to move. Now we were clinging to his fat body to slow him down for fear that in his blundering way he would run into one of the granite archways and perhaps kill himself.

We clung to him like sucker fish to a speeding shark and managed to steer our irritating vehicle back into its paddock without further mishap. And so we returned to our respective bedrooms, bruised, cold, and covered with mud.

Jacque, as always, was unsympathetic. As I lay supine in the comforting warmth of the bath, she placed a large whisky within easy reach and summed up the night's endeavor. "It's your own fault," she said. "You would get this blasted zoo."

To be concluded
(Condensed from "Menagerie Manor," by Gerald Durrell, published by Rupert Hart-Davis, London.)
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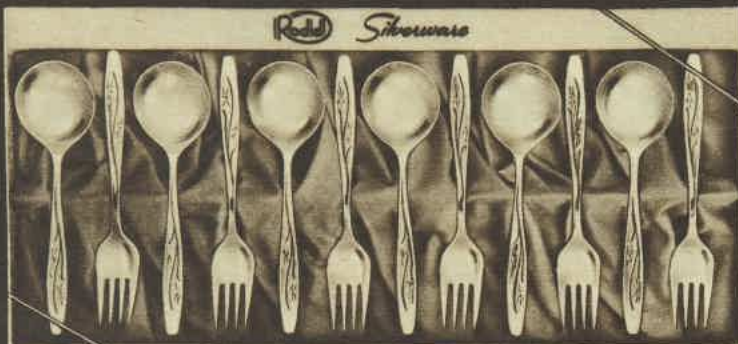
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Rodd's guide to gift-giving-for Christmas, 1965



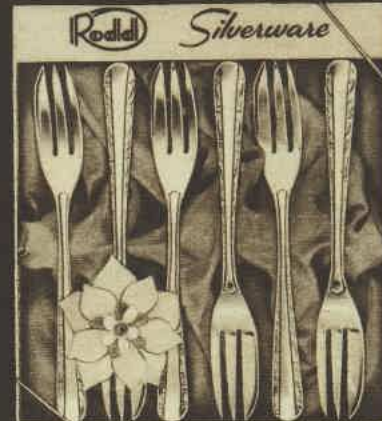
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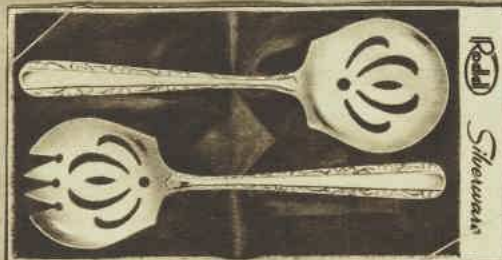


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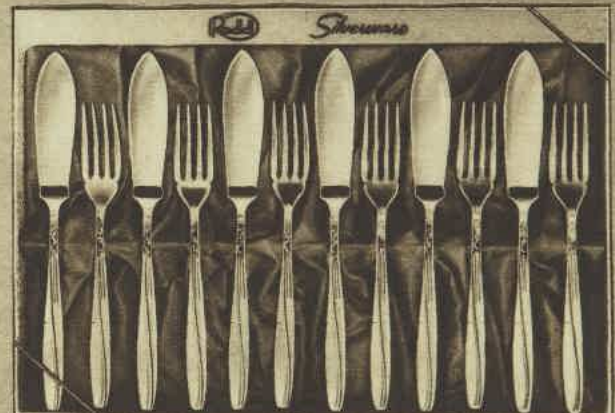
Matching Cake Forks in NEMESIA pattern come in a box of six, for only 39/9

These are just a few of the many delightful gift ideas you'll find in the RODD display at your favourite department or jewellery store. There are Carving Sets, Bread Knives, Afternoon Tea Spoons, Sweet Servers, and even Bottle Openers and Bar Knives for the menfolk. Select a RODD gift and add sparkle to Christmas giving!

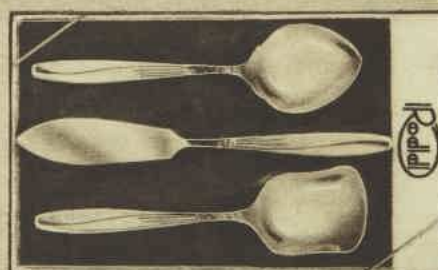


So useful yet so elegant — Salad Servers are available in all Rodd patterns. NEMESIA Servers illustrated are 33/-

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Rodd

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FAMILY AFFAIRS

Santa Claus wore wellington boots, a red flannel petticoat, and a feather boa for this rather special appearance 50 years ago . . .

Christmas in the bush

● When I see the children of today ordering their toys from a jolly Santa Claus in the shops, and I notice among hundreds of beautiful and expensive toys a dazzling artificial tree priced about £10, my thoughts fly back to contrast all this with Christmas in the bush 50 years ago.

I CAN almost smell the pine-scent of that freshly cut tree that would be planted in our humble but loving home on Christmas Eve.

Where we lived was not classed as the real outback, because our home was only a mile from the River Murray, but we were nearly 50 miles from a town, and our nearest neighbors on either side were 12 miles away. Also, as we had no means of conveyance, we were really isolated.

I was the eldest of nine children, and my father was caretaker of a small grazing property owned by a gentleman who lived in the city and visited the property only at shearing time.

I remember many Christmases in this setting, but Christmas, 1915, stands out in my memory. That year I found out a lot of things about Santa Claus, and although he still continued to call on me in following years a lot of the thrill and mystery was lost.

As usual, for two or three weeks before Christmas we were all very busy and excited. And, as usual, Mother managed (don't ask me how) to allow for a few little extras out of Dad's £1 per week—which constituted his full wage. The extras included currants, raisins, lemon peel, cochineal, and a few toys (very few).

Depended on boats

In those days we had to depend on the hawking boats for our supplies. There were three hawking boats on the river at that time, and as far as I can remember they came along at intervals of about six weeks. None of them were due "just before Christmas," so Mother arranged to go the 50 miles into the nearest town with a friend from the neighboring station to do some Christmas shopping.

However, at the last minute that friend was unable to go, and this meant that Mother had to send an order into town with the mail-coach driver. (She'd already made the cake and pudding, so she mainly wanted our toys.)

When she gave the order, only five days remained till Christmas, but the mail coach was due to return on Christmas Eve, so everything would work out well for time. Mother's only disappointment was that she could not choose our toys herself. (Of course, I didn't learn all this till later!)

The mail coach used to pass by our place about nine o'clock at night, some quarter of a mile from the house, and we children usually waited for it so that we could collect any mail or parcels.

However, on this particular night, Mother insisted on going herself, and would not even take one of us for company. We couldn't understand why she was so determined about this, particularly as Dad had gone on horseback to an adjoining station property to get some beef and was not yet home.

When Mother got to the mailbox on the roadside the coach had been and gone, leaving just some letters. The parcel, apparently, had been overcarried by the mailman. Mother was dreadfully disappointed, as the mail coach would not be returning until the day after Christmas. She told us years later how she cried all the way back from the

A READER'S STORY

(The writer supplied her name and address but wishes to be anonymous.)

mailbox, thinking of us waking up on Christmas Morning and finding that Father Christmas hadn't been.

Before she said goodnight, she told us, however, not to be really disappointed if Father Christmas failed to call that night, as sometimes he was delayed. But he would eventually come, she assured us—probably on Boxing Day.

As it happened, the mailman stopped nearby at a wood-cutter's camp, and was going through the coach for the old man's stores when he spotted THE parcel.

The old man lived three miles from our place, and when the driver told him what had happened he straight away said he would bring the parcel to us on Christmas morning, travelling in his horse and dray. What a grand old man he must have been!

Anyway, he arrived at our place about six o'clock on Christmas Morning, having left the horse and dray down on the main road. He called Dad outside and told him the story, and then asked Dad if he would come down and have a look at his horse, pretending it was sick.

Dad went and got the parcel, and hid it in the bushes until he and Mother could work out some way of smuggling it into the house. Mother then hit on the idea of giving us kiddies morning tea down in the cellar to keep us occupied while she and Dad sorted out the parcel and Dad dressed up as Father Christmas to deliver the goods!

Frightening sight

Well, I have yet to see a more ghastly Father Christmas. Of course, he had no suitable clothing, but to try to disguise himself, he put on some of his boss's clothes, which were always left in the boss's bedroom.

The outfit consisted of a knee-length white calico night-shirt (no pyjamas in those days, or very few), a pair of wellington boots, Mother's red flannel petticoat, which he wore around his shoulders, and her white feather boa, which was to represent a beard, and was tucked under his chin and fastened on top of his head.

To cover his reddish moustache, he tied a handkerchief over his mouth, bandit-style — and, all told, he truly presented a frightening sight.

When he was dressed, Mother came to the cellar steps and called out, "Children, just come and look who is here."

We all ran up, took one look, and went down into the cellar again. Mother cried out again. "Come on, children. It's Father Christmas," she said.

But that didn't bring us up again. In fact, we were terrified. So Father Christmas came down into the cellar. The little ones screamed, and we older ones crouched against the walls in silent fear.

Father Christmas then tried all the tricks he knew to get us to go over to him and get our parcels, but it was useless. The din was so bad that in desperation he tipped the parcels out of the bag, and quickly departed.

A few minutes later Dad sauntered down into the cellar and asked casually if there was any tea left in the pot.

Of course, he started asking where we got the toys, and making a big fuss. The younger children seemed to have been convinced, but I suddenly became very suspicious . . . more so when I went over to the house, and, passing the boss's room door, which Father in his hurry had forgotten to close, saw the "Father Christmas outfit" on the bed.

It took quite a lot of courage to ask Mother for the full story. However, she told me the truth, and although I felt very grown-up to have been let into this top secret, as I mentioned earlier, a lot of the thrill of Christmas was lost.

We still, of course, continued to have a lot of fun at Christmastime. We'd be up at daylight on Christmas Morning, and as the sun rose, and the bees swarmed in the pepper-trees, and a crow cawed nearby—all telling us that the day was going to be a "scorcher"—it was to us all the beginning of another never-to-be-forgotten day.



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Wisdom in buying toys

WITH Christmas near, thousands of pounds will be spent on toys for children, and much of this spending will be a complete waste because of indiscriminate buying. Often a child quickly discards a very expensive toy and finds great pleasure in a simple, cheap toy which is more suited to his age group. If you're in doubt about wise toy-buying, you will find invaluable advice in a free leaflet available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. This leaflet also gives helpful hints on arranging and supervising healthy playtime periods for children. NOTE: When writing for the leaflet, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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Are husbands really such a social asset?

● "Don't leave your husband" (A.W.W., 3/11/65), an article written by Sybil Strang, an ex-wife, to warn women to think a thousand times before making the break, brought a mixed bag of replies from readers. Most agreed about thinking a thousand times, but many disagree that a woman needs a husband to be accepted in society. Some of their views are given below.

WHAT a hypocrite Sybil Strang is warning wives not to leave their husbands. All she can do is lick her wounds and cry "no one wants a manless woman."

The truth is no one wants anybody, full stop, who is so consumed by self-pity. What a dreadful admission to make that one needs a man to be accepted in society as a whole. Real people accept you for yourself.

I suggest she stops trying to find companionship on cruises and similar jaunts, and do some voluntary work in a hospital or among the senior citizens—a job that will put her in touch with people who really need help and companionship, male or female.

Then she will be so busy giving of herself that she will stop chasing after happiness, with a husband in tow just for appearance sake.

After all, no man wants "to be put up with" just so he and his wife can make up a foursome at bridge.

—M. DAVID, N.S.W.

But don't flog a dead horse!

I WOULD like to endorse nearly everything Mrs. Strang said. Life IS unexpectedly hard for the woman who suddenly finds herself out on a limb without even that protective phrase, "I'll have to discuss it with my husband," to ward off predators (and creditors).

The sudden collapse of one's social life, the feeling of failure and the sheer physical effort required to do things on one's own are grim indeed.

Learning to translate "If there is anything I can do you'll let me know, won't you?" into "Goodbye" (and one of my "friends" said, "I do feel awful about not seeing you but John does so dislike divorced people") takes time and leaves scars.

However, after the initial shock of finding myself a social outcast and only a scarlet woman instead of a mediocre matron, I was glad to know who my real friends were.

Trying to bring up one's children without any of the help normally afforded to widows is tough enough; trying to do it without leaving a bitter taste in their mouths about marriage is even tougher.

But I differ from Mrs. Strang in this respect: If my marriage had arrived at the state where I even contemplated divorce I would not "flog a dead horse" just to avoid the frustrations of not having a man about the house.

To people who ask me if I would do the same again,

the answer in MY case is "Yes." To those who think divorce is something to take in one's stride I'd advise, "Get a pair of seven-league boots, you'll need them."

— "SENSIBLE," Tas.

Lose him—and friends go, too

SYBIL STRANG's remarks are just as applicable to widows as to divorcees. When your husband dies, you not only lose him but virtually all your married friends.

The green-eyed monster, of whose existence you were barely conscious, looms up large and menacing. You are no longer invited into the homes even of married couples who were once staunch friends.

If you spend five minutes talking about the weather to the man of the house as you pass, he is glancing nervously over his shoulder in case his wife is watching.

When my husband died there were three lots of special friends who were frequent visitors—the first a married couple, the second a married man, and the third a widower. After they had called with condolences they never came again.

The jealous wives prevented the first two and the widower was afraid of comment should he continue the intellectual, platonic friendship we had enjoyed for years. How very true was Sybil's remark: "You are the odd one out and no one really wants you."

— S.M.C., Qld.

Another side of the story

MAY I have the privilege of telling the other side of the story?

From Sybil Strang I quote "... infidelity becomes the cardinal sin and the most difficult to overlook ..."

I ask. Is it? Sybil bases her whole article on this assumption, because to her it was so. But infidelity is frequently a temporary matter—a month, a year, perhaps, and nearly always outside the home.

Drunkenness, brutality, lack of companionship, failure to adequately support are not. Once started they go on daily getting worse, till the very thought of the husband's homecoming builds up a tension in the wife that shatters the peace even on his "good" nights.

To wives of these men I would repeat Sybil's advice. Think a thousand times before you make the break. Ask yourself what is left of your marriage; ask what will be left of you in a few years' time; consider carefully whether there is hope for improvement and, if there is not, look to what you can expect of life alone.

Then, if you have the courage, go. What have you got to fear? Loneliness? But you have no companionship now! Without a grouch of a husband to ruin your social life with arguments and broken engagements, you will receive many more invitations.

Financial insecurity? Have you got security now? And any woman worth her salt can support herself and at least one child in reasonable comfort.

Are you perhaps afraid to face the world without a man? Men, after all, are like motor cars — mighty convenient, but not a necessity.

Sybil speaks of lonely women "haunting tourist resorts" and "setting off on cruises," but she is only surmising that they are not happy. How many wives would love a week away?

There is no sound reason for believing that a woman can't enjoy a holiday with a woman friend.

Another of Sybil's statements based more on assumption than statistics is that for every woman who makes a happy second marriage there are thousands who find life just as dreary as before.

The woman who has learned nothing from her first marriage and plunges into a second because she thinks any man is better than none faces new failure.

But the woman who learns to live her own life, independently and happily, without recriminations and regrets and an anxious eye open for the second chance, will bring to a second marriage a maturity which adds greatly to its chances of happiness.

However, I do advise wives to think once more before they leave and to consult a solicitor before they pack their bags. In certain cases HE can be ordered to leave.

— "COURAGEOUS," Vic.

No, she is NOT selfish!

READERS have rallied to the support of the "average housewife," who complained (A.W.W., 17/11/65) that her husband thought she was selfish because she wanted to do a correspondence course in journalism to gain "an absorbing interest away from the never-ending napkin-washing, etc."

"Is she selfish?" was the title of her story. "No, no, no," replied scores of readers, almost without exception. "Her husband is the selfish one," they suggest. The following are typical of readers' replies:

D. de Warren, Qld., writes: "The husband mentioned appears to be one of those men who expect their wives to have no other interest than the home, the children, and the Mighty Hunter who goes out into the big world each day and brings home the bacon to his little woman — and then waits for her praise."

"At present he is simply jealous that she should even want any other interest. He is the selfish one expecting her to go on vegetating when she obviously has too much intelligence to be content with just household chores. She should ignore the present disharmony and go on with her journalism course. When her first article appears in print with her name on it, she'll find her husband will change his views and admit he's so darned proud of her."

"Still Studying," Vic., offers these views: "The reader in question is one of that vast depressed minority, termed housewives, who are regarded by the Mighty Male as creatures of lesser mental ability."

"This refusal to believe that a woman can use her brain, indeed that she even has one, has been a favorite weapon of the so-called stronger sex since Adam told Eve not to worry her pretty head! He knew all apples were for eating!"

"These days—though women's brainpower still remains the greatest untapped source of energy in the world—wiser husbands realise that money spent on education courses for their wives is an investment in their partner's mental health. A man is required by law to provide for his wife, as far as food and lodging are concerned. There should be provision also for her mental needs."

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A holiday at home can be fun

By JOANNE FORREST

● At this time of the year, most mothers with children are watching the calendar with dread . . . not because Christmas is getting closer and closer and they have no love for the festive season but because of what Christmas brings with it.

Family Affairs

BETWEEN the time school breaks up and Christmas, there is always so much for young minds and fingers to do: things they have planned all through the last term at school.

As we live on a farm there are such things as helping Dad cart the last of the harvest down to the silo at the local railway siding, helping Mum mix the Christmas puddings and cakes, giving Goldie our dog her bath, or just going for long bicycle rides.

Then, for just a short time after Christmas, the children are kept busy playing with their new toys and reading their new books, but after just a little while even these begin to pall.

Before long Mum hears the words she has been waiting for, and dreading: "Mum what can we do?" or "Mum, can't you come out and play with us?"

Good solution

Unwittingly I solved this problem for myself last Christmas when I heard an appeal over the local radio station for a family to provide a home for two weeks for two Legacy girls.

They were coming from Melbourne with other Legacy children for a holiday in the country, but the people who had promised to take them found at the last minute that they were unable to do so.

At first I worried about the difference in their ages. My children, both boys, were only aged four and seven, and the girls were both 12 years old.

But I need not have worried, as the boys loved the girls on sight, and I think the feeling was mutual. Each boy took one of the girls "under his wing."

Our farm, which I think the boys took for granted previously, was a great place to show off.

Early on the morning after the girls arrived there was so much to show them.

Over to see Pa milk the cow, a procedure which neither girl had seen before. Then the chickens had to be fed (a job the boys usually hate) and the eggs collected.

After this they decided to prepare a bottle of milk for Lambert our pet lamb—although by that time he had actually grown out of the habit of having a daily bottle of milk, and had to be coaxed into coming over for it.

Every morning early found both of the boys sitting on the floor outside the girls' bedroom calling for them to hurry and get up, because there was so much to see and do.

The two weeks just flew by. Not once did I hear complaints about there not being anything to do.

All too soon two very sad and sorry little boys had to wave goodbye at the station; the girls were going back to the city.

Now, Christmas is almost with us once again, and we are all looking forward to it, of course. But most of all we are looking forward to having the girls back with us once again, even if it is only for two short weeks.

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The Christmas chicken is at its best when simply cooked in its own juices. It is so succulent when Comalco Alfoil seals in the juices and brings out the natural flavour.

Simply take a 3½ lb. roasting chicken, 2 ozs. butter, salt and pepper, choice of stuffing, quilted Comalco aluminium foil. Lightly fill neck and cavity and truss chicken. Rub salt and pepper over skin, then spread softened butter over breast and legs. Tear off a strip of quilted aluminium foil large enough to tent wrap (see packet for instructions) around bird. Place in moderate oven, breast side up, roast 1½ hours. Open foil to expose breast and roast a further 30 minutes to brown and crisp skin. Remove chicken to warm platter. To make gravy, pour drippings from foil into small saucepan, blend 1 level dessertspoon butter with 1 dessertspoon flour, add to drippings, stir until thick. If necessary, add chicken stock or soup cube dissolved in water to bring to right consistency. Wrap any leftover stuffing in quilted aluminium foil and bake with chicken the last 30 minutes of cooking the chicken.

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... But you can go away on a budget

● How to have a holiday for ourselves and five young children aged between three and 13, without wrecking the family's finances, was the problem facing us last Christmas.

IN previous years, we had only managed to have at the most three days away from home, and my husband and I felt a need to "get away from it all" for at least a week.

Camping, although cheap, was out of our calculations, as I found it very exhausting to cope with the cooking and washing for a family of seven with the limited facilities and equipment that are part and parcel of camping.

On the other hand, to stay at a guesthouse was much too expensive. Also to book a holiday bungalow at the peak Christmas holiday period would seriously strain our meagre resources.

This seemed to exhaust just about every possibility, when suddenly we had our first ray of hope.

My husband saw an advertisement in a newspaper about a holiday exchange scheme, whereby families could exchange their house for one somewhere else in Australia. We felt this could be just what we were looking for.

After applying, and filling in the necessary forms, we joined the scheme. The next step was to send photographs of our house, and to arrange an inspection so that our house could be classified. Then we were offered a suitable home at Mornington, a Victorian seaside resort.

I then exchanged friendly letters with the other family, who had been offered our home, and were looking forward to their stay in Geelong with as much excitement as we were looking forward to moving into their home.

Packing was easy

Finally the day came to set out on our adventure. Packing was easy, as we needed only to take personal clothes, bed linen, and cutlery, all of which we fitted into the car boot, together with a few of the children's favorite Christmas gifts which they refused to be parted from.

Our arrival in Mornington was hectic, with every member of our family rushing round our holiday home with cries of delight.

The children were especially pleased with the piano, which they had been given permission to play... and did frequently.

We soon settled down to our new routine, with everyone helping with the chores, and housework kept to a minimum.

As we had never been to the eastern side of Port Phillip Bay before, there were plenty of places of interest we wanted to visit. In fact, we spent every day out, and did a lot of swimming and sunbaking.

In the evenings we returned home to cook our main meal, mainly using the outdoor barbecue, and these dinners in the garden were great fun and little work.

We looked after the four cats and two budgies belonging to the house, and had no worries about our own pets, which were being looked after in return.

We found that getting away from our own house we could completely relax, yet we still had all the conveniences we were used to.

Although we never met our exchange family, we wrote to each

other about our holidays and agreed that this novel scheme of swapping homes was a great success.

Best of all, we found it a most

economical holiday, 'as under the scheme a set charge of just £6/10/- is made for each house exchanged for a fortnight.

I budgeted for food as usual, and just allowed a bit extra for an occasional meal out, and spending money for luxuries we normally don't have.

Also, our home had been protected and well cared for during our absence.

We all voted the fortnight's holiday such great fun, and so con-

A READER'S STORY
(The writer wishes to be anonymous.)

venient and carefree that we plan to exchange houses again this summer.

On the first day of Christmas...



This charming gift wrapping tells the romantic story of the English carol "The Twelve Days of Christmas". Reserved for very special people because it's only for those who choose gift sets by Goya.

(Note peek over the page)



The best bargain on your shopping list!

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***What else in all the world
does so much for so many—
yet costs so very little?***

These everyday experiences
are well worth reading

"hate to imagine a world without 'ASPRO'"

I am writing to let you know what a wonderful friend 'ASPRO' has been to me over the years. Whenever I get a cold, sore throat or a headache, it is 'ASPRO' for me for quick, sure relief. I would hate to imagine a world without 'ASPRO', it has helped me to really enjoy life. I can recommend 'ASPRO' for any sort of ache or pain, 'ASPRO' is really marvellous.

Yours faithfully, J. T. Buckley, 5 Mackie Avenue, Kilburn.

"... bingo! severe pain was relieved ..."

I must tell you about 'ASPRO'. A little while ago I had a very bad pain in my ear; it felt like a burst eardrum so I reached for my 'ASPRO' packet and took three tablets and you can believe it or not, but in ten minutes the pain had gone thanks to 'ASPRO'. I am 76 years old and always have 'ASPRO' on hand in case I get a cold or a chill.

Another time I had a fall and ended up on crutches and was in severe pain but I would take a couple of 'ASPRO' and bingo it was gone for quite a few hours, enabling me to get about much better.

So there it is, I will never be without 'ASPRO' again.
Yours faithfully, Henry H. Hunt, 33 Margaret Street, Kingsgrove.

"... inexpensive relief from severe pain"

Four years ago I underwent a severe Spinal Operation (Cervical Laminectomy). In addition I have a disintegrated disc at the base of my spine. Owing to the major surgery I have had done to my Cervical Spine, no further major surgery can be permitted to my spine, therefore, I am always in pain, very often very severe pain. Various quite expensive drugs for this have been prescribed for me, and these have had very little effect. One day, not having any tablets with me while at business, I took two 'ASPRO' and, to my amazement, within a very short while their effect was quite dramatic.

I do no longer take any of my prescribed tablets but I am never without my 'ASPRO'. When pain is very bad I take two every four hours and find that I can walk with ease and the pain decreases amazingly quickly, in fact they keep me going. I am so thankful that I feel I must write to you and tell you how much I benefit from 'ASPRO' and to thank you for making such an inexpensive relief from extreme pain available.

Yours sincerely, Ruth Reade (Mrs.),
12 Dunblane Road, Noble Park, Vic.

"hope rheumatic sufferers will try 'ASPRO'"

In my youth I suffered a great deal from rheumatism and even now get an occasional attack—like last night for instance. I had retired early but suddenly got a dreadful cramp in the thigh. The pain was terrible. I got my husband to bring me two 'ASPRO's and a glass of iced water. The relief I felt was so marvellous that I just simply had to sit down and write to you in sheer gratitude. I hope everyone who suffers from rheumatism will give 'ASPRO' a try.

Yours sincerely, F. R. Barr, Foxdale Road,
Proserpine, North Queensland.

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and 'ASPRO' is not habit forming

Ever tried 'ASPRO' and a cup of tea when you're tired, jaded, nervy?

When you're feeling low because of tension, headache or period distress, take a couple of 'ASPRO' with your cup of tea. It's a splendid "pick-me-up", soothes that tight, jumpy feeling,

helps you feel relaxed, refreshed, at peace with yourself again. It's a great combination, the 'ASPRO' acts in a calming way while tea gives a lift. Especially good on hot, headachy days.



G.P.O. 215

Ice-cream makes pretty cake

● Ice-cream, frozen in cake form, makes a delightful party dessert. Decorated with candles, it could be also a birthday party cake. The recipe wins first prize of £5.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded for recipes for a delicious teacake and fruit slice, a savory chicken dish, and an economical fruit cake made without eggs.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

ICE-CREAM CAKE

Three cups water, 2 tablespoons sugar, 10 tablespoons powdered milk, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 cup mixed fruit, 1oz. glace cherries, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla, sweetened whipped cream, extra glace cherries.

Place 1 cup water, sugar, spice, butter, and fruit in saucepan, bring to boil, simmer 2 minutes. Turn mixture into bowl with remaining water, powdered milk, and gelatine dissolved in the 2 tablespoons boiling water. Beat 5 minutes (at lowest speed if using electric mixer). Place in refrigerator trays and freeze until edges begin to thicken (approximately 1 hour).

Remove from trays, place in chilled large bowl, add vanilla, beat 5 minutes, when mixture should double in bulk. Place mixture in lightly greased 8in. spring form pan; freeze until firm. Decorate with whipped sweetened cream and cherries before serving.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Mitchell, 4 Mitchell St., Parkes, N.S.W.

EGGLESS FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1lb. self-raising flour, 4oz. currants, 4oz. sultanas, 1oz. mixed peel, approx. 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add golden syrup and vanilla. Stir in sifted flour and mixed fruits, with sufficient milk to make soft consistency, approx. 1 cup. Turn into a greased and paper-lined 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Templar, 10 Douglas St., East Devonport, Tas.

CHICKEN PINEAPPLE CASSEROLE

One 2½-lb. chicken, 2-3rds cup plain flour, 1 small can cream of chicken soup, 1 small can crushed pineapple, salt, pepper, oil for frying.

Remove skin from chicken; cut flesh into bite-size pieces. Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Brown well in little hot oil.

Combine soup and pineapple, pour into baking dish, add chicken to sauce, and cook until chicken is tender. Serve with boiled rice and garnish with parsley.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. B. McGinley, 19 High St., Northcote, Vic.

FRUIT SLICE

Six ounces plain flour, 2oz. corn-flour, 2-3rds cup brown sugar, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. mild cheese (grated), 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 apples, 2 bananas, raspberry jam, 1 tablespoon extra brown sugar.

Rub butter into sifted dry ingredients. Add sugar, mix with beaten egg. Knead lightly. Press into greased swiss roll tin. Spread with layer of jam. Cover with grated apples, then sliced bananas. Sprinkle the cheese and brown sugar over. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cut into fingers when cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Potter, c/o "Strone," Coleraine, Vic.

CHOC-O-NUT TEACAKE

Cake: One tablespoon butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour.

Top and Centre: Half cup brown sugar, ½ cup coconut, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute.

Cake Mixture: Beat butter and sugar well until light and fluffy; add egg, beating well. Sift flour, add alternately with milk.

Mix together the ingredients for top and centre, stirring well.

Place half cake mixture in 9in. by 5in. greased loaf tin, sprinkling over half second mixture. Spread remaining cake mixture evenly on top. Finish off with remainder of second mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 45 minutes.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Jenkins, 7 Mendip Rd., Reservoir, Vic.



ICE-CREAM CAKE wins the £5 main prize.

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First love . . .

● A mother's moving account of her daughter's first experience of womanhood — the innocent experience of a first love which separates for ever the young girl from her childhood.

By LONI STINNETT

NO one knows how it happens. It begins one spring day when, out of all the boys who talk and tease and ride bikes and play tennis, there is one name she mentions in a different kind of voice, with a funny, new smile.

It starts with something like: "Some boy in school borrowed my pen today and didn't give it back," and I know, from the way she says it, that she doesn't care at all about the pen but only that he has it and this is not "some" boy.

Later it's "the boy who helped me with my history exam" or "the boy who wears the nice sweaters."

Miraculously he has a name

And then, miraculously, one day the boy has a name, and soon I know all his names—his school nickname, what his mother calls him, his middle name, and where it came from, his last name and its national origin. Before long I learn his favorite sport, his best subject, his grades, the color of his eyes in bright sunshine, his height and breadth, his father's occupation, and that his favorite color is yellow (for which she has been stating a preference in everything from a new hair ribbon to new kitchen curtains).

After these confidences, which dribble out in that charming attempt at subtlety characteristic of a 15-year-old, I am permitted a small but insignificant part in the play. I am, for instance, encouraged to be friendly but reserved on the telephone if I should answer it when he calls; otherwise, we are not yet allowed to meet. I have the feeling that preparing us for the meeting is a chore that is occupying all her time and only she can decide when we are both properly groomed (or maybe I am the only one who needs the grooming).

He spends a lot of time now circling the house on his bike, as if he were waiting for a landing signal or

looking for a place to park. He rides around it night after night, always at dinner-time, and if she's not right there to wave to him through the window, he rings his bike bell in just a certain way, which (even to me) makes it sound different from every other bike bell. There is something quite marvellous about the antics and gyrations they go through.

At first, their relationship has a disjointed look of blundering and awkward motion, but I realise very quickly that this is just how it appears to an ancient. Actually, its behaviour pattern is as rigid as a bird's building a nest or a bee's making a honeycomb, and its rules are inflexible. They know just how much feeling they can show each other, and every smile, every flick of an eyelash, every twitch of a shoulder has a precise meaning they understand perfectly.

She is suddenly a different kind of person I can't always recognise. This is the first boy she has shown any interest in since the elfin-like Cub Scout she sold to a friend for a week's pocket-money when he stopped growing and she didn't. But that was in the third grade, and it was funny.

Now I am both awed and touched by her behaviour, because I know it marks the beginning and the end at once.

It will destroy the remains of her childhood and light the first flickering flames of

When she came back, she was disarmingly casual and subdued, which might have been mistaken for poise—except I knew it wasn't. She sat on the edge of the green chair and looked at every piece of furniture, ornament, vase, and picture as if each were a rare museum piece she was seeing for the first time.

I singled him out by radar, since no one had got around to telling me which one he was, and talked to him about football.

He was extremely kind to me, although he couldn't hide his shock at my ignorance. The visit was short, and as abruptly as they had come the three rose and left, amid a lot of smiling and handshaking and involuntary rug scuffing. It was never mentioned—not then, not ever—but after they had gone she straightened the rugs they had scuffed and fluffed up the pillows they had leaned against and brought me an iced coffee with lots of ice, the way I like it, and I knew that in the labyrinthine scheme of things it was all right.

Then it was summer, with long, golden days at the beach stretching endlessly one into the other, and he was part of every one of them. They played like children, splashing water and throwing sand and laughing at themselves for joining a group of little ones to help them build a sand castle. Last summer, she couldn't stand a grain of

The golden cloud of happiness

her womanhood, so that, whatever happens, it will be a significant experience, significant enough to make me realise the time is not too far away when she will know mature love, and I hope and pray she will find a love that will fulfil her and will know how to return it in kind, if she should be so fortunate.

I remember the night he arrived at the front door with two friends whose names I never knew, although he made some effort at getting them out. I heard her give a little gasp behind me and run to her room to change from one pair of faded blue jeans to another.

sand on her beach towel; but this summer, he covers her with it, and she only laughs, just as she does when she comes up splattering and drenched after he has ducked her, although she'd spent a good two hours washing and setting her hair.

Hand trembles a little

The pure, bright joy that lights her eyes is like sapphires sparkling in the sun. Her mouth is turned up in a perpetual sweet, secret smile, and her hand trembles a little when she's combing her hair just before he arrives. She sings musky

First heartbreak

— The rapture and confusion of a young girl's first romance

love songs and goes to sleep hugging a toy dog that bears his name, and sometimes I even have to fasten her books and eyes because her infinitely graceful hands are suddenly all thumbs.

They go off together, holding hands, bright sweaters looped over their shoulders, and the sharp, clean odor of salt about them that won't wash off until the end of summer. I wonder what they talk about and if they stop to kiss on the way home from the movie.

I wonder more than a little about what will become of this love (for I have no doubt that it is love), and I hope she will be the one to tire of it first; but somehow I know this will not be the case. I watch him closely whenever I can, looking for clues to his feelings, and I begin to sense that she is years beyond him. He teases her, and mildly abuses her, which is normal and right at this age; but it is not her way. She is ever thoughtful of him, giving him always the biggest piece of pie or cake and pointing out to him the crispest, juiciest portion of fried chicken on the plate.

The refrigerator is stocked with orange drink because that's his favorite, and there is always a tin of pretzels in the cupboard because he likes them.

If he changes at our house, his trunks are promptly washed and hung out, though her suit may lie for days in a wet, sandy heap in the outside shower. "Look how small his waist is," she says, holding up the trunks for me to see, then folds them and places them carefully in her drawer, and they are folded and refolded several times a day until he finally retrieves them.

A dreadful snapshot of him is stuck in her mirror, and her wardrobe is littered with pebbles and shells and coins they treasure, even a broken clay bubble they found one day and played with all afternoon.

Unbearable awakening

I wish I could somehow freeze in time this summer and this scene under the lamplight, where they sit with their shining heads together, going over pictures they have taken and saying remember — remember — remember. And then they laugh, his dark eyes looking into her blue ones. It is tender and sweet and full of meaning, and they cannot bear it. She jumps up to turn

on the radio, or he yanks at a strand of her hair and tells her it's too long. She laughs, certain he is teasing; but later that night, I come upon her standing before the mirror, holding her hair up to see how it would look short, and the next day she asks me to snip off half an inch or so, a safe amount.

We were lying on the beach one morning, waiting for him to join us. She was lying on her stomach, her head on her arm, twisted in the direction from which he would come. She raised up suddenly, leaning on her elbows. "Here he comes," she said, as if in answer to a question. "He's with somebody."

A disillusioned but brave heart

There was no special feeling in her voice, and I looked up from my book and down the beach. He was walking with a girl. But not just walking. They were playing sandpiper, a game learned from the little birds who run close to the water and then away again before it touches their feet. She had played it with him any number of times, and one of its improvisations was that whoever tired of playing it the ordinary way could run into the water and splash or duck the other.

As they got closer, we could see that that was the way he was playing it with the girl. We could hear him shouting, "Watch it!" and "I got you," as he had done so often with her.

The beach felt suddenly cold, as if the sun had dropped, and I had the distinct sensation of having picked up the chill from her. She had not moved an eyelash and was lying as before, deathly still and watching. She kept on watching as they approached, and he was so unaffected and relaxed that I knew there had to be some explanation. There was none. It was not a cousin or a house guest or anyone else it might have been. It was a girl.

"This is Sally," he announced. "We're going to walk down to the pier. Want to come?"

She stood up and looked from one to the other. She was smiling, but she was unsure, and I looked away, not wanting to see what she would do. "Sure," she said, and the three of them went

off down the beach, the boy in the middle.

All at once, he started playing the game again with Sally, and as they ran and jumped, she was left far behind, walking alone, her tiny figure lost in the great expanse of sea and sky, all the cockiness now gone out of the jerky little way her hips moved in her swimsuit. She was so alone and so vulnerable, and there was no one to help her.

Then I saw her race forward. She caught up with them, ran into the water and splashed them both. I could hear her shouting and laughing. It was too loud and too exuberant, but I was very proud of her. For she was fighting back.

I didn't see her again until dinnertime, and it was then I noticed the look in her eyes, that earnest quizzical look that pleaded with me to explain why. It was the same hurt and questioning look I remember she had as a child when she fell down and scraped her knee, or when her cat ran away, or when she was excluded from a group because she went to the wrong Sunday school. Only this time the question was bigger and more baffling.

Watches and wonders

She was very quiet and ate practically nothing. She pushed her food around on her plate the way she used to when she was little, hiding peas under mashed potatoes, trying to pretend she had eaten them.

That was the beginning, and now she waits and watches and wonders and searches his face for answers, instead of mine. This time I could tell her the answer if she asked me. I couldn't tell her why any more than I could those other times; but I could tell her what to expect. But she won't ask, so I cannot do even that small thing for her.

She will find out by herself, and she will learn, and I must sit back and watch her acquiring the first great scars of her life, and this time I cannot soothe her with soft words and salves and a dish of vanilla ice-cream.



START HERE

for the best-tasting, smoothest mayonnaise you ever made (or bought!)

2 MINUTE MAYONNAISE



1 All you need is: $\frac{1}{2}$ can Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tsp. Keen's Mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar.



2 Just stir until the mixture thickens slightly. Then let it stand for a few moments (See? No lumps, no beating, no fuss.)



3 Now try it. (Add a little more mustard if you wish.) Isn't it just delicious? So quick, too.

THEN TRY
a heavenly
HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

made with tangy fruit, crunchy almonds and Nestlé's creamy 2-minute mayonnaise.



HAWAIIAN CHICKEN SALAD

2 large chicken breasts, cooked and cooled; 1 cup celery, sliced; 1 tsp. shallots, finely chopped; 1 lev. tbsp. capers; $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt; 1 tbsp. lemon juice; 11 oz. can mandarin oranges, drained; 15 oz. can pineapple pieces, drained; 2 oz. almonds, toasted and slivered; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup 2-MINUTE MAYONNAISE; $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. grated lemon rind; salad greens.

Combine diced chicken, celery, shallots, capers, salt and lemon juice. Cover and chill for 1 hour. Just before serving add the oranges (save a few for garnish), pineapple and almonds. Combine mayonnaise and lemon rind, mix in carefully so as not to break fruit. Spoon into a bowl with greens. Garnish with reserved oranges. Serves 8



BE THE MUM WITH THE WASHDAY SMILE WITH THESE HILLS LAUNDRY WORKSAVERS

There is no better washday team than a Hills rotary clothes hoist, laundry trolley and ironing table – because no-one knows more about outdoor drying and ironing than Hills. Freewheeling Hills laundry trollies (in four models) make getting the wash from laundry to line and back smooth and effortless – no lifting and bending.



Famous Hills hoists – preferred by more than two million housewives – give you a lifetime of trouble-free service. Your wash will never snag on frayed wires or be soiled by rust, and winding is just a breeze. There is a Hills hoist size and style for every family.

You don't know how satisfying ironing can be until you have used a Hills ironing table. It's firmer, with a larger ironing surface, and adjusts simply and easily to your height. Features include a sleeve board, two-way iron stand, and an Extenda-rail to keep larger articles off the floor. So – be the Mum with the Washday Smile – choose a Hills laundry worksaver.

Fashion fun at Ski Ball

● Sue Osborne, the grazier's daughter from Jugiong, N.S.W., was again Prince William's partner at the glittering Ski Ball at Watford, near London, last month. Highlight of the ball was the showing of a collection of way-out ski fashions by Maison Dior.



LEFT: A selection of Maison Dior's ski fashions shown at the Ski Ball included shawls, which according to Dior are definitely IN again.



PRINCE WILLIAM dancing with Sue Osborne at the Ski Ball. Like many other members of the royal family, he is a ski fan.



THIS WHITE wedding dress in satin, trimmed with white fox fur parka, cuffs, and leg muffs, was the feature attraction of the collection. The leg muffs are detachable.



ELEGANT apres-ski evening cape in gold with matching evening gown was one of the "drama" ensembles shown.



ANOTHER Dior creation for the ski fields is this hooded fur coat, which can be worn loose or belted. Boots are trimmed with matching fur.

"Of course he made some provision for you—?"

"Lieutenant, I don't consider marriage a business investment. If I'm no longer Harry's wife, why should he support me?"

"You're one in a million, Miss Wells."

"Oh, no. It's just that the women who make fantastic demands for alimony get into the papers. The others don't. Is there anything else I can tell you?"

"Well, how about his social life—friends—so-called friends—club acquaintances?"

"Harry was an easy-going, agreeable person, but to be honest he didn't have the personality to inspire great love or hate. I can't think of a soul who might want him dead."

"Do you know his second wife?"

"Lieutenant!" She registered real shock at the juxtaposition of

Continued from page 46

Leila's name and murder. It was the first time it had occurred to her that somebody else might be held accountable for what she had done.

"Sorry. I didn't mean it the way it sounded. I'm just interested in all angles. You know how the police fish wherever there's water."

"I knew her slightly. We would meet at parties or at the Club. When Harry mentioned her in Mr. Rankin's office, I thought it was just another of his passing fancies. Knowing Harry it was to be expected. She's very beautiful. But I didn't know they were married until a few weeks ago when Mrs. Crane told me."

"It must have been rather a shock."

STRICTLY A LOSER

"To be truthful, it hardly touched me at all. Harry and I had been falling slowly but completely out of love long before I left him. What he did later, whom he married is a matter of simple indifference to me. It may sound cold-blooded, but I can't even grieve over his death. The most I feel is a mild regret."

"Understandable." Carefully, he took a step on to thin ice. "I wonder, Miss Wells, if you'd tell me how you spent last evening?"

Before she could answer, Stevens cut in sharply: "Hey, Lieutenant! So you're here unofficially—you came for 'help'—this wasn't an 'inquiry.' So now you're asking this girl for an alibi, no less. I won't stand by—"

"It's all right, Chuck. I don't mind."

"You're absolutely right, Mr. Stevens," said Storm mildly. "If I didn't have a very strong reason, it would be a hide on my part. As it is, I'm really acting on Miss Wells' behalf—for her own protection—"

"Where does she come in to need protection?"

"I'll explain."

"It better be good."

"Chuck, the lieutenant's only doing his job." She smiled. "Lieutenant, as an alibi, I haven't a leg to stand on. I was here alone all evening, painting my kitchen cupboards."

Storm smiled back.

"Oh, yes, you have. The whole apartment reeks of it. That's excellent corroboration."

She sat back at ease, but Stevens was harder to mollify.

"What is this, Lieutenant? Let's have that explanation and why Miss Wells needs protection. Susan, I want you to keep your mouth shut from here on in."

"Oh, Chuck, you're being a knight in armor over a molehill."

"But he's right, Miss Wells. You're entitled to the facts. Here they are: Caldwell died from a dose of poison introduced into a jar of jam. The jam was OK when he ate some yesterday for breakfast, but it killed him today at breakfast. So some time between those two breakfasts the poison was put in the jam. It didn't happen during the day. Mrs. Caldwell was at home and there were no visitors. But the Caldwells were out last night and the house was empty. There were no signs of forcible entry. Either Mrs. Caldwell did it or somebody with a key got in and—"

"If you're thinking of me, Lieutenant," Susan said with placid irony, "you're out of luck. I got a little bit melodramatic that day in Mr. Rankin's office and gave up my rights as a wife by planting down my key ring and walking out. It was silly, but you know how women are."

Stevens cut her off again: "What are you waiting for, Lieutenant? You've got a prime suspect in the second Mrs. Caldwell. Why dig around here for Miss Wells' alibi?"

STORM fired the last shot in his locker, watching Susan intently: "Because Miss Wells has a much stronger motive for killing him than his present wife."

"Motive!" Stevens snorted disgustedly. "Don't tell me you're on the 'woman scorned' bit."

"No. But Miss Wells has a thousand times more to gain than Leila Thomas by Caldwell's death."

"I'm not a bright boy. Let's have it in Basic English."

Storm answered Stevens, but his eyes never left Susan's face.

"Miss Wells wasn't represented in the Reno court, so the Nevada marriage is not valid in the New York courts. Miss Wells is still Caldwell's wife, his widow, and his heir. His whole fortune comes to her."

Susan didn't turn a hair. She stared at Storm unbelievably and for the life of him he couldn't see a sign of pre-knowledge or guilt in her. Stevens gave a long low whistle. Storm rose.

"So now you see the drift of my questions," he said pleasantly. "If I've been a bit devious, well—police business is dirty business at times. And the Caldwell fortune is a pretty big stake, you must admit."

"I'll say," said Stevens. "A whole of a motive. But only if Miss Wells had known about that law. I don't have to point out to you that she's practically bowled over by the news."

"In that case, she has nothing to worry about," said Storm easily. "Well, I've disturbed you people long enough. I'll just say thanks and leave."

After he closed Susan's door and was about to make his way down the flight of stairs to the front door, his eye caught something white on the door opposite. Almost idly, he walked over and read: "Milkman: Leave no milk until June 13th." His eyes narrowed. He knew he was catching at straws, that he was letting a hunch ride him, but he was somehow reluctant to leave. The whole thing was too damned tidy. It had the wrong smell.

There were only the two apartments to a floor and the tenant of the front one was obviously out of town, making exit and re-entrance easy for Susan if she had gone out the night before. He looked at his watch. Only nine o'clock. On an impulse, he took the stairs, but to the flight going up, not down. He rang the bell of the apartment directly above Susan's. The card in the door read "Mrs. J. McGill."

After a pause, a timorous voice came through the closed door. "Yes? Who is it?"

"Police."

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My Christmas wish is for the most stylish Automatic Toaster of all...



... to make my toast faster, fresher-tasting



... with more (and positive) settings



... and smoother pop-up action with any bread



... and a slim, square-line shape that says



... it's tomorrow's trend—like all Hotpoint helpers.

I wish they'd load my tree

with **HOTPOINT** gifts

Hotpoint homes lead the world in better living





Readers' Christmas hints

- These decoration, cookery, and party ideas, to ease the Christmas rush, win £1/1/- each for readers.

For a delicious and unusual turkey glaze, mix 2 tablespoons melted butter with 2 tablespoons cranberry sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon french mustard. Brush glaze over turkey and return to oven for 10 minutes before serving. — Mrs. F. Amos, Flat 4, 82 Millswyn St., South Yarra, Vic.

To make the pretty Christmas decoration shown in the sketch at right, take a piece of dried pine branch about 12in. long and 3 or 4in. diameter. Take 2 smaller pieces of wood and make a groove in each, so the larger piece can rest on them (glue or nail to make even more secure). Bore 2 holes, one toward each end of log, to hold the candles.

Group, as shown, painted and glittered pine cones, pine sprigs, colored baubles, and a bow. — Mrs. R. Wendelborn, Tarlee, S.A.



BALLOONS make unusual invitations to a child's party. Blow them up, and, with a felt marker or crayon, write the invitation on the balloons. Allow to dry, then deflate balloons and post in envelopes to the little guests — E. Chambers, Weddin St., Grenfell, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Slice your left-over Christmas pudding and fry it in butter. Serve with cream, custard, brandy butter, or brandy cream. — Mrs. V. Kellon, Valley P.O., Tank St., Gladstone, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Color some white shoe cleaner with food coloring to match a small girl's party dress. After the party, the shoes can be restored to their former whiteness by wiping with a damp cloth. — Mrs. R. Barrowcliff, 60 Tynce Ave., Kilburn, S.A.

★ ★ ★
Several varieties of small cakes can be made from a single packet of butter-type cake mix. Mix in the usual way and place even portions in four bowls. To one bowl add a small quantity of mixed fruit and cinnamon, to another some chopped cherries, stir a little jam into the third, make lamingtons from the fourth mixture. — Mrs. H. Goss, 177 Parker St., Devonport, Tas.

★ ★ ★
For a children's party, make ice-cream in deep aluminium pie plates. When it is set, cut out shapes with a biscuit cutter or serrated-edge cone-cutter. — Mrs. M. Ryan, 10 Goffield St., Ballarat, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Make pretty butterfly decorations for your children's Christmas party. Use colored plastic clothes pegs, brightly colored paper, sticky tape, and fine string. Cut the paper into 9in. squares, gather down centre, press into wrings of pegs. The peg is the body, the paper the wings. Secure with sticky tape. Attach to string and hang near open window, so the butterflies can flutter in the breeze. — Mrs. A. McElroy, 36 Goomallie St., Benalla, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Color icing with a child's paint brush dipped into the food coloring and dabbed on to icing mixture. There is then no possibility of adding too much coloring. — Mrs. S. Morrow, Latham, W.A.

★ ★ ★
Enliven ice cubes by adding a few drops of cochineal, sprigs of mint, or lemon twists to the water before setting. — Miss G. Watkinson, 15 Goodwin House, The Mowll Village, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Little red apples with a hole made in them are very effective candle-holders. — Mrs. M. Peasley, Block C, Ward 12, Chest Hospital, Mermaidside, Qld.

★ ★ ★
If taking a family holiday in a tent or furnished cottage this Christmas and travelling by car, pack men, children's clothes, etc., in blowcases. On arrival, there will be no cases to store. When packing to come home, soiled garments can be kept separate in soiled pillowcases and then put straight into the laundry. — C. Pickett, School Residence, Coopernook, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Cut bells, stars, and other Christmas shapes from red and green paper to garnish appetisers and salads. — Miss S. E. Phelps, Flat 5, 10A Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
A simple and unusual way to wrap Christmas presents is to buy some pretty plastic material and machine it up into suitably sized bags. Tie with a bow. — Mrs. E. Munson, 28 George St., Tenterfield, N.S.W.



Delicious Patio Salad

A cool, sustaining salad — with the goodness of KRAFT Cheddar

Why not enjoy a salad more often? Here's a light, refreshing salad just right for summer...and it's nourishing too! Patio Salad is a wonderful idea...golden-good KRAFT Cheddar with crisp lettuce, fluffy rice, and chunky GREENSEAS® Tuna pieces. You'll love the blend of flavours, and you know you're giving your family the goodness they need — the protein goodness of cheese and tuna. **PATIO SALAD: Ingredients:** 1 cup cooked rice (½ cup raw); 1 cup cooked peas; ½ cup chopped celery; 6½ oz. can GREENSEAS Tuna, chunk style; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1

teaspoon finely grated onion; salt, pepper; 4 oz. KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, cut into strips; lettuce leaves; 2 tomatoes, cut into wedges, for garnish; KRAFT Mayonnaise Salad Dressing. **Method:** Combine all the ingredients, except the lettuce leaves, tomato and Salad Dressing, in a bowl. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spoon into a lettuce-lined bowl and garnish with tomato wedges. Chill. Serve with KRAFT Mayonnaise Salad Dressing. 4 servings. All spoon and cup measures are level. An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.



THE GALLON OF GOODNESS
KRAFT Cheddar is rich in protein, vitamins and calcium, because it takes a whole gallon of creamy milk to make every pound of this fine cheese. KRAFT Cheddar is a bargain in nutrition. Available in 8 oz., 1 lb. and 2 lb. packs, as well as ready-sliced sticks from the Dairy Case.

KRAFT for good food and good food ideas

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"Police! What do you want?"
 "Just want to ask you a question."

"How do I know you're the police?" The voice was now tinged with suspicion.

"If you'll open the door, I'll show you my credentials."

After another pause, the door opened a scant three inches, obviously on a chain. Storm took out his identification and held it in the narrow gap. He got a partial picture of a small, intensely respectable woman.

He said: "If you'll let me in, I'll explain, Mrs. McGill."

"These things can be forged," she said coolly. "I'll let nobody in at this hour. If you want to ask your question, ask it from there."

"Very well. I merely want to know if you can tell me whether Miss Susan Wells was at home last evening."

"Of course she was. She never goes out at night. This neighborhood—"

"But you have no real proof? You couldn't hear her downstairs?"

"No. This is a well-built house—"

She gave a sudden decisive little jerk of her head. "Yes. I do know she was home."

"How's that?"

"The one thing you can hear from floor to floor is the telephone. It rang last night and she answered it."

"You could hear her voice?"

"No — I told you — but she picked up the receiver after the second ring. So of course she was home."

"Any idea of the time?"

"No. I don't keep tabs on my neighbors," she said stiffly. "Although it's my impression it was the middle of the evening. Anything else?"

"No. And thank you."

"Why do you —? What's this all about?"

"Just routine, Mrs. McGill. And I'd be grateful if you kept it to yourself."

"I'm not a gossip any more than I'm a busybody. Good night," she said tartly. The door closed on Storm's grin.

IN his car, going back to Greenaway, he drove slowly. His thoughts about Susan went something like this:
 Unless she's Fu Manchu or Moriarty, she's as clean as gold. Mrs. McGill clinches it. Phones don't stop ringing of their own accord until after eight or ten rings. As for Susan Wells herself, there wasn't a word or a move you could pin down as fishy. No crocodile tears about her ex's death, just the sober tone you take when you hear someone you used to know has died.

Her alibi was just shaky enough to be true. She could hardly know I'd be there myself tonight to smell the paint. Same with the key business. I guess women do make gestures like that under stress of emotion. Not her fault that Rankin mentioned it and Caldwell told it to Tyler to whitewash himself. And she'd have to be shot with luck to find the garage door unprotected by the alarm just the one night she makes her unlawful entry.

That noble alimony routine sticks in my craw a little, but it's just possible that a New England type like that might take such a stand. Her attitude toward the other woman is a bit harder to swallow. Is any wife that tolerant even if there's been a procession of dames before this one? Still, when I handed her Leila Thomas for bait, she didn't bite. She was really shocked when I implied the second wife might be guilty. What's more, she didn't scabble around for an out when I asked if Caldwell had enemies. Could be that Stevens is the answer to her neutral tone. She's more interested in her future than in her past.

That just about covers it and gives her a clean bill. And everybody I talked to had a good word for her. For that matter, she struck me, too, as decent and self-respecting. I wonder why it is I didn't take to her. What was it Tyler called her? Strictly a loser.

Stevens was striding up and down the room, his hands deep in his pockets, his eyes snapping, not with

Continued from page 76

anger but with suppressed excitement.

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. — uh — Chuck. The Lieutenant was only doing his duty," Susan said.

"Oh, that." He dismissed Storm's probing with a gesture. "My child, do you realise what this means?"

"What what means?"

"Have you any idea of the potential of the thing? It's a matter of millions."

"What is?"

"The Caldwell Agency. Your agency if Storm's right."

"Which he probably isn't. He's a policeman, not a lawyer."

"Right. So the thing to do is to get a lawyer."

"Oh, please. We can go into all

that later," Susan said with a half smile.

"We're going into it here and now. Arnold Hemborg's as good as they come."

"Arnold Hemborg?"

"My lawyer."

"Your lawyer! He probably charges the earth."

Stevens burst into laughter.

"If I can afford him, you can — or will as soon as you inherit."

"Inherit! The whole thing's crazy. I don't believe it."

"We'll soon find out. Arnold will know. I'll call him now."

"You're rushing me off my feet. Oh, don't think I don't appreciate it. It's wonderful of you to take such an interest, but —"

"Somebody's got to take an inter-

est if you're such a ninny. I'm not letting you pass up a thing like this —"

"But it's so greedy. Hovering over his fortune before the poor creature's even buried. I'm not a vulture, money or no money."

He sat down beside her, all his business sense roused.

"Look, my child. D'you want to go on living on a hundred and a quarter a week the rest of your life?"

"I could do worse," she said coolly.

"But if it's rightfully yours —"

"It isn't, you may be sure. Such things don't happen."

"At least let's ask Arnold."

"All right, but I'm not going to

rush over to him like a hungry harpy. It's not decent."

"OK, we'll make it informal. I'll ask him out to dinner tomorrow night and bring you along. And don't worry about his fee," he grinned. "I'll put it on my expense account."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said primly. "If it has to be done I can afford it myself. I've got over ten thousand dollars in the savings bank."

"You're a constant surprise. How come?"

"My father's estate. I've managed so far without touching it."

"New England to the last ditch — never touch capital," he teased.

"Don't poke fun at it. My grandfather did just that in the 'twenties and ruined himself."

To page 79



Arnott's
 cracker biscuits
 make wonderful
Party starters!

Arnott's cracker biscuits are such a help when you're entertaining. They combine perfectly with savoury toppings and dips to please all tastes. There's no surer, more delicious way to get a party off to a lively start.

FREE!
 Party Starters recipe folder... of delightful new ideas for tasty toppings and dips. There's a free one for you at your food store.

"Well, now you've got a chance to rehabilitate the family fortunes. So for the love of Pete, stop going all quixotic and listen to reason."

"You're right, of course. I'll do whatever you say. And please believe me, I'm very grateful."

"Bunk. I'm full of ulterior motives. I'll expect special advertising rates when you're the boss of Caldwell's." He rose. "Then I'll phone Arnold and let you know if he can make it for tomorrow night."

After he had gone she reviewed the whole evening and gave herself top marks for her performance. She didn't altogether trust Storm, but she thought she had satisfied him. And she had convinced Stevens up to the hilt. She could let his friend Arnold Hemborg carry the ball from this point on. She went to bed full of complacency.

She was not so complacent next

Continued from page 78

morning when she read the Sunday papers. Harry Caldwell was not of national-figure calibre, but the Caldwell Agency was big New York news. They gave the story the full treatment. They called it definite murder, having gleaned the autopsy and lab findings. They played up the alarm item and implied delicately that Leila's guilt or innocence depended on whether or not Harry Caldwell had set the alarm on the garage door.

Susan's blood chilled. This was the first she had heard of the alarm system and she shuddered at what might have happened when she unlocked the garage door. Knowing Harry, she believed Leila's statement implicitly. He was just the

type, especially when half-drunk, to forget all about resetting the alarm.

But the whole incident warned her of hidden snags which might yet come to the surface and wreck her. She re-enacted the whole of Friday evening in her mind and found a dozen points where danger lurked: the amorous motorist who tried to pick her up; the teenagers at Greenaway Junction; the attendant in the Grand Central ladies' room; her own superintendent who might have seen her coming into the house late. Could the blond wig have disguised her as completely as she thought, or would somebody, somewhere, step forward to point a finger and say: "I saw her in Greenaway?"

STRICTLY A LOSER

She was so shaken that she very nearly decided to renounce all claims to Harry's money, to remain in safe obscurity. But she had had a taste of power. Because of her act, dozens of lives were affected. Storm and other detectives, the whole police complex, were working overtime. Dozens of reporters were racing to the scene. The peaceful community of Greenaway would be in a furore. The hundreds of employees of the Caldwell Agency would have a day off for Harry's funeral.

And all this activity would be caused by Susan Wells, the heretofore unimportant, unnoticed, unsought-after. It was a heady thought.

As if to point up her new status,

the phone rang. It was an enterprising woman reporter who thought that an interview with the first Mrs. Caldwell might be a good angle. Susan replied with dignity that she had nothing to say. But when she hung up she was smiling. And when Stevens rang up later to say that the dinner date was set, she accepted with no reluctance at all.

When Stevens called for her at seven-thirty he eyed her with a kind of puzzled pleasure. As Harry's wife, she had accumulated a wardrobe of good clothes, but it was not her charming dress which intrigued him. It was her verve, her poise, a queer aura of sureness in her bearing, poles apart from the starched automaton of the office. He grinned and said: "You look like a million dollars already."

Her smile had a touch of graciousness in it, not quite patronage but close to it. A horse trainer would have said she was feeling her oats.

It didn't last long. When they met Arnold Hemborg in the cocktail lounge of the restaurant, her whole previous world fell apart. It was not that he was so arresting — actually, Stevens was a much more handsome man — but some instant emotional chemistry took action at her first look at him. She saw a tall, rangy, loose-limbed man with a craggy tanned face surmounted by a shock of unruly taffy-colored hair. His Scandinavian ancestry showed, too, in his clear blue eyes, which seemed to her to pierce to her inmost thoughts as Stevens introduced them. But he only murmured politely with hardly a trace of interest or curiosity.

SHE was too inexperienced to realise what was happening to her. All she knew was that she had an overwhelming impulse to rush to him and cling; to shut out the horrifying fact of two nights ago and begin life from this instant on. She had a terrible moment when she thought she was going to faint. The crowded buzzing lounge spun before her eyes and her heart was going like a machine-gun. But her New England upbringing and her own natural reserve carried her through. She took her place at their table outwardly calm enough, but the verve which Stevens had noticed was gone.

After they had ordered, Stevens said: "Look, Arnold. It's always nice seeing you, but this isn't strictly social. Miss Wells has a problem and needs your help."

"I don't," said Susan to her own astonishment. "I'm not going on with it. I don't want any part of it."

Hemborg looked from one to the other quizzically.

"Make up your minds," he said mildly.

"Don't be a fool, Susan. You and your dignity. You and your principles. If you won't tell him, I will. Arnold, there are millions involved here. And it's possible they belong to Miss Wells." He told the story in terse phrases, but not so terse that he didn't give a strong picture of Susan's reluctance to make a claim and his insistence on protecting her rights. He ended with Storm's visit and the point he had raised as to whom the legal heir was.

"Is he right in saying the Reno

To page 80



"Well, let me know if you hear of anyone who wants to swap lunches."



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marriage is invalid? Is Susan still Caldwell's wife — uh — widow? Is she his heir? That's what you must tell us, Arnold."

Arnold buttered a roll and said quietly: "If what you tell me is accurate, she is. But it's not a point to be arrived at over cherry-stones. I'll want to see Miss Wells in my office and test every step of the way. Then we'll go on from there."

"And where will that be?"

"To the Surrogate's Court. File a notice of claim contesting the administration of the will if there is one. If not, we institute intestacy proceedings. Have Miss Wells declared administratrix. We could go further and institute an action in the New York State Supreme Court for a declaratory judgment. That means the court will declare the Reno marriage invalid and Miss

Continued from page 79

Wells is the only wife for all purposes, including inheritance. You should have done that as soon as he divorced you. Now that he's dead, it's hardly necessary. But as I say, we take no steps until I hear every detail of Miss Wells' action and non-action.

She wanted no part of the whole dirty business now, but she realised that if she stopped all proceedings at this point she would not see him again. She saw herself losing him as a marooned castaway sees a ship on the horizon passing him by and going its way. In that moment, she truly meant that she didn't want a penny of Harry's money and would have given ten years of her

life if it would have undone the grisly work of Friday night.

But she also saw that if she was ever to see Arnold again, she would have to go on with the case, see him in his office, and hope that somehow a relationship would develop. Humbly, she realised how faint the hope was, but it was all she had.

"When will you see me?" she said.

"How is tomorrow at ten?"

"That won't do. I have a job." Stevens shouted with laughter.

"Susan, you little idiot. Take the day off. Take a week off. In fact, I'll see about another secretary altogether."

"I don't throw out my dirty

water. Nor count my chickens. I'm not as optimistic as you about this whole thing."

"You heard Arnold. It's in the bag."

"Such things don't happen. Not to me. I'm not the Cinderella type."

Arnold looked at her with the first spark of interest he had shown.

"A girl after my own heart," he said. "Both feet on the ground."

He gave her a sudden smile which transformed his rugged face like a burst of sunshine. "Where do you live? I'll come to you in the evening."

The smile filled her whole night. She didn't sleep a wink. But she was too busy with her thoughts and

emotions to notice. It came to her slowly and wondrously that for the first time in her life she loved another human being; that Arnold Hemborg was all she wanted; that she must have him or die. Nothing else mattered. The Caldwell fortune faded into insignificance except as a means of seeing him. Her dream house dissolved like a sand castle before a wave.

Somehow, she must make him feel for her what she felt for him. And the very strength of her own feelings made her confident that she could do it. She laid no plans, devised no campaign of hairdressers and new clothes to implement her purpose. She was calmly sure that all she needed was plenty of time in his company to make the miracle happen. It was something that had to be.

The next day at the office she was exactly as efficient as usual. When Stevens referred to the case, she said: "Let's leave it, shall we, until I know where I stand? Even if I win, it'll be a wrench giving up this job. I love it."

"Who says you must?" he teased. "It'll be a feather in my cap having a millionaire girl Friday."

WHEN she got home after five, she noticed that the cookie jar was almost empty. Stevens and Storm between them had just about looted it. So instead of eating dinner (in which she hadn't the faintest interest), she mixed and baked a new batch of cookies. When Arnold came at eight, the apartment was still redolent of that most delightful of cooking odors, fresh baking. He broke the ice of formality with a prolonged sniff.

"This takes me back to when I was eight. On Fridays, I'd come home from school and the house was full of exactly this smell. Why don't bakeries smell this way nowadays?"

"Assembly lines take the good out of everything in life," she smiled. "Sit down and see if they taste as good as they smell. The coffee's perking."

When he bit into the first cookie he said: "A girl who can turn out these things is wasted as a secretary. Where did you learn such magic?"

"I kept house for my father from the time I was thirteen. He was an epicure, so I had to be good."

Little by little, he drew out the story of her life. It was the first time she had ever told anyone the unvarnished truth about her dreary childhood. When she came to the story of how she had padded the grocery bills to accumulate her tuition fee to business school, he said: "Well, good for you. It takes character to steal in a good cause. Most people just whine and never take action."

"Don't give me too much credit. Most of the time I didn't take action, either. I just got drunk on dreams." She told the story of the lovely Stoughton house and her private goal of a dream house of her own.

"Understandable," he said gently. "Humans had failed you right and left. So you cottoned on to a house to pour out love on. What happened next?"

"A long, dark tunnel of plain hard work. Then when I found out that Harry Caldwell wanted me because he couldn't get me, I saw a way of making my dream house come true. I didn't love him, but I gave good value as a wife. Still, I suppose even as dense a man as Harry could feel the difference between devotion and mere service. That's why I really couldn't blame him when he wanted to marry someone who really cared for him."

"Does Stevens know what a complex creature he's got for a secretary?" he asked curiously.

"Of course not. He's got me labelled as a one-dimensional New England prig. But then he has no data. I've never told anyone what my life's been like."

"And why do you tell me?"

"To catch your interest," she said deliberately. "You're the only person I ever met whom I wanted to — like me."

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All characters in serials and short stories which appear in THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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He gave her a long look and then broke into his engaging grin.

"It's mutual," he said. "But we'll go into that after your case is settled. While it's purely a legal matter, it's just as well if this Leila person—and her lawyer—don't have any peg to hang an accusation on."

"I don't understand."

"Well, we're going into court on the assumption that you are still Harry Caldwell's wife and widow. So until we win, we keep you beyond reproach."

"And if we lose?"

"I couldn't care less. If you didn't have a dime to your name, I still want to see a lot of you. Now go on about the meeting in the lawyer Rankin's office."

She told it almost verbatim — as far as she went. But she was careful to omit her visit to Sebastian Varney and the information he had given her as to her status in the New York courts. And she was as silent as the grave about the garage key and the murder itself.

She finished: "In Mr. Rankin's office Harry actually ordered me out of the Greenaway house, so I gave him my keys and came to this apartment and began paying the rent myself. The lease is still in my name. I never went back to the house."

"In other words, you were acquiescing in a divorce."

"No, I was not. I was acquiescing in a separation only. Mr. Rankin can tell you what I said."

"Why were you so set against a divorce?"

"I suppose Chuck is right about me. I am a moral prig. I believe in oaths and I had sworn to be Harry's wife till death us do part."

"Yet you left him."

FROM THE BIBLE

I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

— John 10:11.

"I told you, he ordered me out. Besides, I'm not a robot. I've got my share of pride — all right, vanity, then. What would you do if someone said he was sick of the sight of you?"

"I'd write him off as a fool. You say you refused separation maintenance. Why?"

"I wasn't working at my job as long as any longer. Why should I be paid?"

"You don't belong in the mid-twenties, young lady, but I'm damned if I know a century where they need women like you."

"I'm not so special. It's simply that my type is rarely publicised."

"You've got as many angles as a polygon. It'll take me a lifetime to get to really know you."

"When do we start?"

"I told you when."

"We're going to have a marvelous time when the case is settled."

"He was bubbling with a new conspicuous magnetism."

"We are. But stop your temptations. I'm here on business. How long after the meeting in Rankin's office did Caldwell go to Reno?"

"I can't be sure. But it was less than a week. I happened to phone Ruth Crane and he was already gone."

"Did you get a service of complaint from his lawyer or the Reno court?"

"No."

"Good. Your husband seems to have played right into your hands. Now tell me this: did you go to Reno to fight the action?"

"Of course not."

"Or file a notice of appearance through an attorney?"

"I did absolutely nothing. I didn't know a thing until weeks later when I got a paper from the Reno court saying the divorce had gone through."

"Then I think we're home free. The Nevada court didn't have jurisdiction over both parties, so New York won't recognise the divorce." He rose. "I won't be seeing you unless something comes

Continued from page 80

up. There'll be papers to sign, but I'll send them to you."

"Can't you bring them?" she asked with her new confidence in herself.

"I could but I won't."

"This Caesar's wife thing can be overdone. How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"And I'm thirty-three. We've got plenty of time. All our lives."

"I can wait for ever, if I must."

"Well, I can't. I'll push this through as fast as I can. Until then, *au revoir, auf Wiedersehen, arrivezerci.*"

"One kiss, Arnold?"

"No. If I did, I'd be here all night." He strode out.

But alone, walking uptown to his own apartment, he was not as

calm or as judicial as he had appeared. He was not an impulsive man; reason and ethical values governed his actions far more than emotion. But this girl's combination of what he took to be strait-laced integrity and daring theft when it came to the money for her business course had tumbled his judgment like a squall of wind off the river.

Normally, he would have assessed such an action as sneaky and snide and he had surprised himself when he had told her amusedly that it took character to steal in a good cause. But some of Susan's fire had got under his skin and had heated his usually cool blood. His mouth widened into its engaging grin as

he told himself, "Hemborg, you're caught at last. The gal's a witch."

After Arnold had left, Susan relaxed in her chair with a feeling of utter euphoria. For the first time in her life, she was completely, intoxicatingly happy. All the hardships, humiliations, and frustrations of her childhood fell away. They only made her present situation more shining. If she had written the scenario herself, she couldn't have made it more perfect.

But commonsense was still with her. She realised she was walking a tightrope until Harry's murder was either solved or shelved, and she plotted her course carefully. She had always had a strong will, and she used it now. Deliberately, she

forced herself to block out from her memory her whole connection with the case. Just as she had burned the wig, the ballet slippers, the sweater set, she reduced her own act to ashes in her mind. She would be vaguely sorry if Leila Thomas or any other innocent person was accused and punished for the crime, but she would never lift a finger which might endanger the beautiful new life that was opening up for her. She would defend her happiness at all costs.

Happiness was not in the picture at Greenaway. Leila was both heart-broken and frightened. The heart-break came from her real if facile love for Harry. She missed his love-making and his clowning every moment of the day and night. The

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 15, 1965

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

'ROOFING' THE OUTDOORS



THIS CHARMING PERGOLA, covered with wisteria, adds space to the living-room and makes a larger entertainment area. In spring and summer the vine shades the area; in winter the sun streams through.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 285

ROOFING portions of the outdoor areas can add much to the appearance and comfort of the garden, and often serve as an appropriate architectural link between house and garden.

Example of this are overhead structures which are attached to the house and which extend living-space to the outdoors. These are mainly related to paved areas such as patios and terraces, and should have architectural agreement with the house.

Then there are the free-standing pergolas of various kinds.

All these outdoor structures lend themselves particularly well to the growing of climbing plants; but choose these carefully.

A deciduous climber is best where an open, sunny position is desired in winter. Evergreens are suitable for hot districts where coolness is needed or where year-round privacy is the main consideration. An open-growing climber has the appeal of daintiness and casts delicate lacy patterns of shadows.

It may be desirable to include several varieties to ensure flowering at different times. Here are a few suggestions:

Among the deciduous species, wisteria, with its lovely sprays of lavender-blue flowers, is suitable for both cold and temperate climates.

Ornamental grapes have magnificent autumn foliage and do particularly well in cold districts.

The lovely varieties of clematis, with variously colored and usually fragrant flowers, also like cool climates.

For frost-free areas *Antigonum leptopus* (Coral Vine), an open-growing climber with sprays of pink flowers in summer, and *Mandevilla suaveolens* are suggested. The latter has an open habit of growth and pure white funnel-shaped, very fragrant flowers.

Among the evergreen climbers *Doxanthus unguisati* (Cat's Claw Creeper) is hardy in most districts; strong-growing and has yellow trumpet-shaped flowers.

Jasminum polyanthum does well in temperate climates, stands a little frost, and has masses of white star-shaped perfumed flowers.

Thunbergia gibsonii likes a warm, sheltered, frost-free area; adorns itself with bright orange flowers over a long period.

Stephanotis floribunda (Madagascar Jasmine) is fairly dense-growing, with handsome dark green leaves and fragrant white flowers. Needs a warm frost-free district.

Lapageria rosea (Chilean Bell Flower) is open-growing with many slender stems and rose-red tubular flowers up to 4in. long; does best in cool temperate areas in partial shade.

If you require a heavy dense cover, *bougainvillea* could be your choice.

If you prefer fruit-bearing vines, then passionfruit or grapes might be considered.

Lovers of roses can decorate the pergola or patio with the many lovely climbing varieties.

OVERLEAF: ERICA'S CHARM

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 286

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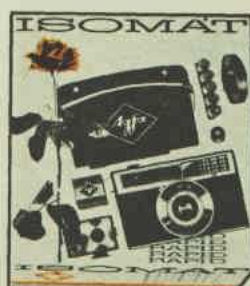
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 15, 1965

ERICA'S CHARM

By R. H. ANDERSON

ERICAS, or heaths, reward the gardener with shrubs which have a profusion of interesting little flowers over a long period. There are over 500 species, most of which come from South Africa and Southern Europe.

The various species and varieties have different flowering periods and, if carefully selected, can put on a show during most months of the year. Most, however, have their heaviest blooming from June to October.

Some are comparatively short-lived (8-10 years). In height the best known vary from 2ft. to 6ft., although there are good dwarf varieties, about 12in. high, which are very useful for rock gardens, borders, or pots.

Ericas do best in sandy, peaty soil or light loams with plenty of leaf-mould. They are intolerant of lime, although several species, such as *Erica carnea* and *E. darleyensis*, are more adaptable. Animal manures should be avoided.

There is evidence to show that, at times, satisfactory growth is dependent on the presence of mycorrhiza in the soil — tiny fungal growths which assist the roots in their work.

If a plant remains unthrifty after good attention, take a little soil from around another Erica which is doing well and place it with the soil of the ailing plant.

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ERICA CRUENTA is long-flowering and grows to 3ft.

Ericas need plenty of water during dry weather, and many are lost through dryness. The roots are fine, forming a mat, which tends to keep out water. Embedding small drainage pipes or tins in the ground and filling them with water brings the moisture to the lower roots.

Most species prefer a sunny position.

Annual trimming after flowering is desirable to keep a good compact shape. Don't cultivate the soil too closely around the plants, as they resent root disturbance.

Propagation is by seed, cuttings, or layers. The soft-wooded species are readily increased by 1in. cuttings taken from twiggy lateral shoots. The hard-wooded ones are more difficult.



ERICA CANALICULATA, more commonly known as *E. melanthera* (left) and **ERICA WILMOREI** (or *E. wilmoreana*).

The species most commonly grown include:

ERICA AUTUMNALIS, a hybrid 3ft. tall, with a profusion of small rounded deep rose flowers in autumn and winter.

E. CANALICULATA (more commonly known as *E. MELANTHERA*), probably the most popular of the heaths, and deservedly so. It is fast-growing, hardy, and very free-flowering during winter, with pale mauve blooms and black anthers. Grows 3ft. to 5ft.

E. CERENTHOIDES (Winter Gem) is a delightful little shrub, 2ft. to 3ft. tall, with bright red bell-shaped flowers.

E. DARLEYENSIS, a very hardy and adaptable heath, of compact habit, about 2ft. tall, with masses of rose-pink bells in winter and spring.

E. CARNEA is one of the low-growing heaths, 12in. tall. The variety "Spring-wood" has ivory-white flowers with protruding chocolate-colored anthers. The variety "King George" has deep pink flowers.

E. CRUENTA is a long-flowering hardy species with tubular orange-scarlet flowers. Grows up to 3ft. tall.

E. HYBRIDA is a fast-growing

popular species 3ft. to 4ft. tall with long tubular scarlet flowers and attractive, dense, soft green foliage. Often used as a potplant.

E. LINNAEOIDES has deep rose-pink tubular flowers with a touch of purple, flowering over a long period, but mainly from winter to early summer.

E. PEERIA ROSEA is a compact little shrub with small bright pink bells borne in clusters at the ends of the stems in winter and spring. 2ft. to 3ft. tall.

E. MULTIFLORA var. **DAVIESII** has little lavender-pink bells, borne in great profusion. 3ft.

E. WEBBLEYANA has long waxy rose-pink flowers arranged in dense spikes and is very useful for cutting.

E. WILMOREI (*E. WILMOREANA*) is a free-flowering popular species with pink and white tubular flowers arranged in spikes.

The heather, so dear to the hearts of Scotsmen, was once classed as an Erica but is now known as *CALLUNA VULGARIS*, although very closely related botanically. Variable in habit, it is sometimes almost prostrate, or a few inches high, but can make a shrub up to 4ft. The common form has purplish-pink flowers, but there is a white variety and one with double flowers. It is very hardy, tolerating snow and heavy wind, and will grow on most soils, although preferring peaty, sandy, lime-free ones.

In Australia we have our own native heaths which, although not in the same botanical family, are very closely related to the Ericas and have similar features. The best known are the various species of *Epacris*, commonly seen in poor sandstone country.

The Native Fuchsia, *EPACRIS LONGIFLORA*, has lovely tubular flowers, scarlet with white tips, and is found on sandy soil in N.S.W. The White Heath, *EPACRIS IMPRESSA*, is a dainty little plant with prickly leaves and delicate white, pink, or red flowers, usually closely massed. It is found in several States.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

BETTER THAN RAIN...

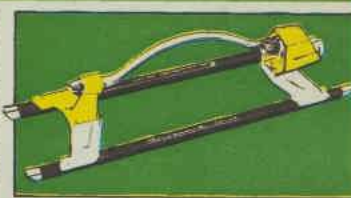
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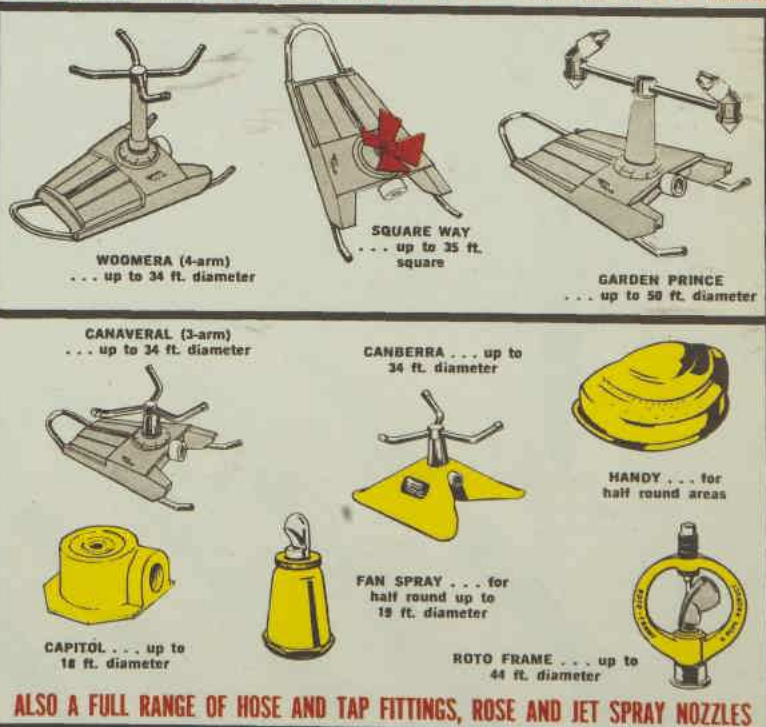


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fright was induced from an outside expert source: her lawyer.

Martin Lowry had done what he could for her. At the outset of the mess, his first act had been to call his lawyer, a man named Hill, who gave him sound advice:

"Be glad to act for you, Marty, but this is not my cup of tea. I'd be doing you and your cousin a disservice by handling it. But I can do something for you. Steve Thatcher's a good friend of mine and he's the greatest criminal lawyer in the State, if not the country. I'll get in touch with him at once and make an appointment for you."

Steve Thatcher, big, redheaded, tough, and resourceful, gave up a golf game and drove up from his Fifty-seventh Street Penthouse to Greenaway on Saturday afternoon. Martin Lowry admitted him to the Caldwell house, introduced himself,

Continued from page 81

gave him a summary of the situation.

"Go easy on her, Mr. Thatcher. The poor kid's nerves are raw and she needs gentle handling."

"She won't get it from me," Steve said uncompromisingly. "This is an inquiry, not a wake. I'm here to get facts."

"You can get them without adding to her misery."

"Maybe. Maybe not. I find I get more truthful answers if the subject's off balance than if I'm holding her hand while I question her."

"You're the doctor," Marty shrugged. "But you may find yourself with a well-developed case of hysterics on your hands."

He was wrong. Alone with Thatcher, Leila somehow found

composure and co-operation. Even his first question, delivered like a bullet, left her calm.

"Mrs. Caldwell, did you kill your husband?"

"No. I loved him. I wanted him alive."

"I'll accept that for the moment. So if you didn't, who could have?"

"I have no idea. Harry wasn't a man anybody hated enough to kill."

"There are other motives."

"You mean money. That leads straight back to me. But I didn't do it."

"How about power? Who takes over the running of the Caldwell Agency now?"

"Mr. Foster, I suppose. But it

won't be taking over. He's running it now."

"Was there bad blood between him and Caldwell?"

"There had been. Right after the death of Harry's father." She explained about the will. "While he was still married to his wife, he used to drop in for a drink at my house. He was very bitter about his father and Mr. Foster. The whole thing was a slap at his brains and ability."

"But it changed?"

"You might say I changed it."

"How?"

"I told him not to be a fool. Here was Foster doing all the work and Harry getting all the gravy. What more could he ask for?"

"And so he listened to you?"

"He saw it was good sense. And it didn't tie him down. He had a lot more time for golf and his speedboat and—me."

"He sounds a pretty poor excuse of a man," said Thatcher deliberately.

"Sweet people aren't usually strong. I knew he was weak, but I didn't mind. He was fun to be with and he was always thinking of my happiness." She subdued the tremor in her voice and went on: "This angle won't help you any, or Foster, either. I think your best bet is whether the garage door was set for the alarm or not."

"Explain the whole alarm setup to me."

"Well, I've been nervous about prowlers ever since — You know about my first husband?"

"I know," he said flatly.

"That's what's frightening me so. Plenty of people thought I shot Lee on purpose. And now this. What will any jury think with such a past behind me?"

Thatcher laughed.

"I am a lawyer, you know. It'll be over my dead body if they get one syllable about Leland Thomas into the evidence."

Her eyes opened wide and she batted her inch-long eyelashes hopefully.

"You can keep it out? That's wonderful."

HE didn't remind her

that probably every member of any jury would have knowledge of her history. She explained the workings of the alarm system in detail.

"If Harry neglected to throw the switch on the garage door into the house either at seven-thirty when he got out the car or at two a.m. when he put it away, anybody could have got in," she finished.

"And who knew they'd find nicotine weedkiller ready to hand?"

"It wouldn't have to be ours. I would say every householder in Greenaway has some. Harry was a nut on the subject of insecticides. He'd recommend his favorite brand and go all out to get others to use it. They did, too. He was a better salesman when his heart was in it than he was for the agency."

He took her through the rest of the story and got a clear picture of the situation. She even told him of her unwise attempt to get Dr. Gifford to sign the death certificate without calling in the police.

"I know it was a stupid thing to do. It makes me look horribly guilty. But I was frantic. I felt I just couldn't go through such a thing twice. So I tried a little of the old reliable sex appeal, but it was no good."

Thatcher gave her a long look. The fact that she had told him of this rather discreditable manoeuvre turned the scales in her favor for him. He decided to believe her story from start to finish and to take the case. He knew it would not be easy. When she asked him: "Do you think they'll arrest me?" he gave it to her straight.

"Probably. I don't see how they can sidestep it, your cousin's prestige notwithstanding. You more or less put the handcuffs on yourself when you blatted that the marmalade was OK yesterday when Caldwell had some and that not a soul had been in the house all day Friday but yourself. If you had any sense you wouldn't have handed them all that deadly ammunition."

"It was the truth," she said with spirit. "And the truth never hurt anyone."

"Oh, no? This isn't a movie script, young lady, with the heroine vindicated in the last fifty feet of film. You're in a damned tight spot and the only way I can see out of it is that garage door. Tell me this: did your husband ever forget to throw the switch other times?"

"Do you want me to be smart or do you want the truth?"

"To me — the whole truth, now and always."

"Then I'm sure he did, but I don't actually know. But I do know Harry. He was the most careless person in the world. He thought the whole alarm business was nonsense. He only put it in to please me. It's likely that he often forgot the switch."

"Then I suggest you sit down."

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and rack your memory and come up with a few times when he did forget."

"You think any jury would believe me?"

"I'm not shooting at the jury. It's the judge I'm after. The operative point in any judge's summing-up is this: he is bound to tell the jury that probability of guilt is not enough, that unless they can exclude all other possibilities the charge has not been proven beyond a reasonable doubt and they dare not bring in a verdict of guilty. Well, the garage door's a possibility. Practically the only possibility. Get that through your head. Now tell me exactly how Caldwell left his money."

"I don't know."

"He didn't discuss the terms of his will with you?"

"He didn't have a will."

"You can't be sure of that."

"I can. Harry hated the idea of death and everything that reminded him of it. And on top of that, when his father did that humiliating thing to him in his will, Harry said that nothing on earth would ever make him write one. He called it a dead hand beyond the grave trying to control the living."

"What about relatives — aunts, uncles, cousins?"

"There's nobody, Harry was an only child and the last of the family."

"So you'll be a very rich woman."

Her composure finally broke.

"It's Harry I want," she cried.

"Not his money."

"Well, it's yours, like it or not. So instead of moaning over it, how about mixing us both a good stiff drink?"

LIEUTENANT STORM had the good sense to keep an open mind and turn a deaf ear to hunches. In all conscience, he couldn't pin guilt on Susan Wells. Her alibi had enough holes in it to be believable and probably true. She could not have expected so early a visit by the Westchester police, so it was reaching far out to think that she had deliberately painted her kitchen cupboards in the hope that he would arrive in time to smell the paint. Charles Stevens strengthened her position immeasurably. She had the calm satisfied attitude of being off with the old husband and happily set on the new. That tableau of the two of them cosily eating her home-baked cookies made an impression without a trace of guilt in it.

Stanley Rankin's account of the Caldwell meeting in his office was another point in her favor. Here was a lawyer who had nothing to gain by espousing her cause and a lot to lose by antagonising the heir to the Caldwell estate. Yet he had done just that and Storm had to accept the fact that he had done it because of Susan's intrinsic decency and integrity.

And to cap everything, her neighbor, the peppery little Mrs. McGill, had given her a nearly invincible alibi. While he hadn't the exact time of the phone call, it was established beyond doubt that during the evening Susan's phone had rung and been answered. With an old feeling of dissatisfaction, he crossed her off his list.

Who was left? Only Leila Thomas. A shallow lightweight with apparently little moral fibre, according to Betty Tyler, both the Cranes, and Stanley Rankin. A woman who wouldn't hesitate to snatch another woman's husband. And a woman who had shot her first husband, rightly or wrongly, got away with it, collecting a sizable insurance in the process. Had her exoneration been sheer luck with a touch of sex appeal added? And had the

Continued from page 86

luck encouraged her to try again for much bigger stakes?

Her stupidity would account for the appalling mistakes she had made and the wide-open trail she had left behind her. On the face of it, she looked as guilty as hell.

He pounded his desk with a fist. That was the trouble. She looked too guilty. Could the thing be a frame? Had Caldwell been just a decoy duck, killed with a view to making her look guilty and pay for the crime? On the record, plenty of people disliked her. Did anyone in Greenaway or elsewhere hate her so much that he — or she — had staged this elaborate, grisly melodrama? Caldwell had been drinking heavily at the Club dance.

STRICTLY A LOSER

How simple for a "pal" to slip his keys out of his pocket, race to the Caldwell house, unset the alarms, go in, poison the jam, reset them, and then race back to the Country Club and slip Harry's keys back in his pocket.

Christopher Storm the lieutenant told himself to stop letting a hunch ride him. Christopher Storm the man had no stomach for crucifying a woman just to tie up a case neatly. He decided to consult his captain before going to the D.A. with his findings.

Captain Elliot Bliss had none of Storm's sensitivity. He was a good, solid police officer with no respect for status symbols. If a person broke

the law, no matter whose cousin he was, he was for it.

Storm went over the case from start to finish. Bliss snorted at his theory of a frame.

"Dammit, Chris, stop reading paperbacks. The whole idea stinks."

"It does sound a bit wild."

"You've got a legitimate suspect. What are you waiting for?"

"Well, there are loopholes. If the garage switch was off, anyone might have got in and done it."

"And who would know that particular switch was off?"

"Whoever got in might not have known there was a switch at all."

"With a loudmouth like Caldwell, you can give odds that everybody knew."

"The ex-wife wouldn't know. The alarm was a recent thing."

"Chris, you're reaching. You yourself have eliminated her by everything you've told me. All the evidence gives her a good character —"

"Yeah. A little bit too holy for my taste."

"Forget your damned hunches, will you? Granted she'd have a motive if she knew about that particular divorce law. But how many people — especially women — do know a tricky point like that? You said she was stunned when you told her, and you're not easy to fool."

"Well —"

"Look at what's in her favor. Did she know you'd step out of line and go hurtling down to Manhattan without even going through

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Continued from page 87

channels with the New York police, so you got there in time to smell the paint in her kitchen? Did she look like a woman scorned or the fiancée of an electronics big shot? And, above all, if she was home Friday evening and answered her phone, how could she have been up here poisoning the jam jar? Forget the ex-wife."

"Okay, Elliot. I guess you're right."

"Now for the present wife. You sure you haven't fallen for a pretty face?"

"I'm sure. It's a type I don't go for. But the whole thing looks too open and shut."

"Her own cousin told you how dumb she is."

STRICTLY A LOSER

"Nobody's that dumb when their own hide's in danger."

"This one sounds positively weak-minded. Telling you the jam was OK yesterday and nobody could have tampered with it but herself. I'm no psychiatrist, Chris, but I've known types like this one. They wear blinkers. They've got one-track minds. Governed by only one thing—to get what they want. Anybody gets in the way, off with his head. She did it with the first husband and she's done it again."

"It may be she won't get the chair or even a prison term. From what I've heard of this Thatcher, he's a shrewd cookie and will probably go for the insanity bit. And maybe get her off with a few

months in the asylum. But that's the D.A.'s headache. You've got a solid suspect. Go ahead and charge her."

With Leila in custody awaiting the Grand Jury, the papers concentrated on her. You couldn't eat breakfast without facing a three-column picture of her in every metropolitan newspaper. Being as photogenic as she was, she crowded Harry off the front page and Susan was not even mentioned except when they reported that Leila was the dead man's second wife. This gave Susan a sense of security to a point which helped her effort to block out her own part in the situation and view the case nearly as objectively as any newspaper reader. Leila's position did not trouble her unduly.

Little by little, she convinced herself that if the other woman was suffering, it was no more than justice. She had robbed Susan of her husband and her home and had driven her to the drastic step she had taken. She convinced herself that as far as real danger went due process in America did not convict innocent people. Added to this, she was much too occupied to consider anything but her own future.

A FEW days after the meeting in her home with Arnold, he called her up and said abruptly: "Look. I'm not eating. I'm not working. I'm not sleeping. A man can take just so much. When can I see you?"

"Whatever time you say isn't soon enough."

"Right. Tonight, then. And if the court or our opponents make something of it, let them. I'm not sure, anyway, that I want a millionaire wife."

"I'm not sure I want to be one. If we do win, I don't want to be smothered by money. I'm thinking seriously of setting up some kind of foundation and using most of the money for charity. Is that practical?"

"It's a lot more than practical. Susan, you're one hell of a girl. I hope I can live up to you."

They saw each other every night. Arnold was a music lover and, of course, with her upbringing, it was her second language. They would sit for hours in his cool roomy apartment listening to his magnificent collection of records. There was a good restaurant in the building and almost every evening they would order dinner served on the small terrace of his apartment overlooking the lights of the East River and Long Island. With muted music seeping out from the living-room they would talk or be silent as they chose, but in rapport every moment of the time.

He was an excellent listener, and for the first time Susan indulged herself in confidences. Nothing was too small or unimportant to say. She painted a telling picture of her father and a rueful one of her mother, realising Harriet's woe-begone tragedy too late to do anyone any good. She gave him a bitter-sweet account of her equivocal position in the "crowd" at high school, not sparing either herself or her companions. Arnold, sympathetic most of the time, took exception to her letting herself be used.

"I'd have liked you better if you'd by-passed the little swine," he said forthrightly.

"At thirteen I wasn't so holier-than-thou. I was hungry to talk to my own kind."

"I see that, but still it's a tiny blot on my picture of you."

"Then your picture's wrong. I'm thoroughly human."

"Not in my eyes," he grinned. "I guess I'm addicted to pedestals. It was true. In a money-grubbing age he was that rare thing—a man to whom honor and principle were not mere words."

They weren't always alone. Chas Stevens came occasionally to dinner, and Arnold made a point of introducing her to his best friend, Bill Carstairs. They had been law-school intimates and while Arnold had gone into private practice Bill had entered

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STRICTLY A LOSER

the District Attorney's office and was now a prominent assistant D.A. Susan liked him and listened enthralled to the cases he discussed with Arnold. The summer slipped away with magical speed.

The Grand Jury indicted Leila for murder in the first degree. And late in September Arnold appeared in the Surrogate's Court asking that Susan, as the only true and lawful wife of Harrison Caldwell, be appointed administratrix of his estate. Stephen Thatcher did what he could. He made tremendous play of the fact that Susan had deserted her husband, having left his Greenway bed and board.

But he had not counted on Stanley Rankin's solid testimony that Caldwell had ordered her out of his home in his (Lanky Ranky's) office. Rankin was an upright, conscientious citizen and law officer, himself unaware of his subconscious bias against Leila. In spite of Thatcher's skilful needling, he made an impressive witness for Susan. And the facts and the law were on her side. The court decreed that she was Harrison Caldwell's true and only wife and heir and granted her letters of administration.

Thatcher was on the horns of a dilemma. He could fight, delay the wind-up of the estate, and possibly get a sizable settlement out of court for Leila, but what would it do for his case when her trial for first degree murder came up? It would point up the money motive, point a mercenary image of her for the jury, and stress the fact that far from being insane, temporarily or totally, she had a level head and a keen eye for dollars and cents. He did not fight.

For the first time, Susan made the headlines. With Arnold beside her in his official capacity, she held a Press conference and announced her plan to set up a foundation to assist worthy music students who had not the means to finance their careers themselves. Flashlights exploded, cameras clicked, and questions boiled out. Page one was Susan's...

WHEN the water in the percolator took on a wine-red tinge, Sebastian Varney dropped two slices of bread in the toaster, took the glass of orange juice from the small refrigerator, spooned out jam from its jar on to a delicate white dish, and set out cup, saucer, and plate to match, along with price-cut thin Queen Anne flat silver. He stood back, surveyed the effect, and nodded approval.

He loved this leisurely morning before the arrival of his daily running woman and of his grubby pants. It satisfied some obscure part in him that in every detail he kept up the standards of the money way of life, even ten years after being cast into outer darkness. He still missed the smooth, silent voice of his mother's parlormaid, and he was philosopher enough to accept necessity with good humor.

When the toast popped up, he slipped it in a threadbare linen napkin while he drank his orange juice. Then he poured his coffee, stirred his toast, spread it with butter, and opened his morning paper. The picture of a personable young man stared up at him over the caption, "Court Adjudges Her Caldwell Heir." Neither picture nor caption meant anything to him, and he took in the front page, column one, in his usual systematic way. When he came to the Caldwell item, he read it through with interest, the legal quirk of the story interesting him as it would any lawyer. He glanced again at the two-column picture and his eyes narrowed with a dawning recognition.

Slowly, gropingly, the memory started back to him. This was the girl who had come to him nearly a year ago, asking for information about divorce, about the rights of a woman divorced against her husband and without representation in the Reno court — exactly the situation of the subject of today's article. But this woman's name was Susan Wells. What had she called

herself that day — Larrigan, Larrimore, Lassiter? That was it. He remembered the story she had told at the time about needing the information for a novel. It hadn't fooled him even then. And now —

His coffee cooled as he read the article again, turning to page 28 for the finish of it. The last two paragraphs dealt with the manner of Caldwell's death and the arrest and indictment of his second "wife" for murder. He pushed back his chair and went to the front room — his office — where he made a bee-line for the small locked cupboard on the wall marked L.

Sebastian Varney, scion of generations of straitlaced, law-abiding, upright antecedents, was that

unheard-of anomaly, a crooked Varney. When Linda Stoughton had ceased to sing the praises of her fascinating cousin and had stated airily that he was in the doghouse because he preferred New York to Boston in which to practise law, she was presenting a loyal united front with the clan to keep the shameful truth a secret from the world. And that truth was that Sebastian had helped himself to 22,000 dollars from the holdings of a Varney client.

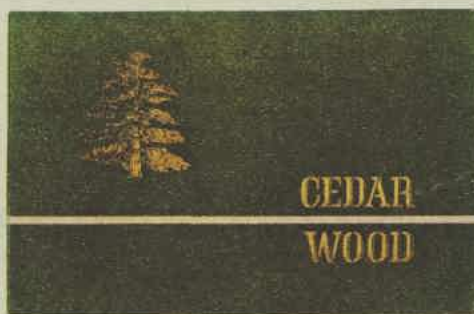
He was a lighthearted rogue without deliberate malice. He only stole when all other sources of funds were cut off. At school and at

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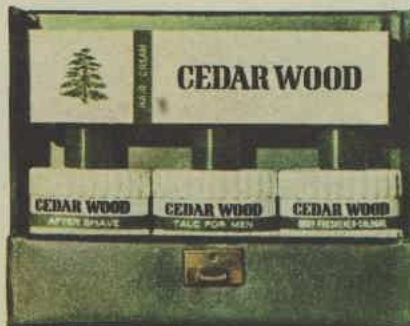
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home he had managed a few clever thefts and had never been suspected. When he entered the family firm as a very, very junior partner, his salary was small, since Varney Senior was thrifty as well as upright. But since he lived at home, charged his clothes to his father's tailor, and used the Varney name to charge theatre tickets, flowers, and even cigarettes, he got along comfortably.

It is possible that he might have gone through life without ever feloniously assaulting any of the estates which Varney and Son handled, except for an innocent accident: he ran into a Harvard classmate one day at lunch. It was August, the elder Varneys were in Bar Harbor, half the staff was on vacation, since August was a dead month, and Sebastian was practically holding the fort alone.

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He had not seen Howard Hale since graduation, and their lunch hour was a pleasant rehash of "What ever happened to . . . ?" and "What do you hear of . . . ?" which carried them through the dessert, when Hale glanced at his watch and said: "Nice seeing you, but I've got to run. I'm late now."

"Business appointment?"

"No, as a matter of fact, I'm going to the races. I've got an inside tip on a horse in the second and I'm coupling it with every horse in the first for the Double. It's a sleeper, so no matter who wins the first, it should pay well."

"Well, good luck. Where are they running?"

"Right here at Suffolk. Be there

in twenty minutes. Why don't you come along?"

"Sounds good. I might just do that."

Sebastian knew nothing about racing, but the colorful scene at Suffolk Downs was pleasant, and for several races he was content to be an onlooker. Hale's tip came in and he won a sizable Daily Double. It was not until the fourth race that Sebastian said idly: "Now if I were betting, I'd play this Midsummer Meeting."

"A dog," Hale scoffed. "Save your money. The favorite's a cinch."

Sebastian took out two dollars.

"Put this up for me, will you, Howie?"

STRICTLY A LOSER

"OK, but I'm telling you, Midsummer Meeting hasn't won a race this year."

Midsummer Meeting won this one and paid 68 dollars for a two-dollar ticket. It was then that misfortune struck. Sebastian had a virulent attack of beginner's luck. Everything he did was right. One after another, his wild long shots came in, and at the end of the day, he was 184 dollars to the good. Howard wrung his hands.

"All that luck wasted on two-dollar bets! You realise what you could have cleaned up if you'd pressed your bets, boy?"

"Well, it was fun."

"Glad you enjoyed it. Next time

I have a free afternoon, I'll give you a ring."

Sebastian did not wait for Howard's free afternoon. The virus had spread like wildfire. Burning with beginner's luck fever, he went to the track alone. Again, his haphazard choices came in with violent regularity. After he had cashed his third two-dollar ticket, he thought himself of Howard's phrase about pressing bets. He bought a ten-dollar ticket on his next choice. When it lost, he bet 20 dollars on the next race—and won. He was a very sick lad.

The rest followed as logically as the course of all illnesses. Whenever he lost a bet, he doubled up. Soon, 100 dollars was his smallest bet, and when three of his choices in a row lost, he found himself betting 800 dollars on the following race. When his bank account was cleaned out, he blithely sold two 1000-dollar bonds belonging to Mrs. Sanford Evans, a rich and valuable client. His hit-or-miss "hatpin" method of picking winners went into a tailspin. The bonds melted like soft snow. With a hanged-for-a-sheep grin, he dipped further into the Evans folder. By the time the Suffolk meeting came to a close, he had hypothecated 22,000 dollars and lost it.

HE was not discovered until October, when Mrs. Evans suggested a switch in her holdings to the elder Varney. The end was swift. Varney Senior discovered the loss, questioned his son, who admitted the truth with reprobate nonchalance. The worst that he expected was a jeremiad to which he could close his ears. But he had not taken into account the iron in Varney Senior's make-up. Dishonesty was the one thing that took precedence over love, family, and forgiveness. Sebastian was told with icy quiet to pack up and get out. His father would shoulder the loss but henceforth had no son.

He knew when he was licked. He went home and followed orders. His mother happened to be away, so he had no explanations to make. He called a moving company, ordered the contents of his bedroom and study to be crated and sent to New York, including generous helpings of his mother's reserves of linen, china, and silver. He also annexed a magnificent string of pearls from her bedroom safe and pawned it for ready cash.

New York did not prove the oyster he had hoped for. He saw immediately that suitable offices, furniture, and help were totally beyond his means. It was even difficult to find decent living quarters which he could afford. Making a virtue of necessity, he settled for the Lexington Avenue "parlor floor," took his New York bar examination, and ordered a sign for the front window. He was a rogue, but a good-tempered, quizzical one, and took it without whining.

New York ignored him. By January he had earned 30 dollars by drawing up a will for a tenant in the building. His money was dangerously low. But he was resourceful and had another small sign made, reading "Income Tax Reports," and set it in his window. The timing was right. From January to April people trickled in, and then flowed in, eager to pay 15 dollars for expert clarification of the cloudy tax forms. For three months he worked day and night, sometimes seeing 20 clients a day.

By April his bank balance was healthy, and, with care, could easily see him through the eight and a half slack months until next January. But he was not a careful person. His devious mind told him that he had the perfect setup for a little harmless blackmail. About one-fourth of his clients had shown a tendency toward wishful larceny against the government, and Sebastian saw a fruitful field ahead of him.

He bought the finest tape recorder on the market and had it installed in a secret compartment of his desk. The next year all interviews were recorded and filed in the tiny metal cupboards along his wall. His methods were delicate. When a prosperous client hinted at a little juggling, Sebastian would smile and say: "It happens to

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pretty friendly with one of the Revenue men. I might make him close an eye — but, of course, he'd want his cut."

The "cut" was never exorbitant, but multiplied by dozens it made a nice addition to the money he made by real work. The mythical Revenue man kept Sebastian personally spotless. Only once would the recalcitrant client rebel against the "cut." Sebastian would get out his tape and play it back for him with its damaging suggestions in the client's own voice.

"You know," Sebastian would say, convincingly if inaccurately, "the Bureau can subpoena these tapes any time they want for evidence, and I couldn't do a thing about it. They insist that we keep these records."

He never had further trouble.

After ten years he had a comfortable income and a solid reputation in the neighborhood. But Lexington Avenue was changing. Its residential aspect was giving way to soulless office buildings. He was weighing the benefits and the risks of moving when he read the article about Susan Wells in the morning paper.

He played back her tape twice. It was transparently clear that the novelist gag was phony, that she was asking for information about her own situation. He had told her that she had no recourse if her husband wanted a divorce, and that she would be wise not to contest it or be represented in any way, so that she could retain her status as his heir in case he died.

And now, nine months later, just after he had inherited a sizable fortune, he had died. Had been murdered. Presumably by the second wife, who was now awaiting trial for murder in the first degree.

On an impulse which he did not clearly define in his own mind, he locked up the tape, left the house, and made his way to the public library, where he asked for the New York "Times" file beginning June fifth of the current year . . .

LIMELIGHT suited Susan admirably. All her life she had starved for attention, had spent her teens in thankless service to her father, and tolerated by the Cheltenham "crowd" because she was useful and had good ideas. But she had never occupied the centre of the stage. Now she bloomed. To the top men at Caldwell's, she was a personage. When news of the foundation came out, she was approached by important people, ready to welcome a newcomer into their charitable folds. She was invited to luncheons, teas, and cocktail parties in exalted circles. Above all, she had Arnold, who gave her not only love but comradeship.

She was very busy. She had many conferences with Leonard Foster, who had been old Caldwell's right-hand man and who now made policy for the entire Agency. Susan handed him a ten percent interest in the business over and above his handsome salary as an incentive to keep on running Caldwell's as in the past. Arnold would keep a guardian eye on the Agency records and the arrangement obviated any fear of Foster's setting up in business for himself and taking half the Caldwell accounts with him.

For the moment, the foundation remained in the planning stage. It was a complicated thing to set up, and Susan was busy with personal things. She moved from her little apartment to the dignified Cleveland Hotel. She spent delightful hours shopping for her trousseau and looking for a suitable apartment for herself and Arnold. She enjoyed the new social life which was opening up to her and made one or two congenial friends. Life was not merely rosy, it was golden.

Until one morning her phone rang.

"Hello, there, Miss Lassiter. This is Sebastian Varney."

She was beyond speech. From his first pleasant light word, she felt a danger. She did not try to sidestep the issue of the name Lassiter.

"Remember me?" he went on smoothly. "We had such a satisfactory talk that day in my office. I'd like to have another. What do you say?"

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She made no attempt to evade what faced her. She said: "I say no, Mr. Varney. There is nothing you and I have to discuss."

"How is the novel getting on? I've often wondered what happened to your 'hero' — the husband who wanted to trade old wives for new."

"I repeat: we have nothing to say to each other."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that. I was going to suggest your coming over and listening to a record."

"Record?" she echoed blankly, while her heart lurched violently.

"Yes. Of our first talk. I tape all my interviews, you know. It saves a lot of paper work. I really

think you should listen to a playback of it."

"I'm not interested," she said through dry lips.

"Oh, now, look, my dear. I gave you really valuable information last year for a ridiculous fee. I know it's not ethical to drum up trade, but now that you're planning this foundation, which entails a tremendous amount of legal work, I do think you ought to consider giving me a shot at it. What do you say?"

She knew him at once for what he was and made up her mind without an instant's pause. Two could play any game except solitaire.

"I see your point. While I'm not making any commitments as yet,

I see no harm in discussing it. After all, your work was satisfactory."

"Thank you. When may I expect you?"

Rapidly she calculated. Then she said: "I'm afraid it will have to be at an unorthodox hour. My days are fully taken up at present."

"I can understand that. Taking over the Caldwell Agency is a full-time job." There was a hint of laughter in his voice.

"Is seven o'clock tonight suitable?" she asked.

"Quite. I'll expect you. Nice talking to you again." He rang off.

She made a beeline for the bathroom and was violently sick. Twenty minutes later, pale, shivering, but with tight lips and flaring nostrils,

she sat down to think and to plan.

She faced what she had done for the first time since June fourth. Up to now she had used her considerable willpower to block out the bald fact that she had committed murder. She had used Ruggles' death, Leila's depredations, Harry's unworthiness as devious palliations of her crime.

Now she looked squarely at herself and said aloud in the empty suite: "You are a murderess. You killed solely for your own benefit. For the money. For the ridiculous 'dream house' which doesn't matter a damn now. But only good has come out of it. You are in love and you are loved. You will make Arnold happy, you will help many gifted musicians to reach their goal."

"The world is no worse for

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Now DOROTHY GRAY brings you the first ever 'Clear Skin Program' you can follow night and day!

To really give your skin problem a chance to heal — you must maintain the medication both night and day. Only Dorothy Gray brings you a complete range of medicated cosmetics so you can choose the exact "Clear Skin Program" you need. (Corrective products for morning and night — and medicated make-up to flatter and help heal all through the day.)

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Harry's death. Even if Leila's convicted, she is no great loss. People don't care for themselves. The only way to outwit them is to think of your own objectives. I learned that at sixteen when Father broke his promise about my dress for Linda's party. It's still true. I will not give up Arnold and my full, happy, useful life for a scruple. Sebastian Varney is a threat to everything I value. Something will have to be done."

She had a dinner date with Arnold as usual that evening, but as he often worked late they dined about eight. She generally arrived at his apartment anywhere between seven and eight, depending on her own afternoon appointments. That day her hours were full from one o'clock on: a luncheon date followed by an appointment at the

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hairdresser's, after which she was due at a cocktail party.

She did not deviate from her plans except that when she went home and dressed for the Maitland cocktail party she chose a bag which easily accommodated the little gun which Charles Stevens had given her months ago. She hoped she would not have to use it, but she was fully prepared to do so if necessary.

She reached the Maitland suite in the Biltmore at six-thirty and for a long fifteen minutes spoke to as many people as she could. It went against her conservative grain to say brightly half a dozen times: "So nice seeing you again," but she wanted to be remembered as having

STRICTLY A LOSER

been a definite part of the festive scene. At a quarter to seven she slipped away without saying good-bye to her hostess. She took no chances of being remembered by a taxi driver, went out a side entrance, and walked the eleven blocks to Varney's flat rapidly. She rang his bell on the dot of seven.

He greeted her with his friendly quizzical smile and offered her a drink. She refused.

"We'll pass up the social bit if you don't mind, Mr. Varney. What do you want of me?"

"Oh? Like that, is it? Very good. I like a businesslike businesswoman. Shall I play back the record?"

"It's not necessary. I remember our interview quite well."

"Then you realise how damning it is under the circumstances. All that stuff about the real heir if and when the rich boy died."

"I realise nothing of the kind. If you are under the impression that I am here out of fear or that I have any intention of being blackmailed, you are entirely wrong. I came to you last year for a little legal information, which you gave me, and for which I paid you. That ends it."

"Not quite, I think, my friend. That information was loaded. I gave you the green light to go ahead and commit a neat little murder and rake in a few million dollars. Surely I'm entitled to some of it." So she was right. It was not legal

work he was after; it was the cold, ever-increasing bite of the black-mailer.

"I disagree," she said curtly.

"Have you a choice, dear lady?" "Yes. I can say, 'Publish and be damned.' Good night, Mr. Varney."

"Oh, now, be reasonable. Come off your high horse and let's discuss this comfortably. Frankly, I admire you for the smart way you went for your objective. Don't spoil it by being greedy. You can certainly spare, say, half a million to a man who knows how to keep his mouth shut. Cigarette?"

"Thanks. I'll smoke my own."

She opened her handbag. She walked back to the Biltmore, went in by one entrance, came out the main one, and let the doorman call a taxi. She gave him a dollar and a friendly smile.

"Between cocktail parties and home-going traffic, a taxi is a rare object at this hour," she said. Pointing up the time and place was as close to an alibi as she could come; if ever she should need it. But a bit of luck strengthened her position. A woman she knew by name and who had been at the Maitland's appeared on the sidewalk beside her.

"Oh, you're leaving, too, Mr. Landers. Can I give you a lift?"

"Oh, would you? It could be ages till another taxi comes along, and I'm late now."

She dropped Mrs. Landers at Fifty-sixth Street and then gave her own address to the driver.

IN her apartment, she stripped off the gloves she had worn to Varney's, cleaned the gun, reloaded it fully, and put it back in the bed-table drawer where she always kept it. She scrubbed her hands and used her usual delicate sandalwood toilet water to cover any odor of cordite or oil that might have seeped through the gloves.

Then she unwound the roll of tape she had found on Varney's playback machine — undoubtedly, their interview of a year ago — snipped it to bits and flushed them down the toilet. Her one regret was that she had not found the machine which had probably recorded today's meeting and dialogue, ending with the sharp ping of the bullet. She had searched, at first feverishly, then methodically, in and under Varney's desk, but without success. She had to let it go finally. She did not dare stay longer, both because someone might come in and find her and because she must not be unduly late in arriving at Arnold's.

As she cut the tape into tiny squares she reviewed today's scene with Varney. It certainly was damning in its implications and, of course, the sound of the shot clinched it. But with the first tape destroyed and the second only referring to heirs and murder in general but not to divorce or the status of legal wives in New York State, the murderer could be anybody. She remembered distinctly and thankfully that Varney had not once called her by name — either Wells or Lassiter — so there was nothing to connect her with the crime.

She went downstairs, got another taxi, and drove to Arnold's. As if good luck was the order of the day, they were the last car to cross Park Avenue before the light changed. For a moment or two no one was behind her. Casually, she dropped the telltale gloves out of the window unobserved.

Now there was nothing to connect her with Varney except the gun itself, and who would ever go so far afield as to test the gun of Susan Wells, of the Hotel Cleveland, while looking for the murderer of an obscure lawyer in a Lexington Avenue walk-up? But, to be on the safe side, she decided that the first opportunity she had she would take a ride on the Staten Island ferry and manage to drop it overboard. It would be simple to tell Charles Stevens (if the occasion ever came up) that the gun had somehow disappeared in transit when she moved from her apartment to the Cleveland.

It was twenty minutes past eight when she reached Arnold's. He was mixing cocktails, but he put down the shaker, lifted her off her feet, and kissed her thoroughly.

"I was just sending out the

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Make it a fruit juice Xmas!



Golden Circle Tropical Fruit Drinks are the happiest drinks for young parties. Kiddies can overstep their appetites — and still be fit next day. And there are two ways to serve them. Glamour glasses for the trustworthy teens — and quick, safe 'can and straw' service for the young ones. All your family will enjoy a healthier, happier holiday season when you celebrate with Golden Circle tropical health drinks.

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

MAY I ask your opinion about a Hungarian jug which has been in my wife's family for several generations? I am enclosing a photograph (left) of the jug.—D. Bluhm, Hope Valley, S.A.

Your Hungarian jug is a rare and beautiful 17th-century faience pottery attributed to the Sobotischis potteries in the county of Pressburg.

I HAVE a Willow pattern plate (right) in unusual coloring. It has been a family possession for a number of years. The stamp

on the back is very blurred—the lion and unicorn rampant with crown over what seems to read "Improved . . . stone . . . or . . . stoke china" over "J. & R.G." I would be pleased to know its origin.—Mrs. T. B. Cory, Longreach, Qld.

This Willow pattern plate is English Staffordshire. It was made at John and Robert Godwin's, Sneyd Green, Cobridge pottery, between 1834 and 1866. The Willow pattern is transfer-printed under the glaze, and the red, orange, and green enamels have been applied by hand over the surface.



Willow pattern plate.

Hungarian jug.

I HAVE a rocking chair, identical to the one photographed in Lord Snowdon's apartment when he was Antony Armstrong-Jones. The previous owner of our chair estimates that it was in her family for at least 75 years. The seat and back are made of cane weave and are still in excellent condition.—Mrs. W. Hall, Bellingen, N.S.W.

Your chair is an Austrian "Thonet" type rocking chair made of bentwood about 1885 to 1895.

COULD you supply me with some information about some spoons owned by my mother-in-law? They were found in the bush by her mother and are at least eighty years old. They are hallmarked with the letters "WE, WF, Z," suit of armor, lion, and king's head.—Mrs. G. M. Isabel, Beulah, Vic.

Your sterling silver spoons (fully hallmarked) were made by William Eley and William Fearn in London 1820 to 1821 (George IV).



Staffordshire tiles.

HAVE some tiles (pictured above). They are six by six inches and are in sepia tones, some with a dark reddish-brown; others are white. They are embossed and highly glazed and bear the name Flaxman on the back of each tile. I would like to know their origin and year they were made. Are they collectors' item or just another old-fashioned wash-tile? They originally came off the back of an old-fashioned wash-tile. Do they depict any particular persons?—Mrs. M. McFarty, Wangan Hills, W.A.

Your tiles are Staffordshire tiles made about 1890. The name Flaxman refers to the design which is taken from John Flaxman's designs. John Flaxman died at the end of the 18th century. His designs were used by Wedgwood and some of the potters such as Philip Rundell and Bridge and Rundell.

AN you give me any information about a musical box which has been in our family for years? It is marked "Quality Excelsior, 6194, programme No. 1135, Traveun and D. Hauteville, Dubbo, N.S.W." It plays eight tunes.—Mrs. Hockey, Dubbo, N.S.W.

Your interesting musical box was made about 1890 to 1900.

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Marines. You're late, Susan, my love."

"There was a bore at the Maitlands' I couldn't get away from. To make matters worse, he spilled a drink over my dress and I had to go home and change. Between all that and the traffic I plead innocent by reason of insanity."

"Excused. Next case."
"Oh, Arnold, you're so great to come home to. I feel so safe with you."

"Well, that's a back-handed compliment if ever there was one. I don't want you to feel safe with me. Anything but!"

"All right. Contented. Happy. Exhilarated. Just glad to be alive."
"Life is damn good, honey. I'm black and blue from pinching myself to see if I'm dreaming."

"Tell me what you see in me so special."

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"Glutton. I tell you all the time. And when I'm quiet, I'm looking it."

"Be serious. I'm not pretty, I'm not smart —"

"You are to me."

"What is there about me —?"

He sobered.

"You really want to know? I'll tell you. It sounds stodgy, but you asked for it. You're sterling, right-minded, truehearted. You couldn't do a base thing to save your life; I'd trust you with my immortal soul. That serious enough?"

She never turned a hair. She only thought: how right I was. I'd kill again and again if necessary to keep him happy.

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Aloud, she said: "Thanks, Arnold. I'll try to live up to it."

The evening was rose-colored. So was the next night and the next.

On Friday, they had visitors in Eden. Stevens and Bill Carstairs came to dinner.

During dinner, the talk was light and witty. As the focal point among three personable men, Susan rose to heights of gaiety that astonished Charles Stevens. He marvelled at the transformation of his efficient but starchy ex-secretary into this provocative girl. He told himself glumly that love was a wonderful thing and that Arnold had all the luck.

Over coffee, the conversation, as usual, turned to legal matters. Arn-

old and Carstairs, the assistant D.A., talked shop and Stevens and Susan were absorbed listeners. Arnold started the ball rolling with his customary jocular question: "Seen any good murders lately, Bill?"

"I have, at that," Carstairs answered soberly. "A shoddy tenement-house shooting is turning into a nightmare. We've got eighty-three suspects and not a ghost of a clue."

"Give," said Arnold, grinning. "To begin with, the victim, as I said, lived in a ratty walkup on Lexington Avenue, but he turns out to be the only son of one of the soundest lawyers in the country, one of the real old Proper Bostonians. Name of Varney. Know him?"

"No, but I've heard of the firm."

Susan may know him, coming from those parts."

Susan shook her head, saying, "I know the name, but I never met them."

"Well, Homicide was giving the case the usual treatment when all of a sudden old Varney storms into town, sees the Commissioner, throws his weight around, and demands the murderer on a silver platter. The Commissioner calls us and asks the D.A. himself to handle it. It happens he's laid up with a virus, so it was dumped in my lap. Varney insists that I work with Homicide, not merely as watchdog but twenty-four hours a day."

"Natural," said Arnold. "An only son."

"That's another funny angle. The old man didn't seem overcome by grief, although something was eating on him. It was the disgrace to the name Varney that bothered him." Carstairs gave a short, hard laugh. "Disgrace is the word. When old Varney hears more details, he'll be glad to soft-pedal the whole thing."

"Get to it, boy."
"Captain McNeil of Homicide and I took over. We went through young Varney's flat—he practised law in his front room, no less—with microscopes. No prints to help. No letters. No clues. Except for a row of lock-boxes on his wall containing tapes of eighty-three conversations with clients who came to him for help with income taxes. Every last one of them recorded some fishy shenanigans which young Varney kept and held over their heads for blackmailing purposes. I've been listening to playbacks for two days. But there were only seven women among them."

"What's that got to do with it?"
"The murderer was a woman."
"Then you do have a clue."
"Leading nowhere."
"Come on, Bill. What's the point?"

CARSTAIRS settled comfortably in his chair and said, "Well, any one of the eighty-three—or their wives—could be guilty. Blackmail's a powerful motive. But I doubt it here. Varney was small, potatoes and nicked them for trifling sums. Naturally, we're checking them out. Almost the first one we hit broke down and came through with Varney's methods. If a man beefed about paying up, Varney let him hear his interview on the playback and he soon piped down."

"What about this clue?"
"For what it's worth, here it is. He had a separate playback machine and it was on his desk in open view with no spool on it. We figure the murderer stole the tape which lets out the other suspects. But we couldn't find the tape recorder itself. We tore the place apart. Finally, by sheer luck, late this afternoon, one of McNeil's men touched some spot on the underside of the desk and a panel rolled back. There was our recorder, complete with tape."

Carstairs, who, like most court pleaders, had something of the actor in him, paused for dramatic effect. He took a cigarette and fumbled for a match.

Susan laughed and said: "Bill, you ham! You can't stop now. You're worse than a TV serial—'listen in tomorrow'—"

"Tomorrow's here," said Carstairs, puffing. "This is the story. The tape was short. It was Varney's last interview. It began with him offering a drink to a lady. And I do mean lady. You could hear it in every intonation. English, I guess, or educated abroad from her accent. She refused the drink. Then he offered to play back a conversation they had had a year ago. She refused that, too. But we gather what it was about from this tape. Seems she had come to him for information about the heir to some rich man."

"Varney apparently knew who she was and where this real heir was, and told her. Then he accused her of murdering this heir and raking in the money herself when the man died. He asked for half a million to keep his mouth shut. She told him to 'publish and let it be damned.' The only other sound on the tape was a pistol shot. End of interview."

"Well, for heaven's sake, that's a terrific clue," said Stevens. "All you

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Bring out the flavour with ETA mayonnaise



Now in this new re-usable 12-ounce measuring jar

This bright new label makes ETA Mayonnaise as easy to see as it is to use. The new wide-mouth jar invites you to spoon its subtle, blended flavour straight on to salad; the embossed graduations actually help you measure out exactly enough ETA Mayonnaise to make an endless variety of delicious dressings and rich, nourishing sauces for all kinds of dishes. Try this week's recipe . . . then create others of your own . . . but be sure to use smooth ETA Mayonnaise for perfect results.

This week's recipe suggestion from ETA

COLESLAW COMBINATION

(Serves six to eight)

Coleslaw: 1 cup ETA Mayonnaise. 3 cups shredded, crisp Cabbage. 1 cup each of Red and Green Peppers thinly shredded. 1 chopped Green Onion. 1 grated Carrot.

METHOD: Combine, tossing till ETA Mayonnaise coats all ingredients. Chill. Trim with thin slices of red and green pepper. Serve with a platter of assorted cold cuts—ham, beef, sausage, etc.—salad greens, tomato wedges and cucumber slices. Serve with extra ETA Mayonnaise. Further suggestions: Side salad for grills, sandwich lunches and picnics.

have to do is to dig out this case where a rich man's heir was murdered and the next of kin was a woman."

"Great," Bill snorted. "You any idea how many people die in a year of something that passes for natural causes and which are actually successful murders? We wouldn't have a hope, even if we could pinpoint such a case, which we can't. I would say that our lady killer is as safe as Fort Knox now that Varney's mouth is shut." He turned to Arnold with a grin. "Pretty fancy, eh, boy? The pay isn't as high, but it beats corporation law for color." He rose. "Well, I'm a dawn-to-dark worker, so I think I'll run and get some sleep."

"I'll go with you," said Stevens. "These lovebirds won't miss us." Arnold saw them to the door.

Susan sat at the table, her mind churning. Never in her wildest dreams could she have imagined that a seasoned D.A. and an experienced police captain could listen to Sebastian Varney's accusations and misconstrue them so completely. She felt like shouting for joy. There had been high points in her life in the past few years; the night when, by clever resistance, she had induced Harry to marry her; the night of June fourth, when her plans to kill Harry had gone through without a hitch; above all, the night when she had met Arnold and discovered the meaning of love.

BUT none of them reached the peak on which she now stood. With Sebastian Varney dead, and the police totally unsuspicious, there was nothing more to fear. At long last she was free. Nothing stood in the way of her future, her happiness, her total fulfillment.

When Arnold came back, she asked: "More coffee? It's still hot."

"No, thanks."

"Shall I put some records on the radio?"

"Not now."

"Fine. Let's just talk." Her voice was a lilt.

"Yes. We've got a lot to say. Bill was wrong, of course."

"Wrong? How?"

"He said this woman came to Varney for information about the real heir to some rich man."

"Yes, I heard that. How is he wrong?"

"He misinterpreted Varney's words."

"I don't understand."

"Varney didn't give her information about where the real heir was. He gave her information as to who the real heir would be in case the man died."

"But how is that different?"

"Oh, come on, Susan. You know I know the truth."

"Arnold, what on earth are you talking about?" But she knew instantly. And every instinct in her body told her to battle this unexpected danger. She knew she could do it.

He said: "A year ago, you went to Varney, didn't you, and asked him what a wife's status was if her husband divorced her in Nevada and remarried. You probably knew Varney—or at least the firm—from London, and found him listed in the phone book. He told you the wife was the true heir in this case if the husband died. The husband did die. Horribly. By a woman's hand. And the first wife inherited. What have you got to say?"

"Darling, I think you're quite right. You've been so wrapped up in my case that it has affected your reasoning powers. When you hear the word 'heir,' you equate it with Sebastian Wells. Now stop being absurd."

"It won't do, Susan. Bill was right when he said the 'lady' was probably English or educated."

"Your Boston accent was dead giveaway. And, of course, he had the gun Chuck gave you because he didn't like the neighborhood you lived in."

"Arnold, I should be very angry with you. I should walk out of here without even defending myself."

"But your ridiculous accusation, that I can't. I love you too much."

"What we've got is too precious to be destroyed by a fit of temper. I don't know how in the world you could jump to such an atrocious conclusion, but I'm going to humor you and convince you how utterly wrong you are."

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"You can't. Even without those two clues, I would have guessed. I don't know what love does to most people, but where you're concerned it has sharpened my extrasensory perception until I know what you're thinking, what you're going to say, a minute before you say it. When Bill mentioned a murder in a walk-up on Lexington Avenue, your tension communicated itself to me like an electrical pulse. Oh, you were good. No one on earth but me would have dreamed you knew anything about it. And when he stopped to light a cigarette, I knew the very words you were going to use about a TV serial before you said it."

"Oh, this is fantastic. I don't

know how to answer you. I won't even try. But I will quote what you said to me Tuesday night. I asked you what you saw in me and you said: 'You're sterling, right-minded, truehearted. You couldn't do a base thing to save your life.' Wasn't your extrasensory perception on the job then?"

He stared at her, nearly convinced. But he had to be sure. He said halfheartedly: "Tuesday night. The evening you came in at twenty minutes past eight."

"I told you why."

"That was the night Varney was murdered."

"Oh, Arnold, now you're being silly. I tell you I never even heard

of Sebastian Varney until Bill told us."

Arnold closed his eyes. A shudder ran through him.

"Sebastian Varney. So that's his first name."

She knew she had made a ghastly mistake. She was growing tired and consequently careless. Her effort had taken too much out of her. But she would not give in. She would clear this last hurdle if it killed her. She said too quickly: "Yes — Bill mentioned it —"

"No. He did not. He called him 'young Varney' from start to finish, but never by his first name."

"He must have. How else—?"

"Susan, this is Arnold, not an

enemy. I'll help you all I can, but I must have the truth."

"There are limits. I haven't another word to say."

"Then I'll say it." His voice was gentle and infinitely sad. "It began with a child who had no childhood. A girl nobody showed any love for but everybody used. Your father. Your snobbish schoolmates. Until finally you lost all faith in human beings and poured your feelings out on something that didn't change with every breeze — handsome furniture. Incredible. Grotesque. But understandable. When there's no other food, one eats acorns."

"In your case, you developed such a taste for acorns you came to detest real food. The taste became a passion, an obsession, a boss cracking a whip over your head."

To page 96

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Page 95



Continued from page 95

It drove you to hate people, to use them as they had used you. You finagled a half-drunken young wastrel into marrying you so that you could one day finance your mania for antique bookcases and pie-crust tables.

"But the young wastrel sickened of your sterile dutiful devotion and turned to another woman for the one thing you lacked — warmth. He shucked you off like soiled underwear, divorced you, married again, and shattered your dream—"

"Stop! I won't listen to such—" She was panting, sinking into a swamp where there was no air to breathe.

"Yes, you'll listen. You're going to face the truth at last and deal

with it. That was when you went to Varney and asked him what a discarded wife could do. He said if you didn't contest the divorce in any way, you would be Caldwell's heir if he died. Your boss cracked his whip and told you to kill Caldwell. I don't know exactly how you managed to get into the house and put the poison in the marmalade. But you'd lived in that house for four years. That scene in Rankin's office when you surrendered all your house keys was just a mite too ostentatious. You probably held out an extra key to some door—"

"In a house bristling with alarm bells? You're out of your mind." "Susan," he said inexorably, "it's

you who are out of your mind. Come to your senses. See yourself."

With an exhausted sigh, she suddenly caved in. She said bleakly: "Yes, I've been out of my mind. All my life. Till I met you. You made me sane. You gave me what I'd never had before — the power to love. You were sun and water to a withering plant. I was really born the night Chuck introduced us."

In a monotone, she gave him every detail of the crucial night, the masquerade in wig and teenage clothes, her trip to Greenaway, her ignorance of the alarm, and her sheer luck that the garage door was disconnected. Then she told of Varney's phone call and the meeting at his flat on Tuesday night.

"I was alive at last and here was this blackmailer threatening the one thing on earth that mattered—you. I'd do anything in the world to undo the past, but, of course, that's impossible. But I can atone for it. I can make you happy, I can pour out all the love I feel for you—do some good in the world — be a real human being at last —"

"It's no good, Susan."

HER voice rose passionately. There was still some fight in her. "Why not? Those people are scum. Harry deserved to die after what he did to Ruggles. And the world's better off without such creatures as Varney."

"And the girl Leila who's on trial for her life?"

"She stole my husband and ruined my life," she cried wildly. "Why should she get off scot-free?"

"So now you've got the whip in your hand."

"Arnold! Arnold! Stop it! You're crucifying me. You know you love me —"

"I loved a picture I drew free-hand. I never knew the original until this moment."

"Don't! You do love me. You must. Otherwise my life has no meaning. We can forget all this and start fresh — life can still be wonderful —"

He rose and said heavily: "From the very beginning, you've put on a magnificent production. All that camouflage about not believing in divorce—not contesting because you had no money for lawyers—refusing alimony to show how unmercenary you were — going to ridiculous lengths, refining your plan — painting your kitchen in the hope that Storm would come and smell it and provide you with an alibi of sorts — that business with the phone so the woman upstairs would swear you were home. A great production."

"But it's over. The curtain's down. We're facing realities now. You've committed two cold-blooded murders. And you're ready to kick them under the rug like dust. Well, you can't bring back the dead. But there's time to save a third life. The girl Leila." He rummaged in his desk and brought out paper and pen. "Sit down and write out everything you've told me. If you don't write out a complete confession, exonerating an innocent woman, I'll take what steps are necessary. Can't you see you've played and lost everything?"

She stared at him, her mouth open. At long last, the truth washed over her: she had lost everything. She sank into her chair and picked up the pen.

An hour later, she let herself into her apartment. Arnold's last words still rang in her ears.

"With this confession, Leila Caldwell's in the clear. I'm sticking my chin out, but I'll wait to see Leila till noon tomorrow. I'm giving you twelve hours' grace if you want to run for it."

A bitter smile curved her mouth. She didn't need twelve hours. She only needed seconds. Slowly, she advanced to the bedtable, opened the drawer, and took out the little gun.

THE END

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MUCH ADO ABOUT MONEY

Children have to discover from experience

how to make sense with their shillings...

● David and Butch are two young brothers of our acquaintance who have both received small allowances since they were in nursery school.

AT 13, David wanted to work a morning paper run to supplement his income. The family liked it over, and it was agreed that he should try. He'd have to get himself up in the morning, and school work couldn't suffer.

But if he wanted the money badly enough, his parents reasoned, he should be able to handle it all right. And did. He is now finishing high school and never lacks in-time work.

When Butch turned 13 and wanted to work a paper run, he was given the same treatment as his older brother. Butch was different. He couldn't manage to get early, so within two months he gave up the job.

Fortunately, the boys' parents were flexible. They made comparisons between Butch and David. They recognised that perhaps Butch didn't need extra money. If he did, they thought he could find something he'd rather do to earn it.

In time, Butch did work it out for himself, picking yard jobs and doing errands for the neighbors. His isn't as steady an income as David's, but Butch was satisfied, and his parents realised that was the important thing. Accepting Butch as he was, they had not exaggerated the importance of money and they had recognised that their sons' needs were not the same.

Healthy attitudes toward money begin early—and so do wrong attitudes. When a child is paid for good exam results, housekeeping chores, or good conduct, and when parents dictate how much allowance money should be, and for what purpose, he comes to feel that his allowance really doesn't belong to him at all and, therefore, instead of responsibility, he is more likely to feel resentment.

All children sense the importance of money. As adults, we spend a sizeable portion of our lives acquiring and saving it.

We talk about it, fight about it, and worry about it. We use it as a yardstick of personal progress and often substitute for emotional attitudes. You can tell a lot about a family if you know how they handle their money. It doesn't necessarily follow, though, that children adopt their parents' attitudes toward money. In fact, a child can have an opposite reaction.

The very stingy father I know has an unusually generous 14-year-old son. In another family, the parents are only free with their money, they are downright careful with it. Yet, their nine-year-old girl hates to spend money and can make her 2/-a-week allowance last a month. Her excess is a reaction to her parents' excesses in the opposite direction.

Whether a child's attitude toward money is opposite to his parents' or the same, the crucial point is that parental attitudes do have a powerful influence.

When children first enter school and are on their own in the world, their financial demands soon become apparent. In most families, then, a small weekly allowance is agreed on.

The allowance should be understood as being the child's spend, even if it's only a sixpence a week in the beginning. It satisfies wants that love and affection cannot provide, over the years an allowance can instill a sense of responsibility in the maturing child.

With it he learns how to handle money, how to live on his income, how to practise the art of selective purchasing, how to save for the future, and how to do without. Few would deny that these are worthy objectives. However, often they are undermined because parents don't understand the purpose of an allowance.

A real allowance is given regularly to meet the financial needs of a person who is too young to earn money. He should get it without working.

It should not be conditional on other actions. It should neither be withheld as punishment nor given as a reward for good conduct.

A true allowance belongs entirely to the child. He can spend it, save it, waste it, lose it, or give it away. He can spend it all at once or dribble it out a little at a time. He can buy anything he wants with it. It's his money.

Sometimes the child will do surprising things if left alone. I once listened while a friend of mine chastised her eight-year-old daughter because she would not tell how she had spent her past three weeks' allowance.

Finally, in tears, the girl blurted out the truth. Mother's Day was coming up and Libby had saved her allowance money to buy a package of needles and thread for her mother. But now there would be no surprise. Her mother vowed never again to be so highhanded about Libby's management of her finances.

Not all parents learn that lesson. Many children are not permitted to spend a penny of their allowances without prior approval by a parent.

Mr. Johnson has regular accounting sessions with his children throughout the week. These often end in anger, frustration, and tears. He may make good bookkeepers out of his youngsters, but he's not treating them fairly. Even more important, he is not helping them to want to act responsibly.

Another father dictates the kinds of things his boy can buy. Books and certain toys are all right. Chewing gum, lollies, and ice-cream are out. Cricket and football games are OK, movies are not.

Some youngsters have a savings system forced upon them by their parents. Of course, children should learn to save, but if the lesson is to stick there has to be desire on their part.

Parents can't give them that desire by taking back part of their allowance money in an enforced savings plan. If they are forced to save, they are not doing it themselves.

Also bewildering to a child is to "increase" his allowance by just the amount needed to pay for a new obligation. One father, for example, raised his young son's weekly allowance from a shilling to 2/6 a week. But the extra 1/6 went to pay Cubs dues. A child doesn't learn much about handling money when he is given an additional 1/6 which he automatically hands over to someone else.

Learning by mistakes...

It's important to allow a child to make mistakes with his own money. That's how he learns. If he gorges himself on lollies costing one whole week's allowance, he probably won't do it twice. And he's learned his lesson by himself, something he couldn't have done just by being told he shouldn't buy all those lollies at once.

If his allowance money is stolen from him, or if he is careless and loses it, that, too, is part of his learning about the world. Sarah's mother insisted on replacing the threepences, sixpences, and shillings misplaced by her thirteen daughter—and then complained because Sarah became increasingly careless about her money and other possessions.

Taking away allowance money as punishment or offering monetary rewards as inducement to good conduct are two common parental errors. Both of these practices associate money with morality; they plant the suggestion that a child's good behaviour is for purchase in the marketplace.

In some families, a youngster's routine household chores are confused with allowance money and earnings. If he is to make his bed every morning, clean his room once a week, and carry out the garbage, then those chores are part of his household duties and have nothing to do with money. They are the responsibilities he is expected to assume as part of a family unit.

Thirteen-year-old Marie got paid for everything—getting up on time, making her bed, setting the table, hanging out clothes for her mother. When she began to get outside baby-sitting jobs which paid considerably more money, she quit doing jobs at home.

Her parents had taught her to do her chores for money rather than as a responsible part of living. When her talents brought more money elsewhere, she lost interest in her household tasks. The price tag at home wasn't high enough.

On the other hand, there are jobs—real jobs—that do deserve extra money, and a child should have an opportunity to earn it. One way to differentiate such work from regular chores is to ask whether someone else would have to be paid to do it.

By E. NORA RYAN, MD, child psychologist, and DONALD R. McNEIL

tunity to earn it. One way to differentiate such work from regular chores is to ask whether someone else would have to be paid to do it.

In some families, lawn-mowing is like dish-washing—a matter of routine. In others, fathers pay for having the lawn mowed. Where this is the practice, when a child is old enough to take over, he should get extra compensation for the job.

For all families, sound money values can be summed up in a few simple, basic rules:

- When children first move out into the world, at kindergarten or first grade, start them with a small allowance—6d or 1/- a week, completely free of strings.
- Review youngsters' financial needs periodically, then work out a solution with them.
- Expect quality performance for money earned when children are old enough to take on extra jobs, but don't underpay them.
- Don't overvalue money by putting a price tag on everything.
- Take your children into your confidence to the extent of letting them know what your general financial status is.
- Be flexible. Each child is different.
- Try not to get angry over money or money problems.
- Finally, remember that children learn more about responsibility if they're allowed to work out their money problems for themselves.

Money needs and desires change rapidly in the young. It's a long jump from lollies and chewing gum at six to fancy blouses and beachwear, etc., at 15, but it's all part of the same pattern. For money attitudes begin early and they last throughout our lives.

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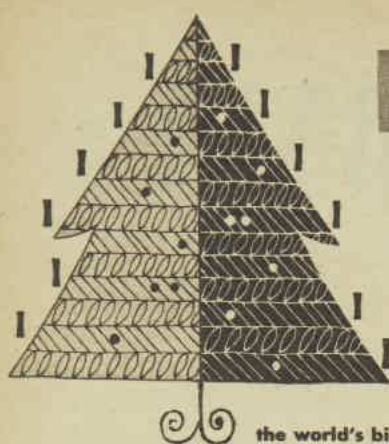


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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● For the last few days I've been living in the past — 177 years in the past, to be exact — as I've read a 1950 facsimile copy of "The Voyage of Governor Phillip to Botany Bay," containing "all that is yet known of the Settlement at Sydney-Cove."

WHAT astonishes me is how much they already did know, since this 372-page volume, with 55 maps and engravings (mainly of animals), was published in London in 1789, only a year after the colony's foundation.

Already one or two live animals, the skins of many animals and birds, bone specimens, plants, and seeds had been sent back to England.

The vignette which decorates the title page was engraved from a medallion that the great Josiah Wedgwood had modelled from a small piece of Sydney clay sent home on one of the first returning ships.

Governor Phillip must have been basically a very gentle man. Within a few days of landing he'd personally put himself on reasonable terms with the natives near the settlement; and he had introduced them to the European method of boiling meat (the aborigines broiled their meat directly over the fire) and pantomimed how they could use large shells instead of pots to boil things in.

He had also laid down a rule that when his men were fishing they were to give part of their catch to any natives who came near them; he always approached them alone and unarmed, leaving the rest of his men some distance behind him.

One thing, which must have been a disadvantage to him in polite society, proved an advantage in his first encounters with the tribes near Sydney. Governor Phillip had had the misfortune to lose one of his front top teeth. So had all the mature aboriginal males — but with them it was no misfortune, it was a mark of initiation which they were quick to notice in the headman of the newly arrived whites.

And don't forget those five rabbits of distinction!

IN the early days, before the most severe food shortages and before lesser men than Phillip had antagonised the natives, the new arrivals were pretty cheerful about what they found at Sydney Cove.

The climate, they said, was equal to the finest in Europe, and they thought it was very nice that there weren't any fogs. In no time at all they had cauliflowers and melons growing in the Governor's garden, and their orange and fig trees and grape vines were flourishing.

They were a little put out by the heavy February rains (who isn't, even today?) and taken aback by the lack of rain in May, when they had fancied a wet season would set in to germinate their barley and wheat.

Livestock, which had to be transported thousands of dangerous sea miles on little overcrowded ships and then pastured on unfamiliar grasses which might not suit them, were one of their biggest worries.

In May, four months after the first landing, the entire livestock of the settlement consisted of one stallion, three mares, three colts, two bulls, five cows, 29 sheep, 19 goats, 74 pigs, 18 turkeys, 29 geese, 35 ducks, 122 fowls, 87 chickens, and — wait for it, five rabbits!

I'll bet that, despite droughts and fires and dingoes and foxes and traps and guns and cyanide and myxomatosis, there are

still rabbits hopping round who can boast that they're descended from those carefully nurtured First Fleeters.

Soon after this list was made out by Andrew Miller, the Commissary, disaster struck. The two bulls and two cows belonging to the Government, and the two cows owned by the Governor himself, "having been left for a time by the man who was appointed to attend them, strayed into the woods, and though they were traced to some distance, never could be recovered. This was a loss which must be for some time irreparable."

Sixteen years later, when Gidley King was Governor, he went on an expedition 24 miles beyond Parramatta and over the Nepean River to look at the "several roving herds" that had resulted from this bit of bad luck in Governor Phillip's day. Mrs. King went with him, becoming "the first and only lady to cross the Nepean," according to the Sydney "Gazette" of 1804.

It was the first great shindig in the land . . .

BUT during that first year of Phillip's governorship Australia had its first whizz-bang, slap-up shindig.

"The fourth of June was not supposed to pass without due celebration. It was a day of remission from labor, and of general festivity throughout the settlement."

"At sunrise the Sirius and Supply fired each a salute of 21 guns and again at one o'clock when the marines on shore also saluted with three volleys. At sunset the same honors were a third time repeated; large bonfires were lighted; and the whole camp afforded a scene of joy."

"That there might not be any exception to the happiness of this day, the four convicts who had been reprieved from death and banished to an island in the middle of the harbor received a full pardon, and were sent for to bear their part in the general exultation."

"The Governor, with that humanity which so strongly distinguishes his character, says he trusts that on this day there was no single heavy heart in this part of His Majesty's dominions."

There were extra rations, toasts were drunk, and the Governor gave a party in his own tiny not-too-weatherproof cottage. To the watching aborigines, on the fringes of the settlement, it must have seemed a quaint sort of corroboree. The occasion? The fiftieth birthday of King George III.

In the front of the book is a long poem called "The Visit of Hope to Sydney-Cove," which the book's editor says was written by the author of "The Botanic Garden." (Who?) In it, Hope says: "There shall broad streets their stately walls extend,

The circus widen, and the crescent bend; There, ray'd from cities o'er the cultur'd land,

Shall bright canals, and solid roads expand; There the proud arch, Colossus-like, beside Yon glittering streams, and bound the chafing tide."

1788. One thousand and thirty-three homesick souls set down in a small clearing on the edge of an unknown continent, and this (to me) nameless poet foresaw not only the city but the Harbor Bridge itself!

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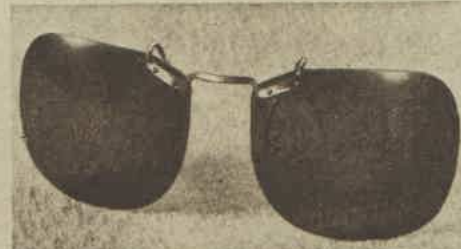
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


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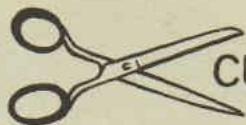
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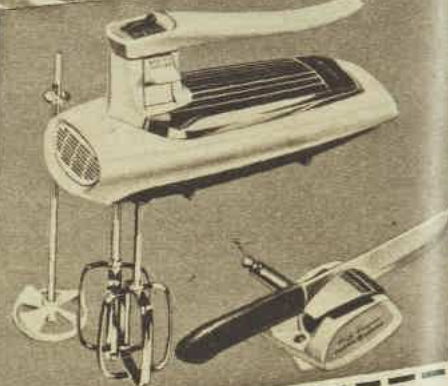
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I can think of someone who'd just love this
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it just hangs on a wall, yet it's more power-
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cute little window that tells you
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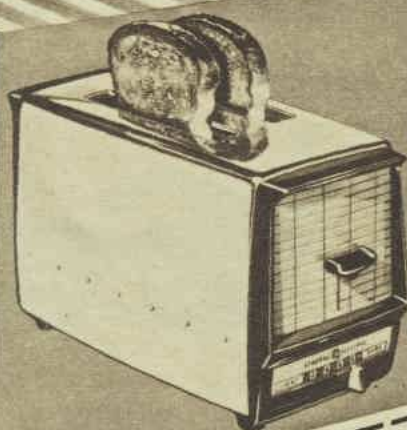
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I know this is the most beautiful and
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② LEAVE IT WHERE HE JUST MIGHT SEE IT!

* On his shaving mirror, for instance

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save her hundreds of hours and thousands
of footsteps, how about this?
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those emptying trips.
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Dear
Guess what be in secret heaven if she
found this super duper iron in her
Christmas stocking? It's completely
automatic, just press a button and it
sprinkles out wrinkles in a twinkling
time. Think it was Christmas every
single Monday. The girl who ironed all those
shirts for you.

GE
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IRON**
The one with
the Water
Window

Dear
When you are going out with a certain
someone, you know how long she takes
to get ready? How about giving her
the Instant Heat hair dryer for Christmas?
It's surely the fastest of all so it'll save
you hours of waiting. (Set still love you
for it)
Guess who?

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It did not surprise me, and it relieved me a great deal. I have a great respect for people who do not suffer fools gladly, but I do resent it when I am somehow jockeyed into the position of being the fool. But I was not to be so easily spared. Just a day or so later, while we were having a leisurely lunch on a beautiful day at a sidewalk cafe in the Piazza Navona, Kate saw Vickie, with friends, standing by the side of the fountain in the middle of the square. I would not have recognised her, and, even after Kate had pointed her out, I wasn't quite sure it was she.

She looked rather like a drowned rat, as if she had just been pulled out of the fountain and left at its side to dry. It was true that she was no less disreputable than the seedy group she stood with, but my eyes had already found them and passed on to more appetising sights.

"I think we should go over and speak to her," Kate said.

"If it is Vickie," I said, "and she didn't answer your note, maybe she doesn't want us to go over and speak to her."

"Oh, you know young people," Kate said. "She's probably shy."

"That is not my impression of Vickie," I said.

"Well, I'm going over to speak to her," Kate said.

Kate crossed the square and I watched the ensuing scene with a kind of morbid fascination. Nothing in the world would have persuaded me to cross that square under the cold eyes of those international juvenile delinquents. Kate was wearing a suit, since the morning had been rather cool, and she had on shoes with sensible heels.

SHE was also wearing a hat, and she had a scarf tied at her throat, and by almost any standards, and most certainly mine, she looked slender, graceful, and elegant.

However, when she had reached the group, and they had untangled themselves from the low wall around the fountain on which they had been lounging—the young men in skintight pants and pointed shoes, the girls in black leotards and shapeless sweaters and even more shapeless hair—it was as if someone had arranged an insane tableau of Lady Bountiful among the fallen angels.

She chatted for a moment, and then she came back to me.

"Finish your lunch, dear, and come along," she said. "We must get back to the hotel. Vickie is coming there to take a bath."

"Vickie is going to do what?" I said.

"My dear," Kate said. "You know they have no baths in these student quarters. I simply asked her if she wouldn't like to come to our hotel to bathe, and she said, 'Of course.'"

At the Hotel Grande Superior we had extravagantly taken a suite, and now it all seemed just like home, as Kate bustled around.

She was a nest builder, of course; an instinct as strong in her as that which sent the birds winging north in the spring, and now we were at it again, in its primary function, ministering to the young, as in the bedroom Kate put out a dressing-gown, and in the bathroom she hung fresh towels and swept everything else out of the way to make room

Continued from page 43

for combs and brushes and bath powder and lotions.

"I'll get out my French bath oil," she said, "and I think I have one last large bar of lavender soap."

She sounded happy as a lark, and, when the telephone rang in the sitting-room, she went into the bathroom to turn on the taps in the tub while I went to answer the telephone.

It was Roberto, the major-domo whose jaundiced eyes missed nothing, and beyond whom only the chosen might pass. He sounded agitated, so agitated that he was even speaking in comprehensible English.

"Signore," he began, "there is a —" He then stopped to clear his

throat, and while I said "What? What?" he tried again.

"Signore, there is a — woman down here," he said, his voice shuddering, "who claims that she is a friend of yours and who insists that she must come up."

"Oh, yes," I said, in a fake cheerful tone. "That must be Miss Lawrence. Please tell her to come right up."

There was a pause while Roberto sobbed quietly for a moment. "No, Signore," he said. "I think you do not understand. She is —"

"But I do understand," I said. "It's all right. Tell Miss Lawrence to come up."

"No," Roberto said. "It is impossible for me to believe, Signore.

Would you come down, please, and see for yourself?"

I took the elevator down and, in the baroque and scarlet of the lobby, there was Vickie, looking like something the cat had dragged in. I had not seen her closely at the Piazza Navona, but now it was my privilege. Above shapeless and flat shoes she was wearing long black hose. Her hair looked like something she was trying on for size to see if it would be suitable for the next Hallowe'en.

She was wearing no make-up, unless there was some new vogue called Dust of Roman Streets. She carried a sort of duffel bag, tied with a drawstring, and the whole ensemble was tastefully set off by a long

baggy sweat-shirt, on which there was emblazoned a strange device: the crimson seal of Harvard University.

"Oh, hello, Vickie," I said. "Won't you come up?"

An assistant led Roberto from the lobby.

During the immersion and purification rites, I took myself off to the balcony which led from our sitting-room. It was a beautiful afternoon in Rome. The sun had long passed its zenith and was even now warming up for another one of those operatic Italian sunsets. In a little while Kate came out.

"Vickie is hungry," she said. "She would like a ham sandwich."

"A ham sandwich!" I said. "In Rome!"

To page 103

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RIVETS



BEAUTIFUL TO BEHOLD

"I think she's homesick, poor dear," Kate said. "I suppose she wants something familiar."

I went into the sitting-room to the telephone with a sinking feeling. My relationship with Room Service at the Hotel Grande Superior was not without its ups and downs. We had our good days, and we had our lovers' quarrels. I lived in dread of the day when Room Service might run away and never come back again, and now I feared that day had come.

"I would like a ham sandwich," I said to Room Service.

"A ham sandwich?" Room Service said.

"A ham sandwich," I said.

"A ham sandwich!" Room Service said. There was in the voice of Room Service that note which is in the voice of Tosca just before she flings herself from the battlements, and I hung up quickly and retreated to my balcony.

But I was summoned again, of course, when the ham sandwich arrived with its bill that I must sign.

It came in on wheels. A flunky in the livery of the Hotel Grande Superior, with gilded epaulettes and an admiral's loops of braid, pushed it in on a cart. It lay on a silver salver, surrounded by watercress and radishes carved into roses and curls of celery, with olives, black and green. Beribboned toothpicks pierced it, and the bill which I signed for it might have paid for two days in Venice.

Kate carried the sandwich on the silver tray into the bedroom; I went back to my balcony, and in about an hour or so I was summoned, the transformation having taken place.

I could not believe my eyes. It was as if a butterfly had emerged from the grubby cocoon of the Harvard sweat-shirt. But not a butterfly in the conventional sense that image might call up: fragile, winged, tremulous. A sort of jet-set butterfly, instead, if there is such a thing: sleek and feline, sensuous and not at all tremulous. A butterfly who knew exactly what she was, and exactly what she wanted.

From her little duffel bag with its drawstring, Vickie had produced stretch pants instead of leotards, glistening, a sort of golden color, spun from some magic thread which had probably found its genesis in a test tube. Above this she wore a loose-fitted jersey of some sort, long-sleeved, of a soft shade of green, like the hearts of young lettuce.

Oh, the sight of her was enough to invoke poetry even from an old miser who begrudged a ham sandwich to a girl, a girl about whose shoulders floated that pale yellow hair, now shining clean.

"Vickie wants to walk back to her room," Kate said. "But don't you think we ought to take her home?"

"Oh, yes, I do, indeed," I responded hastily.

The young boy in the elevator had difficulty with the controls as he took us down. He also had difficulty with his hands and feet, and the back of his neck, which grew so alarmingly red that one might have lighted a cigarette from it.

In the lobby downstairs, where Roberto waited with his assistants, all were turned instantly to stone, as if fallen under a spell. There they stood, immobile, unbreathing, as we made our way across the street.

On one side of her I carried the duffel bag with the old Vickie inside. On her other side was Kate, as chaperon. We were attendants to Vickie, and down the Spanish Steps she passed, her yellow hair floating about her shoulders like Botticelli's "Primavera," between the flowers of the flower stalls massed on either side, and the fairest of them all was Vickie.

Men came out of doorways in silence. The heads of men appeared at upper windows to look out at her in silence. And up to the steps from below us men ran to gaze upon her in silence, as if they had been called up by some celestial summons, such as trees must know in spring-

time when it is time for the sap to flow.

At the street below, with the helpful aid of some dozen or more young men, those sturdy enough to fight their way to the front, a cab was brought forth, and we drove back to the shabby little street near the Piazza Navona where Vickie had her room.

Kate said she wanted to go up to see Vickie's paintings, and Vickie submitted to that, but I waited below. At the stone doorway of the building in which she lived, Vickie turned to me swiftly and kissed me on the cheek, swiftly, and then swiftly she ran inside and up the stairs.

"I could be wrong," Kate said, as we rode in the taxi back to the hotel, "but her work looks awfully good to me. Her paintings are so bright and so vivid and so full of color. Her room is a mess, of course, but it has a wonderful view of rooftops and pines and gardens. Oh, I envy her," Kate said.

We were silent for a moment, and then Kate went on again.

"I found out why she looked so depressed when we first saw her," she said. "It seems she had a falling out with her boyfriend here, another painter from home. But an old beau arrived in Rome today from New York, and she was getting ready to go out with him. He came up to call for her while I was there. He seemed awfully nice. A nice, clean-cut boy from Rochester. I had a feeling they wanted to be alone, so I left."



Again we were silent, while I stilled my thoughts of what that reunion might be like.

"I can't wait to write to Mary to tell her how well Vickie is doing," Kate said. "And I'm so glad we found her today. You know how children are," she said, smiling happily. "There is nothing like a hot bath and a little good food to cheer them up."

Or a boy from Rochester, I thought, if a girl is a girl like Vickie. But I wondered about those lounging lizards at the fountain in the Piazza Navona. Would they take a clean-cut boy from Rochester lying down?

I had an opportunity to find out the very next morning.

It was my custom while in Rome to walk each morning to the Via Veneto. And here it was, on the following morning, that I came upon Vickie, sitting at a table on the sidewalk outside of Doney's Cafe, with a young man who could be no other than The Boy From Rochester.

He was clean cut, indeed. He came in the large size, and he wore a blond crew-cut, a tweed jacket, flannel

slacks, button-down shirt, and a tie with regimental stripes. He was the sort of man who raises the blood pressure of other men and makes them long for the days of the battle axe.

His charm was not wasted upon himself. There was about him something so complacent and self-adulatory that you knew his first act upon rising each morning was to go into the bathroom and say: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is the handsomest of all?"

They did not see me, and I stood for a moment at the end of the sidewalk cafe, hidden behind the potted evergreen, to watch them. Their heads were together, over their coffee, and Vickie was pouring on the charm, but I thought her admirer seemed preoccupied. He kept glancing up now and again, toward the corner of the cafe opposite me, and when my glance followed his I found myself looking, undoubtedly, at the old rejected boyfriend.

HE was a sturdy young man, dark and brooding. I had no doubt he was one of the soiled fountain figures. He lounged against the wall, which would doubtless bear his mark when he had gone.

His fists were jammed into the pockets of his old corduroy pants, which probably stood alone when the wearer was not in them, although, in justice, part of the stains were paint which had not found its way to canvas. He also wore an old Navy jersey, and a murderous look above the beginnings of a beard.

It was obvious that Vickie was not only not looking at him, she was deliberately not looking at him. She sat, her back turned to him, one glorious elbow on the table, holding up her glorious head, with the cascade of golden hair flowing down.

With her eyes, she bathed her admirer in those glances which were apparently his customary due, the climate in which he lived, or in the gases which filled his balloon, for he sat back, crossing one elegantly trousered leg over the other, and favored her with his smile.

Now and again he looked in the direction of the villain at the corner. Once he half rose from his chair, but Vickie restrained him with a hand on his arm, and he sat back, and shook his head, and smiled, and took out a pipe.

It was the pipe that did it. Without giving myself time for indecision, I walked toward the other end of the cafe, threading my way between the tables nearest the wall so that Vickie would not see me, and stood in front of the rejected lover. He looked up at me.

"I am a friend of Vickie's old man," I said. "And how are you?"

He shrugged and said nothing.

I saw my duty, and I saw it plain.

"Care for a bath?" I said. He looked up. "So, it was you."

"You might say it was my wife."

He shrugged. "OK," he said. "Why not? What have I got to lose?"

With that, we set off, down the street, to face Roberto together.

"She's just trying to annoy me with that square," he said, as we walked.

Tom Hadley, for that was his name, hunched forward.

"She's doing it to turn me on," he said. "I know she can't stand creeps like that."

To page 104

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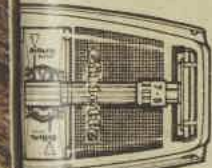
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Page 103

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"He asked me if we were going steady."

Continued from page 103

but she saw me on the street with another girl and she thought I had flipped. I hadn't, not really."

"Listen," I said, "I haven't got time to learn another language. Just tell me if you have other clothes in your pad."

"Nothing much," he said. "Who needs it?"

"You'll just have to try something of mine," I said. "And that beard. It looks like something you'd find on the rocks at low tide. It's got to go."

"Oh, no!" he said.

"Oh, yes," I said firmly. "If there is a chin underneath now is the time to show it."

Fortunately, Roberto was not at his post and we got upstairs with-

out incident. Kate was at the writing desk when we went in.

"This is Tom Hadley," I said. "He's come to take a bath."

"How nice," Kate said, smiling brightly. "I'll go and sit on the balcony."

It would be nice to be able to report that the transformation in Tom Hadley was just as miraculous as it had been with Vickie, but Tom Hadley had brought no change in a duffel bag and my clothes were not meant for him. A sports jacket of mine strained at his broader shoulders and fell rather loosely over his hips.

It was a good thing, in a way, since it helped to conceal the fact that the trousers were too large

at the waist and cinched in with a belt, confirming my darkest suspicions that I was beginning to assume the shape of an egg. He could not button the shirt at the collar, either, but he had knotted a tie and pulled it together at the neck as well as he could.

The whole effect was like that of a bundle sent for shipment, bursting at the seams. But he was clean, and he was a nice-looking boy under the crust.

"I'll bring the clothes back tomorrow," he said.

"No hurry," I said. "We'll be in Rome for a few days. Good luck."

That evening Kate and I traced our steps back to the Piazza Navona. I had filled her in with what I had seen on the Via Veneto, and now we hoped to catch the next act in the drama. And sure enough there they were, Vickie and Tom Hadley, in what was apparently the out-door living-room for all those who lived in the pigeonholes of the side streets.

They did not see us where we sat at a table at a cafe as they walked across the square. They were quarrelling, at least Tom was addressing Vickie quite heatedly, stopping to face her now and then with the force of his words, but Vickie would escape, lightly, and he would follow a few steps and bring her to a halt again.

THE fresh bloom of the immersion had begun to wear off for both of them. Vickie's shining glory was somewhat dimmed, although nothing, I could see now, could diminish her odd and angular grace, the beautiful arrogance of her head, and the way she held her arms suspended, as if she carried treasure lightly in her hands. She was half-smiling, aloof, indifferent; as tantalisingly feminine as a combination of Lilith and Eve.

Tom's face was flushed, and one eye, the left, was swollen and discolored, as if he had run into a door or perhaps someone's fist. His jacket strained at his shoulders, and I could see that it would have to be laid up for repairs. He looked moist and hot and—well, how long would one bath go?

He would bring my clothes back to me and put on his old corduroys, and I could see Vickie and him growing happily grubby together again.

Now they had crossed the piazza and Tom turned Vickie back again, a high-walled building, taking her arms and holding her there to his him. He raised one large hand and put it on the side of her face, rather roughly, holding aside her hair. They looked at each other for a long, long moment, and then Vickie smiled at him, magnificently, as they turned and moved off, slowly into a narrow street.

Kate and I had sat, bemused, watching this little charade, and now I broke the silence.

"Dear," I said gently, "if you must go about idly offering baths to people, will you please try to be more careful? I'm sure you wouldn't want to upset the balance of nature."

"So beautiful," Kate said, smiling soft. "Mary will be very pleased." She turned toward me. "Isn't it wonderful? Just give your people half a chance and everything turns out for the best."

I leaned across the table and kissed Kate—my magnificent Kate—upon the cheek. "You know something? You're quite a remarkable woman."

She acknowledged my compliment, then suddenly said, "Look! Over there in the square."

I followed her finger. She was pointing to a bedraggled young woman whose dark hair hung wistfully down her back, a young woman who carried a guitar over one shoulder and a duffel bag over the other.

"That girl," said Kate. "I bet that's Helen Franklin's daughter. It's Binkie Franklin!"

Kate made a move to rise before I knew it my hand reached out and firmly took hold of her arm. She looked at me, startled, and as she settled back in her chair we both began to laugh.

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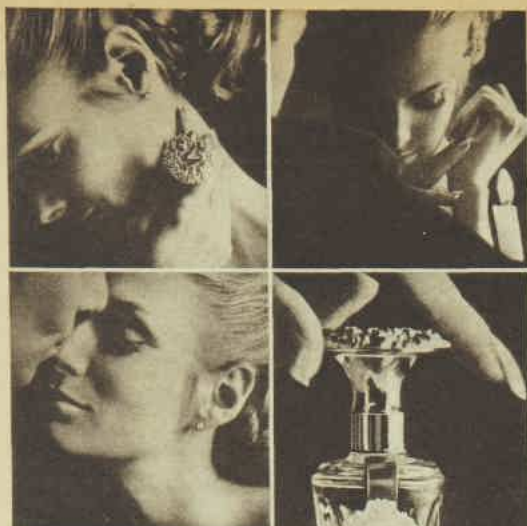
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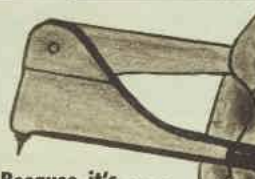
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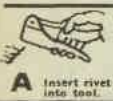
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Continued from page 41

passion for macaroni, too, and
vermicelli and tagliatelli and
ravioli.

Over all this spaghetti and
stuff I tried to persuade her
out of painting. "You could
write, maybe? Be an
author?"

But she said, no, type-
writers were difficult. They
had ribbons which stuck.

"Well, there's music. The
cello."

Her enormous, bush-baby
eyes fixed themselves im-
pudgently on me. "Please,
Andrew. I'm very scared of
cellos."

So I left her painting her
horrible pictures. After all,
she really wasn't my concern.
And in a sense, my life wasn't
my own. I couldn't squalor
it on baby beatniks with
phobias. Because soon, now,
I knew it, I would encounter
my Destiny.

All the same, when it hap-
pened, I was entirely taken
by surprise. I'd thought of
it so often, you see, imagined
our first meeting a hundred
times. Sometimes we met to
the sound of Beethoven, our
shoulders brushing beneath
crystal chandeliers; some-
times her eyes crept toward
mine in a restaurant.

So how on earth could I
expect to meet her on top
of the Fifteen A to Worm-
wood Scrubs?

AND yet that's how
it was. I'd grown very fond
of the Fifteen A. It had
everything, that bus. St.
Paul's and Fleet Street;
Trafalgar Square and Marble
Arch; the bustle of Stepney
and the tranquillity of Kew.
As a bus for getting to know
London, I valued it more
than I can say.

Still, when all's said and
done, it's only a bus. Not a
chariot, not a glass coach.
That's why I was so stunned
and unprepared. We'd stop-
ped at a traffic light and an-
other bus stopped right beside
mine, facing the other way.
And as I idly lifted my eyes
to the window opposite the
universe reeled, shook — and
failed entirely to return to
its proper place.

Because there she was.
Exact in every detail. My
ideal, my dream incarnate.
It was staggering. The
smooth, silver-blond hair, the
pansy-colored eyes, the stately
carriage of the head, every-
thing was there.

It took me only three
seconds to leap out of the
bus and on to the kerb. Three
seconds too long! As I ran
over the road, trying franti-
cally to board her bus, the
lights changed. There was a
lurch of traffic, hoots, curses
as I crossed a lorry's path—
and she was gone.

I stumbled home a broken
man. To have touched Fate
with one's fingertips and
been defeated. Is there any-
thing more bitter? Habit,
however, dies hard, so in the
end I went up to see Sophy.
She seemed to be through
with oils and to have started
on a collage, which is where
you stick anything you like
on to anything else, or so I
gathered. The room was
strewn with newspaper and
bus tickets through which I

waded before getting to the
only chair.

"Sophy," I said tragically,
"I've found her."

Sophy took the paste brush
from between her teeth and
opened up a rift in her hair.
She wasn't wearing shoes but
she was wearing socks, and
even in the midst of my des-
pair I was glad to feel that
I was making some progress.
"Who?" she said. "Or is
it whom?"

"The girl, the girl I've
been waiting for all my life."

"Oh," said Sophy, look-
ing enquiringly round the
room. "Where is she?"

"That's it," I said, leap-
ing from the chair and past-
ing a return to Clapham
Junction on to the canvas.

"I've lost her. There she was,
waded before getting to the
only chair."

"Sophy," I said tragically,
"I've found her."

Sophy took the paste brush
from between her teeth and
opened up a rift in her hair.

She wasn't wearing shoes but
she was wearing socks, and
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ing a return to Clapham
Junction on to the canvas.

"I've lost her. There she was,
waded before getting to the
only chair."

"Sophy," I said tragically,
"I've found her."

Sophy took the paste brush
from between her teeth and
opened up a rift in her hair.

She wasn't wearing shoes but
she was wearing socks, and
even in the midst of my des-
pair I was glad to feel that
I was making some progress.

"Who?" she said. "Or is
it whom?"

"The girl, the girl I've
been waiting for all my life."

"Oh," said Sophy, look-
ing enquiringly round the
room. "Where is she?"

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THE GODDESS ON THE 15A

I've been meaning to ask
you," she said when we were
settled in the restaurant and
Dominico, who adored her,
had brought us far more
than our share of noodles.

"Go ahead."

"It's about this girl. Your
ideal. The one you're looking
for."

"Yes," I said gloomily. A
man can take only so much
of Wormwood Scrubs.

"Could you just tell me
your symptoms? What you
felt, I mean, when you saw
her?"

I considered. "Well, there
was a terrific pain just
there."

"There?" said the Sprat,
putting her hand to her
stomach.

"No, no. There," I said,

He also carried a rucksack
and told me he was an anar-
chist. All this at four o'clock
on a Sunday afternoon. Sick-
making. But, of course, when
I tried to warn Sophy she
just retreated into her hair
and wouldn't listen. That
got me really rattled.

"Why don't you come out
of there," I yelled. "Get it
cut or something. It's like
talking to the Black Hole of
Calcutta."

But Sophy only shrugged
and went on painting a black
shoelace across the return
from Clapham Junction.

I suppose I ought to have
known. The next day I
came in, tired and hot after
yet another useless, dusty bus
ride across London to find
not Sophy but a cowering,
shivering thing with red rim
round its enormous, toffee-
colored eyes and about an
inch and a half of down
all around its head.

"Oh, heavens, Sophy. I told
you to get it cut. Not to
shave it right off."

"I know," said Sophy
miserably. "I was reading. It
was terribly exciting, about
a man in the grip of this
enormous octopus. And when
I looked up, she'd cut it all
off. Andy, I feel so cold."

I went over to her and put
a hand under her chin.

"Look, Sprat, tomorrow's
Saturday. Let's give our-
selves a day off, eh? No
girl hunt for me, no raw
carrots for you. Will you
come?"

So we went. You could
say it was a pretty simple
sort of day but you couldn't
say it wasn't a happy one, be-
cause it was. We went to
Kew first, sniffing our way
through the hothouses, gloat-
ing over the roses. Then we
had sandwiches by the river
and an hour's worth of row-
ing-boat, where the splash of
the oars and Sophy's happy
gurgles almost made me for-
get my Unknown Beloved
swallowed forever in the jaws
of the Uncaring City.

To page 108



don't be
a
lilywhite —
tan
overnight
with
"magic tan"

PLUS sun filter—
protects from sunburn



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





NITE MOOD

HAPPY TALK

The many moods of MOUSON

famous French fragrances to delight every woman



TAKE YOUR PICK FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING! AT ALL CHEMISTS AND GOOD DEPARTMENT STORES

CHOOSE YOUR GIFT IN ANY OF THE SIX MOUSON FRAGRANCES

A. Talcum and Skin Perfume 14/11 B. Talcum (Sandalwood) 7/6 C. Two matching Soaps 9/6 D. Talcum (Happy Talk) 7/6 E. 6 Assorted Bath Tablets 9/6 F. Soap and 2 Bath Tablets 9/11 G. Talcum and 3 Bath Tablets 12/6 H. Talcum (Lilac Time) 7/6 I. Soap and Hand Lotion 12/- J. Skin Perfume 9/6 K. Talcum and Soap 12/6 L. Hand Lotion and 2 Bath Tablets 11/- M. 3 Bath Tablets 4/9



MOUSON

PARIS • FRANKFURT • MELBOURNE

FRENCH FRAGRANCES ARE REASONABLY PRICED TOO!

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Dec. 8

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, green, grey.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, red.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ A hectic week, with all the ups and down of a ride on the scenic railway, plus the exhilarations. The early part favors the new, the latter brings in big changes—like them or not!

★ A far from uneventful time. For some, the pace might get out of hand. Up to the 10th favors bold decisions, from then on surprise changes in the affairs of cupid.

★ For many, sudden moves—and subterranean ones—could lead to altered environment and out of the blue opportunities. Act quickly 8th-10th, but after that routine is better.

★ Venus has a lot of thrilling and glamorous things for you until the 10th. Then follow big changes in luck, abruptly new viewpoints, and possible danger on the road.

★ You could find yourself on a carousel and then a wild hurdy-gurdy when you'll have to grab tightly. There'll be money surprises—sudden gains and possibly equally sudden losses.

★ Make the most of romance until the 10th. You may meet someone very attractive. Then sit tight—the boat could be violently rocked in the rapids, even hit a hidden snag.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, brown, black.
★ Lucky days, Fri., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, jade.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, grey.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, black.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

★ Your reputation as a skilful tight-rope walker will be tested. At first all goes with gala zest for romance. From the 11th to 13th the rope could sway madly. You'll need your balance.

★ Inspired and original ideas coupled with bold action could give great rewards, until the 10th. Then strong, adverse stars could lead to money and domestic troubles. Just stick to routine.

★ The 8th-10th favors rich returns for adventurous enterprise. A new chapter could begin for many. However, there could be background moves that could completely change the lives of a lot.

★ Your tendency to proceed steadily and patiently toward a goal could meet with stress. The 8th-10th favors action. Afterwards warning stars could lead to upheaval and erratic decisions.

★ Hopes and wishes could come dramatically true—beyond your wildest imagining. But from the 11th on, big moves. You could suddenly lose a friend or be undermined by one.

★ There could be joyous and exciting events in your family and public life. Big, sudden changes loom, which could radically alter the picture. Stick to routine, try nothing novel.

THE GODDESS ON THE 15A

Continued from page 106

She was easy company, the Sprat, and now you could see her face. It was amazing the amount of expression she could pack into it. And because the expression I caught most often was a sort of grateful content, and because we were moored beneath a weeping willow (and everyone knows about weeping willows), I did a silly thing. I kissed her.

A very silly thing it was. Because this infant Joan of Arc with her bones and cropped hair was altogether too much there for casual kissing. Her mouth, her skin, her absurdly bendable bones all seemed to glow with a life of their own.

So I dropped her quickly, too quickly, and we rowed back in silence. Sophy curled up in the bow like a whipped pup, and in silence we climbed on to the bus and sat there, as far apart as possible.

I SUPPOSE it was because it was the first time in all those weeks that I'd sat on that particular bus without a thought of her that it happened. I looked out of the window quite idly—and there she was.

"Sophy," I said, clutching her, "there—there she is."

She was walking along on the other side of the road, very close to where I'd seen her first. She wore a white, sleeveless dress, one of those things which straphangs on as best it can, and her bare arms and silvery head were turned to glory by the evening sun.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" said Sophy, giving me a little push. "Go and get her."

The next second I was standing on the pavement and Sophy, looking for some reason as though she'd shrunk in the wash, had been carried past me and out of sight.

To yearn ceaselessly for your heart's desire is one thing. To find yourself six yards away from it on a crowded pavement is another. In short, I hadn't a clue what I should do. Leap at her with glad cries? Lasso her? Shout my adoration at her magnificent silver-blond head? In the end I solved the problem in a somewhat time-worn fashion. I followed her.

On walked the girl, her fashionable straw bag swinging against her unbearably lovely legs, and behind her slouched Andrew Strang, the great bacteriologist, feeling thoroughly shady and praying for a miracle.

And, believe it or not, the miracle appeared. Mind you,

it didn't look like a miracle, it looked like a portly Mayfair matron with a pea brain and an ostrich hat who came belting round a corner, poodle and all, and collided straight into the girl.

The straw bag flew open, people converged, apologised, and the girl passed on. But I was left with a treasure beyond price: a small, black notebook which informed me that Beauty Incarnate possessed a name and an address.

The knowledge that my beloved was called G. Nilsson and lived in two hundred and twenty-nine Reddington Road, Richmond, rang like sweet music through my wakeful night. Which was as well, because the other thing that rang through my wakeful night was something which sounded like a dozen bull elephants shifting teak above my head, and the thought which this gave rise to, namely, that Sophy was turning to sculpture, was too dreadful to be borne.

Eleven o'clock the following morning, a bright, warm Sunday, saw me wending my way through quiet Richmond streets and flower-filled gardens, my chin a little damaged from excessive shaving, the black notebook clutched in my hand.

The house was a pretty, whitewashed affair standing back from the road. The woman who came to the door was thirtyish, fair, with a pleasant but quite ordinary face. She wore an apron and looked tired and harassed, which was not surprising, since all around her and behind her and beneath her skirts were smaller, fairer versions of herself. But no sign of the goddess.

"Er—are you Mrs. Nilsson?"

The woman laughed. "No, I'm Hannah Fairlingham, but Miss Nilsson does live here. She's staying with us for the year, you know as a—For some reason, she broke off and hesitated, "as a mother's help. Do come in."

Even before I'd introduced myself and explained about the notebook she'd pulled me inside and shut the door. "Gudrun hasn't many friends," she said, steering me between two tricycles and an elderly rockinghorse, "so I'm always pleased if someone comes to amuse her a little. She's Swedish, you know."

Swedish. Well, of course, that explained it. The fairness, the coolness, the look of spiritual detachment. A girl who walked in silence through scented pine-woods and swam alone in limitless northern lakes.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Fairlingham, leading me through a double door into

To page 109



... she can't
wait 'til she
grows up...
nor can her hair

beautiful healthy hair begins with..

MEDICATED

Curlypet

Now your children can
have beautiful healthy hair.

New medicated Curlypet, containing Hexachlorophene treats dandruff and cradlecap; its baby mild medication soothes annoying irritation, leaving the scalp hygienically clean.

In addition, Curlypet is a gentle hair setting lotion that keeps kiddies hair neat and tidy all day long.

Non-sticky and non-greasy Curlypet does not soil clothes or pillows.

Look for the golden yellow Curlypet bottle, only 5/6 (55 cents) at your family Pharmacy or store.



"To the most beautiful girl in the world—
whoever she is!"

THE GODDESS ON THE 15A

Continued from page 108

a pleasant drawing-room facing the garden. And as she introduced me and slipped back to the kitchen with her brood, I was left face to face with the object of all my waking thoughts for longer than I cared to count.

There was no disappointment. She was as beautiful as I'd remembered, more so. While Mrs. Fairlingham had looked tired and worn, Gudrun was as cool as a lily. She was lying back in a deep armchair, a magazine open on her knee, a box of chocolates at her side. Her silvery hair curved immaculately around her soft cheeks, her marvellous eyes were echoed by the blue linen of her dress, and her long, long legs were crossed and swung gently as though moved by a celestial breeze.

There was a pause while I gazed adoring, and Gudrun crunched what seemed to be a brazil nut between her exquisite teeth.

"I am not speaking very much the English," she said presently.

"Oh, but you'll learn quickly," I said enthusiastically, enchanted by the low, husky voice. "You like England?"

The goddess turned her limpid eyes on me. "No," she said and swallowed.

"Oh," I tried again. A picture of the friendly, hopping little Fairlinghams came into my mind. "But you like the children?"

Gudrun's divine forehead creased into superbly symmetrical lines. "No," she said once more and reached for the chocolate box.

"Oh." To my horror, I found that I had glanced at my watch. "Well, er, what sort of things do you like? The theatre, the cinema?"

Gudrun frowned again. Her jaw moved steadily on the mousetrap. Clearly she was deep in thought. After a while she swallowed again and said: "Flak Och Brunä Boner."

"Er—I'm sorry?"

"You ask me what I am liking. This I am liking: Flak Och Brunä Boner. Is meat with brown bones. We are eating it every Thursday in my home. In Sodertälje."

Her adorable eyes misted with longing. Powerless to comfort her I pushed the chocolates closer to her side. She took one.

"Olav is also liking it," she said.

"Olav?" I queried.

Gudrun uncurled her mag-

nificent Nordic limbs and felt in her pocket for a photograph. It was of a handsome, thickset, fair young man.

"Is Olav," said the goddess.

"Your fiance?"

She nodded. "His father is having a factory for the—the clothes of the underneath. In Sodertälje."

I picked up the photograph. "Is nice," I said warmly, falling into the vernacular. "Is very, very nice."

In the underground on the way home I began to giggle. Then I started touching up my encounter with Gudrun for Sophy's benefit. And the relief, the sense of lightness I'd felt when I left the house, grew and grew. I suppose a Grand Passion suits some people, but apparently I wasn't one of them.

Then I turned out my pockets and I still had nine and fivepence, enough to simply fill the Sprat with pasta. And suddenly the future which had been hidden by my obsession looked limitless and very, very good.

I ran upstairs, knocked lightly on Sophy's door, and went in.

SECONDS later I was leaning against a wall, my heart pounding, a sick misery flooding through me. The room was stripped bare. It wasn't just that she'd gone out, I could see that at once. She'd gone.

But it wasn't possible. Where would she go, that cockeyed vagabond, that fugitive from something or other with not a soul in the world except the unspeakable George? Could it be a joke?

But it wasn't. The room was absolutely devoid of anything to do with her: no paints, no brushes, no discarded shoes in the grate, nothing.

So now began the grey days, the rotten, ragged, senseless days. Heaven knows what there was about that scrap of starved humanity to make her absence drain the color from the sky, people the city with ghosts, but there it was. And she'd gone thinking me besotted with that chocolate disposal unit from Sodertälje.

I was so helpless, too. I hadn't a clue where even to begin to hunt for her. I'd been so careful not to pry into her past. It was obviously something too sore for her to talk about. And I was worried, too. Had they caught her, whoever "they"

were, and shut her up again? Was she hungry or wretched? And who was going to find her shoes with me not there?

After a week of despair I swallowed my pride and went in search of George. I knew the office where he worked (he was in some plushy insurance job, this anarchist), but as it happened I ran into him in a cafe nearby where I was eating sausages and mash. I just couldn't get a mouthful of spaghetti down these days.

To say that George was a depressing sight would be to state the obvious. Since it was a weekday he'd had to cover up his knees, but that was as far as he'd got. I had to make several attempts before I achieved anything remotely like the welcoming smile I had in mind.

"George, won't you join me?"

"Oh—er. Hello, Andrew." He sat down, shuddered at my carnal sausages, and ordered a salad.

"So our little bird has flown?" he said, smiling contemptuously at me.

"Yes," I said. I put down my knife and fork and sat on my hands so that I couldn't slish him. "Do you—do you happen to know where she is?"

"Oh, yes, I think so," said George, slurping at his tomato juice. "After all, where else would a girl like that go? Blood will out, you know. And with that background she never really had a chance."

"I don't want to know what she's done," I shouted. "And I don't care a whit about her past—I never have. She could have robbed a bank for all I care. I just want to know where she is."

George hesitated and I held my breath. After all, why on earth should he tell me? Then he shrugged.

"It's called the Abbey or something." Down in Bareham. Huge grey stone affair. Pretty grim. Personally, I'm an anarchist as I've told you. I think they should blow all those places to smithereens and turn the inmates out."

"Yes, George, yes," I said, beaming at him. "I'm absolutely sure you're right."

I spent the journey down torturing myself with the thought of Sophy cooped up in a great, grey building, clawing the walls. Bareham,

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Pretty young mother Mrs. Marcia Frazer of Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W., is brimming with vitality, enjoys every moment of her busy life. Read about her All-Bran energy plan here!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more:

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A Full Life. Meet Marcia Frazer, a vital young housewife who fits about 25 hours' gay living into every day. Besides looking after her two small children, Mrs. Frazer loves to play tennis and swim, and despite her crowded day looks forward to entertaining in her lovely home. What is the source of all her energy? Marcia says it's her All-Bran! breakfast plan.

Her Energy Plan. "Now that I eat All-Bran, nothing seems to tire me. I always have plenty of energy," says Marcia. Yet 5 years ago she was feeling tired and listless, everything seemed to be too much trouble. "A friend suggested I try All-Bran," she recalls, "and in a week I felt absolutely wonderful . . . it was unbeliev-

able! Naturally I've kept on eating All-Bran, and have felt marvellously fit ever since. Just half a cup of crisp All-Bran each morning with some stewed fruit, or sprinkled over another Kellogg's cereal, that's my energy plan!"

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When you enjoy All-Bran for breakfast you're helping to make sure of a balanced diet, helping yourself to new energy and vitality. Try it for yourself—prove how All-Bran can help you (like Marcia), enjoy life more.



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by far the nicest way to stay regular

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This attractive sun frock is available cut out to make in pink/blue/white; green/pink/white; and blue/pink/white printed cotton, rick-rack braid supplied. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/19/6. Postage and dispatch 3/- extra.



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A superb engine that purrs along completely at your command.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 15, 1965

THE GODDESS ON THE 15A

however, turned out to be a friendly, pleasant village, entirely dominated by the Abbey: a huge, rambling affair with its own park and a tower with a flag on it. It seemed to be visiting day or something, because a whole stream of people had just got off a charabanc and were rolling up toward the gates.

As I shuffled in behind them I had another fit of nerves. Would they let me in? Was it some sort of hospital? Was she sick, the bush baby, dead of starvation?

At least there wasn't any armed wire, no bars to the windows. Still following the crowd, I went through a huge, paved courtyard with a fountain in the middle, and there was a man collecting half-crowns. I'd paid nine and passed through an archway and up some carved stone steps before it struck me as odd that I had to pay half a crown to visit a school for juvenile delinquents.

But by then I was wedged between a flowered matron and a lean, cropped American, and suddenly an old man appeared from a doorway and began to talk to us.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to Barcham Abbey. You are now standing in the historic banqueting hall built by the first Lord of Barcham in fifteen hundred and sixty-two. Notice the magnificent painted ceiling, the finest example—"

So then the penny dropped. This was a stately home open to the public, and dear George had made the biggest, most sensational fool of me ever. While I was off on a wild goose chase down to Hampshire, he was probably

canoodling with Sophy back in town.

"Not boiling oil," I thought, grinding my teeth and shuffling on after the guide. "Not slow enough. Skinning alive, perhaps, or just quartering..."

We trudged on, through the Armory, through the Spanish Dining-room (walls upholstered in Morocco leather), past the Long Gallery (fifty-seven ancestors and two stuffed bears), and came to rest in something called the Rose Salon.

It was there, among the cherubs and the damask and the gilt, that I suddenly glimpsed the flowered matron while my heart lurched drunkenly inside me and my knees went totally on strike.

WE were assembled before a picture—a huge picture in a vast gold frame stretching the length of the wall.

"Now here," babbled the guide, "we have one of the most impressive paintings in the whole of this historic building, the famous portrait of Sophia, third Lady Barcham, painted by Van Dyke. Please note—"

Please note— Please note indeed that under that heap of piled-up hair, above the lace on that somewhat immodest gown, there stares down at you, ladies and gentlemen, the face of one screwball ex-Borstal girl with lemur eyes and a passion for spaghetti.

So then I turned and strode away from the droning voice and the outraged matron, away, away, out of this fearful place with my

eyes stinging and a ball of iron in my chest. Well, the last laugh is on you, Sophy. I wanted to look after you, believe it or not. I thought you needed me. Funny, isn't it. And all the time you were playing a charade, the old incognito game, slumming for fun.

You're probably sitting in one of those foolish salons now, dolled up to the eyebrows and laughing your head off. Or galloping about on some great horse. Wonderful seat she has, the Barcham girl. Oh, how could you, Sprat? How could you?

And now, of course, I'd lost the way. I was clambering over ropes, passing notices saying "Private," getting farther and farther from anything like an exit. Apparently I'd missed a floor, because now I seemed to be in the basement. It was all flagged corridors and green baize doors. Probably a dungeon where anyone the Barchams didn't care for was locked away.

And then, from behind one of the doors, quite unmistakably, came the sound of sobbing. It wasn't a pleasant sound to hear down there, and it was still with the idea of prisoners or beaten housemaids that I threw open the door.

It wasn't a dungeon, it was a kitchen: a very large but rather uncomfortable looking one. In the centre of the kitchen was a wooden table, and on the wooden table was an enormous pile of buttered rolls. It was from behind these that the sobbing came.

I walked over and peered across the mound.

The next second there was a mighty crash, bread rolls

careered wildly across the floor, and a blood-stained, bedraggled Sophy leaped sobbing into my arms.

"Oh, Andy, Andy. It's those terrible rolls, six hundred every weekend for the visitors' teas, and I keep cutting myself. Oh, darling, how did you get here?"

I didn't bother to answer that, because what with tying up her thumb in my handkerchief and then kissing it better and then kissing other bits of her better also I didn't have time.

"Oh, it's been so awful, you can't imagine! And when everyone goes home we still have to add up the accounts and Daddy shouts at me and then I have to exercise the horses and they're so huge, Andy—worse than cello."

Suddenly she stopped being a gorgeous, melting extension of myself, and I felt her stiffen and draw away. One bit of hair had grown long enough to fall into her left eye, and behind this she sheltered as best she could. "What about—your girl? Your ideal? The silver blonde?"

"She is going to marry a man called Olav who makes combinations. In Soderstalje."

"Oh," said the Sprat, and giggled. Then she burrowed her way back into my jacket, and since, as I've explained, too much bending gives me backache, I lifted her up and put her on the kitchen table so that I could kiss her better. After a little while I heard two gentle thuds and looked down to find her shoes lying under the table. So then I knew it was all right. Sophy was home.

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How to see LONDON



on £1 a day

● You've finally arrived in London on the first leg of your "12-month-working-holiday". You want to see London — all of it — but everything seems so expensive, and, well, you're not a millionaire.

BETTY JAMES comes up with the answer in her 200-page cleverly illustrated book, "London on £1 a day."

"My £1 a day in London advice is for looking around, eating well, and enjoying yourself. You can do it on less," says the author.

And Betty James, who is sure that "nobody will be foolhardy enough to imagine that £1 a day can include bed-and-breakfast in any place remotely recommendable," writes her way through 22 amusing, shrewd, informative chapters.

Transport system

After explaining to the newly arrived visitor that a camera is not an essential item of a tourist's paraphernalia, she discusses trips, tours, tiny cheap restaurants, super-de-luxe inexpensive snack bars, theatres, picture galleries, and explains the bewildering system of public transport in London.

"It is best to catch the third bus in an identical row," Betty James explains sarcastically. "The second bus doesn't stop anyway, frequently because the conductor has just spotted somebody trying to get off. The front one usually skulks along like an ancient tumble and ends up by arriving last."

"A tourist's first introduction to London buses may be made on the two-hour Circular Tour of the Landmarks of London, covering 20 miles of the West End and City and costing only 5/-."

After such an introduction, the author feels that the visitor, knowing a few landmarks and where they are, is better equipped to find his way around London.

"The British Underground is the best in the world," says the author. "It is clean,

pretty in places, quick, and punctual. The stations are often full of merry little shops and much modernity, all excepting in the matter of toilets — which are still ungracefully marked 'Men' and 'Women.'"

Betty James's advice is to avoid these "public places" and duck into any of London's hotels. "The Piccadilly Hotel is ideal," she says. "You can go into the Regent Street entrance smiling at the commissionaire like a rich customer just arriving and go out by the Piccadilly entrance smiling at another commissionaire like a rich customer just leaving."

"Unless you're heedless enough to allow the second commissionaire to bundle you into a taxi the entire transaction is free."

Also for "free" in London are visits to the National Gallery, British Museum, Tate Art Gallery, and the British Theatre Museum, which houses Sarah Siddons' stage make-up. Sir Henry Irving's waistcoat, David Garrick's shoe-buckles, scribbled prompt scripts...

Things to see

"And for a rarefied afternoon without spending a thing—Sotheby's, the largest auction rooms in the world," says the author. "The atmosphere—from the moment you enter those doors and start climbing the stairs in company with a bated chattering of impressive people—is a sobering cross between a cathedral during a service and a gambling den in the throes of very high stakes."

Other suggestions: The Old Curiosity Shop, built in 1567, said to be the inspiration of Dickens' novel and now owned by Mrs. Natalie Shure, who sells all manner of "old and curious articles." Or—Berwick Street Market, Covent Garden, Portobello Road, Petticoat Lane, or Leather Lane to see the

markets which sell everything from ochre herrings to trinkets.

Admission fees, which seldom range above 2/6, take you into Whitehall, former Royal residence at the time of Henry VIII, the Royal Mews, and Queen's Gallery at Buckingham Palace, Hampton Court Palace, and the homes of such "greats" as Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, Dr. Johnson, and Hogarth.

Star haunts

For those more interested in seeing the "greats" of the pop star world today Betty James gives information about the haunts of the Animals, Acker Bilk, the Rolling Stones, Kenny Ball, and Terry Lightfoot.

The Rolling Stones and the Animals, Betty James says, gather all night Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at a coffee-shop restaurant, *Sous Sol*, in Earls Court.

Visitors not so interested in the "has-been greats" or "present-day greats" can play amateur talent spotters to "future greats" by joining the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (annual fee £1/1/-) and see performances for 2/6 at the Vanbrugh Theatre.

Sadler's Wells sells cheap seats to the ballet for 4/- in the gallery the day before a performance. Old Vic provides seats and standing room in the gallery for 3/-, and for an annual membership fee of 7/6 and another 7/6 for each performance. Restoration plays, revivals, and premieres can be seen at the Mermaid Theatre.

"London on £1 a Day" makes it very clear that any penny-pinching tourist can have a ball in Britain's capital city.

Is published by B. T. Batsford Ltd., London, and is priced in Australia at 19/-.

— JENNY IRVINE

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... Margaret Merril

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100 presents for a steady

● As Christmas Day draws closer many teens are finding themselves with a problem: what to give THE boy — or girl — in their lives.

PRESENTS for your favorite guy or gal are often the hardest to choose, because you want something "different" and "special."

Your gifts should depend on how long you've been going out together (an expensive present from someone you've known only a while can be embarrassing), the hobbies and interests of the person, and, of course, your pocket or purse.

If you've been dating only a couple of weeks, a gift around £1 would be an ideal choice. And if you've known each other for six months or more, you could spend a couple of pounds, but you shouldn't go above £3 or £4. Remember the old saying, "It's not the gift but the thought that counts!" Well, it's trite—but true.

To get pointers on presenting we asked 12 boys and 12 girls what they would most like to be given. From their answers, and our own ideas, we've made this list

of the 100 most welcome presents for HIM and HER.

FOR HIM

Suede tie,
Chess set,
Cuff links,
Board shorts,
John Lennon's "Spaniard in the Works,"
Record,
Puppy,
Kangaroo-skin golf-club covers,
Wrap-around sunglasses,
Bongo drum,
Sneakers,
Fancy bottle opener,
Two theatre tickets (the second for you, of course),
Pop-art print,
Suede belt,
Monogrammed clothes brush,
Wallet,
Set of golf balls,
Sports shirt (if you know his right size!),
Beach towel,
Framed picture of you,
Set of men's cosmetics,
Floral tie (the latest from London),

Initialled linen handkerchiefs,
Address book,
Subscription to a sporting magazine,
Good pen and pencil set,
Tie clips,
Desk calendar,
Watch band,
Travelling clock,
Parrot,
Driving gloves,
Leather sandals,
Skate board,
Book on art,
Canvas beach bag,
Photograph album,
Cravat,
Mad beach hat,
Cookery book (if he batches),
Overnight bag,
Flippers,
Binoculars,
Dart set,
Golf or tennis practice balls,
Briefcase,
Slide box for color pictures,
Fishing basket,
Writing set.



WHAT IS IT? If he has chosen well he will have taken into account her age, how long he has known her, her taste, her interests and her personality. Her present for him will be equally thoughtful.

FOR HER

Leather-bound copy of her favorite classic,
White kid gloves,
Mad drop earrings,
Rag clown,
Courreges-type sunglasses,
Piece of pottery,
String of wooden beads,
Fancy case for her glasses,
Friendship ring,
Pen and pencil set,
Mink eyelashes,
Lime-green sandals,
Silk scarf,
French perfume,
Budgerigar in a cage,
Indoor plant,
Money purse,
Tiny pearl earrings,

Five-year diary,
Scarf,
Flowered bathing cap,
Cookery book,
Perfect rose (with a tiny bottle of perfume tied to the stem),
Bubble bath,
Kitten,
Red canvas sneakers,
Pill box, for aspirin,
Straw beach basket,
Beach towel,
Goldfish in a bowl,
Rubber surf float,
Box of monogrammed stationery,
Adjustable Australian gemstone ring,
Boy's jeans (very IN this

summer),
Vanity case,
Framed print of her favorite painting,
Barbra Streisand LP,
Instant suntan (via the bottle!),
Mad straw beach bonnet,
Gonk doll,
Beatle record,
Pearl bracelet,
Book on ballet,
Manicure set,
Compact,
Charm for her charm bracelet,
Fluffy bed dog,
Cufflinks,
Jewellery box,
Brush and comb set.

THE ALPHABET DIET

● Summer is here and the beaches are crowded with good-looking boys and pretty girls. But where are all the fatties? They are in the kitchen dishing themselves up another nut sundae with raspberry sauce, just wishing they had bikini-type figures.

I cannot allow this unhappy state of affairs and here pass on my Alphabet Diet.

HELLO there all you fatties under the age of 19. Shame on you! Where are your willpowers? One morning in September last year I rolled my jolly ten-stone self out of bed and decided to try on my leathers. I squeezed into them and glanced in the mirror—and suddenly I found my willpower.

I could not stand it any longer. As I wandered into the kitchen that morning I realised sadly that there would be no more syrup and pancakes or toast and marmalade for me for some time.

Then I hit on my Alphabet Diet as the perfect solution. The idea was that every

time I wanted to eat something fattening I would eat something beginning with the same letter of the alphabet as that food, but containing less calories.

My breakfast would have been Pancakes with Syrup, then Toast and Marmalade. P. Peaches, pears, and plums. S. Salad. T. Tomatoes.

M. Meat. I had salad for breakfast that day!

Then came lunch hour with me almost at death's door with hunger. I rushed out of the office down to the shop. In my mind's eye I could see Peanut Butter Sandwiches and a Chocolate Eclair. Then I passed the shop window and saw my reflection in it. Goodbye, eclairs.

So I tried to think of less fattening foods again. P. Pears, plums, and peaches.

B. Beef. S. More Salad. C. Crispbread, carrot. E. Egg. I rushed past the sandwich shop in case I had a change of heart and charged to the fruit stall. With eyes down I asked for "one pear and one carrot, please." The man thought I was crazy and I received willpower-breaking looks from passing

shoppers. At the health bar I ordered two crispbreads with beef. I ate this and went back to the office feeling proud.

When I arrived back the girls wondered where my usual choc-ice and bag of marshmallows were. I tried to bluff my way through, but they found out about my diet. From then on I was the point of interest in the cloak-room and it made me even more determined to stick to my guns. About six weeks later they stopped sniggering because they noticed the alphabet game was working. Six months later there was a completely different me. I have not quite got over it myself yet.

I must admit I would still rather eat cake than cabbage any day. That is where willpower is needed most.

So, go man, go, all you

fatties, and have a try at my alphabet game and you won't spend summer hiding.

—GERALDINE CAVNALL, the girl who lost two stone.

(Teenagers should check with a doctor before they start any drastic dieting, and should take care that they are still eating balanced, nutritious foods.—Editor.)



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hottest day
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THE IDEAL GIFT!

Getting the message across

THERE seem to be two ways a girl gets the message across that she likes a particular boy.

Either she tells the good news to all her friends, who in turn tell all their friends, until eventually the word gets round to the boy. This is simple, but does it achieve the desired results?

Or does a girl pluck up all her courage, take a girlfriend along for moral support, and get talking to the boy — who usually has a couple of mates hanging round? If the couple don't click, does the girl start the painful process again?

The alternative is to sit pat and wait for the boys to do the stalking. This procedure usually takes quite a while. — Barbara McDonald, Tannymorel, Qld.

Color question

WHAT have we done, and what CAN we do? These are just some of the questions of an aboriginal.

Beauty in brief

COOL MAKE-UP

SINCE it's harder to look fresh and crisp now than at any other time of the year, the first cool rule is to go light on make-up. To do so is right in keeping with the natural look in cosmetics that is the "in" thing of the moment.

If you use any make-up base at all, choose one that is fine and light in texture rather than coat your skin with a thick layer of foundation.

Then, to balance the whole color picture, go in for a light and bright look in lipstick.

As you probably know, everything's coming up roses in this department; lips have not only regained their color this year, but they've also come back into natural shapes.

Carry the same pale motif into your eye make-up; most experts consider the eyebrowless look too extreme and prefer a brushed effect using a soft color lighter than the eyelashes.

And choose pastel or whited-pink nail polish to make your fingertips the color of seashells.

Behind it all, behind the coolest summer look in the book, keep your youthful prettiness by frequent face-washing.

To give your face a quick pick-up, keep some skin freshener on tap and use it often.

— CAROLYN EARLE

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.



As I am an aboriginal girl myself, I know what I am talking about because I've gone through the experience where white people will not accept me as I am, even though I've been highly educated at school and am now going to college.

I was brought up in a very strict home, but I am still not accepted. This is why a lot of aborigines do not go any further than school. I have done my best to show the white people what the aboriginal can do, and that we can reach their standards. I can't understand it. — "Colored," Bomaderry, N.S.W.

Scholarship

THE complaints of many students who are living on a Teachers' College Scholarship is that it is not sufficient, and with news of a coming rise complaints have grown even louder.

As I am a student living on this scholarship, I can say that students can live quite reasonably on it. Out of my fortnightly allowance I am able to pay fares, my medical and hospital benefits, bank at least a pound, and am still left with enough to buy clothes and miscellaneous items.

We should remember we are students and not wage-earners. — Mary Savage, New Lambton, N.S.W.

Raising money

READERS might like to keep in mind for next year yet another method of raising money at school.

In the middle of our school yard we placed three signs. On one was written the Beatles, on one Elvis and on the other the Rolling Stones. Students and even teachers could put any amount of money they liked into the box by each sign. The singer or group raising

the most money is declared the winner.

At our school the Beatles won, Elvis was second, and the Stones came third.

Another idea is to get friends to bring the latest pop records, and have a fee of a silver coin at a record show. This gets many students along if you have it at lunchhour and tell everyone to bring their lunch and eat it there. — Jan Pearce, St. Marys, S.A.

Youth service

FAIRLY recently our church committee decided to conduct a youth service as a substitute for our normal one. They introduced new hymns, rituals, and talk-songs, and the whole service was organised and conducted by delegates of the youth organisations connected with the church.

At the conclusion of the service a new coffee inn called The Stage Door was opened. It acquired this name because it is situated on the stage of our hall, separated from the rest of the hall by a thick, dark curtain, giving the atmosphere which all coffee lounges should have.

It features local and guest singers, records, and painted murals. Dim lights add a final touch, and there is a continuous service of coffee and biscuits.

This little meeting place every Sunday night just makes our weekend complete. Maybe other clubs, associations, or churches would be interested in our ideas and like to experiment as well. — H. Ellis, Brighton, Vic.

A philosophy

I DON'T think I have seen anything in the line of philosophy lately, so here is some:

Good, better, best,
Never let it rest
Till your good is better
And your better's best.

I found this a wonderful piece of philosophy written on an old fire-fighting tank in Hay, N.S.W. — Paul Headon, Balgownie, N.S.W.

CHEER SQUADS

● Readers say it's fun to be in a cheer squad, and tell how the idea is fast spreading in Australian schools.

OUR cheer squad at Bathurst High School consists of eight girls, each having a letter on the front of her uniform, so that when in formation we spell out BATHURST. Also, we carry huge bunches of streamers in the school colors, giving us a festive look.

The original idea came from the American cheer squads, and the arrival of a Canadian girl in our class set the ball rolling.

Our group was formed specially for an annual inter-school visit, and even though this was our first year we travelled to a neighboring town to urge our teams on to greater things.

THEY REALLY DRESS TO KILL

● I see that the latest in female fashions in London is called the Gangster Look.

SO far the fad has gone only to girls' heads. Designs have a truly fatal fascination.

Milliner Edward Mann is the master criminal-designer inspired by crooks and their fashions of America's Roaring '20s.

He has created "Long Legs Diamond," "Dillinger," and "Hoodlum" hats.

I never realised that gangsters could influence women's clothes.

I thought the only important Chicago fashion showings were fitting victims with concrete overcoats.

Still, I suppose if the Capone fits, wear it.

Mr. Mann would probably do well with his gangster headgear. Some hoods in the '20s made a lot of money.

Lasses could like the idea, too.

"Long Legs Diamonds" could be a girl's best friend.

Another hat idea would be Scarface Mobcaps.

It will be interesting to see if the fashion spreads to other items of clothing.

Moving from top to toe, perhaps there will be band and stockings inspired by bootleggers.

Gangster dresses would show off girls' shapes. Crooks are notoriously shiftless.

For once, crooked dressmakers would be better than who go straight.

There could be some fab outdoor gear, too.

How about a get-away carcoat?

How will males feel about these fashions?

A bloke might Sing Sing admiringly, "Yes, sir, that's Baby Face Nelson."

Then, a father or husband who had to foot the bill for yet another fad might feel he was taken for a ride.

Between us we worked out different routines for each of our warcries, and although these took a lot of time and practice, and our uniforms were quite a lot of work, the idea has been a great success, and is sure to spark off the formation of similar squads in other schools. — "One of Them," Bathurst, N.S.W.

CHEER squads are not uncommon in the West of N.S.W. I attend Dubbo High School and am in fifth year, which leads our school squad.

To help along our competing teams we make huge posters, "flingers," and wave balloons. All are in red and black, our school colors. We also compose our own songs to suit each different sport. — Robyn Petersen, Dubbo, N.S.W.

SOME of my friends from a boys' college asked me to form a cheer squad for their matches, so I rallied a group of my best girlfriends, and together we decided on a uniform of short white tennis dresses, long white socks, sandshoes, and a college jersey.

Each Sunday 14 of us went to the matches, and with streamers and banners screamed the college wacries. By the time each match was over we were all hoarse, but we had a lot of fun.

At the grand final of the Under 16s we were asked to give a display in the centre of the field at half-time. The officials were very pleased with our effort to add color to the Junior League. — Lynne Mitchell, Croydon, N.S.W.

— Robin Adair



LEFT: Portland Mason with her parents in the days when she was called the world's most precocious child. Above, she mimics her mother putting on make-up and, above right, as she is today — an intelligent, unassuming young woman.

Whatever happened to baby Portland?

● The attractive girl with the long blond hair and a quiet, unassuming manner who held out her hand and said a soft "Hello" didn't look like the owner of the title "The World's Most Precocious Child."

In fact, I soon discovered that Portland Mason, the lovely 17-year-old daughter of James Mason, bears no resemblance whatever to the image that Hollywood gossip columnists have around her childhood. Almost from the time she was born, Portland was in the news along with her mother, Pamela, and father, James. There were stories of Portland giving up cigarettes at the age of eight, of her attending late-night parties and wearing low-cut dresses at premieres, of writing a book on divorce when she was 15.

said, "and only some of those things were true. I did smoke when I was very young, but most children do that. Now I can't stand cigarettes."

"And I did write a book, but it was never published."

"You know, when I was old enough to read those stories about myself I was horrified and vowed never to speak to newspaper people. But now, although I don't give many interviews, talking about myself doesn't bother me, although people invariably think I'm going to be terrible and precocious."

Anybody less precocious than the present-day Portland would be hard to imagine and at Shepperton Studios technicians and fellow-actors and actresses have praised her professionalism on the set, and her friendliness off.

"They all thought I was going to be a real horror," said Portland, "and that I'd throw fits of temperament and things like that. In fact, I'm very like Daddy in my nature — calm, patient, and slow to anger."

Portland has spent most of her life in America, where

summer stock in California, parts in television plays, and the occasional movie role have given her the right kind of experience without neglecting her educational studies. Earlier this year Portland passed her General Certificate of Education in three subjects.

"Daddy is very keen on me not to let up in my schooling," she said, "but I think he's pleased that I've come into show business. I love acting and it's something that Dad and I often talk about when we're together."

"I admire my father tremendously as an actor and I've seen most of his films, although I never see the ones that he personally dislikes."

Portland's first British film finds her cast as Hortense, head girl at that crazy female educational academy, St. Trinian's. The school and its fearful occupants are the creation of artist Ronald Searle, and this is the fourth St. Trinian's film.

When she hasn't been filming, Portland has been staying with friends in London and visiting her father, who



ABOVE: Portland in her most recent role, as Hortense, head girl at St. Trinian's, in the film "The Great St. Trinian's Train Robbery."

has been working in Ireland.

"Dad and I love to get around sightseeing and going for long walks," said Portland.

"Although I've now got him around to Bob Dylan and the Beatles and we talk and play a lot of 'Scrabble' together, we've also been to the theatre a couple of times and on one visit I went backstage with Dad to meet Sir Laurence Olivier, which was wonderful."

The Masons split up three years ago and were divorced earlier this year.

Portland tries to divide her time evenly between California, where her mother lives permanently, and Europe, where filming keeps her father busy.

Certainly she has little time for boyfriends or the nightclub set.

"I go to a club occasionally, but never when I am working," said Portland as we left the set to wander over to the studio restaurant. "I find clubs such a waste of time and I'd rather be at home. As far as boyfriends are concerned I've got a

couple, but nobody steady.

"What I really want to do is to travel more and do more writing. I'm always writing short stories and I wouldn't mind having a go at a novel if I could find the time."

But Portland doesn't look like having much time in the future. Already her first film here is bringing in offers from other producers and she is likely to return to London in the new year for another film and possibly a stage play.

— BRIAN GIBSON

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



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Louise
Hunter

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your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

He wants to write

"I AM a boy of almost 16. I have been working as a Sunday school teacher at a place 40 miles away from my home. I have a girl, 15, helping me. I like her very much, but as we only meet for a couple of hours once a month I do not have a chance to talk to her or go for a walk with her. Since I will be leaving this district soon I would like to write to her. How would I go about this?"

"Lonely," S.A.

When the time for you to leave is getting close, tell her you are sorry you won't be seeing her any more, but that you will keep in touch by writing. Then, when you do leave, write to her and tell her about where you are living

and what you are doing. At the end of the letter ask her how the Sunday School is going and what some of your mutual friends are up to. She'll write back.

Too reserved

"WE are two 18-year-old girls with the same problem. We both like two rather reserved boys. Our problem is that we have asked them to various functions to which we have received invitations and they have readily accepted, but they have never asked us out in return. Would you please tell us what to do? Please don't say we should invite someone else as we have tried this and we don't enjoy ourselves nearly as much."

"Uncertain," Tas.

If you don't want to ask anyone else, I can't help you. You'll just have to keep on enjoying their company when you are able to ask them somewhere, and hope that they return the invitations some day.

Taking a gift

"I AM going to a birthday party, and I would like to know if I should take a present. The boy asked me to go, and he will be 19. He said he didn't want a present and I am wondering if I should still take one."

"Guest," N.S.W.

Yes, you should take a present—but only something small and inexpensive so that you do not embarrass him. Buy him something like a book on one of his interests, a tie, some nice handkerchiefs—whatever you think he would like. But do not spend any more than, say, £1.

Boyfriends at 15

"I AM 15 and my mother keeps telling me to be content with staying at home. Most of my friends go out with their boyfriends. I like this boy very much, but I am not allowed to have a boyfriend. My sister-in-law tells me I am too young and she was not allowed to go out with boys until she was 16½. She is trying to make Mum's mind up to not let me go out until I am 16½, too. I think my mother is too over-protective. What can I do?"

"Coddled," N.S.W.

There is nothing much you can do. Until you are older you must obey your mother's decision. Suggest to her instead that you be allowed to go out occasionally with a group of friends, or that you bring them home to listen to records one afternoon. You could include this boy you like in the group.

Triangle tangle

"I AM all tangled up. I have been going steady with a boy for 12 months, but a couple of weeks ago I met another boy and went out with him two out of the three nights he was in town. I don't know what made me do such a thing because my boyfriend and I have set the date for our engagement, and planned our future. A close friend said it was probably just a passing phase, and that I should forget about it, but deep down I have been hoping to hear from the other boy again. Last week I received a letter from him declaring his love for me. He wants me to meet his parents and stay at his home at Christmas time. I think I love him, but don't know. What shall I do? I can't hurt my boyfriend, and I can't help the way I feel about the other boy. Would it be wrong to get engaged feeling this way, and will this feeling for the other boy pass?"

"I'm 18, and all tangled up."

"Worried," N.S.W.

You would hurt your boyfriend much more by becoming engaged before you are completely sure of your feelings. Although this thing with the other boy might not last for ever you will have to clear up before you promise to marry your steady. Tell your boyfriend exactly what has happened, and how you feel about it. Spending Christmas with him seems a bit drastic, so arrange to see him either before or after so that you can decide if he really does mean anything to you. Your boyfriend will be hurt, but he must realise how important it is for you to make sure that he really is the one for you.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

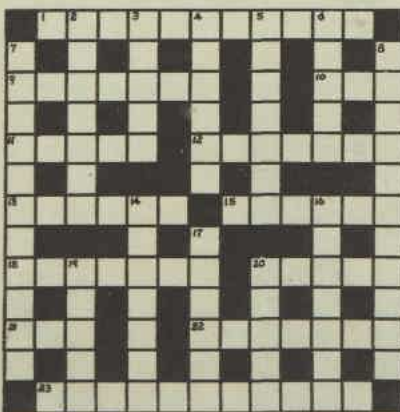
MANDRAKE is on vacation with Narda and Lothar in his new home, Xanadu, when the phone rings. It is a call from Mandrake's chief. NOW READ ON . . .



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Plump start to a mirage mostly in the Strait of Messina (4, 7).
2. This toasted cheese is an uncommon morsel (7).
3. Low vulgarism to be found in any academy (3).
4. Divide with its end for all time (5).
5. A mounted sentry placed in advance of an outpost (7).
6. A response (6).
7. Maintain persistently with its sin (6).
8. Catch in a trap (7).
9. Desires with some expectation with the outside used for flavoring beer (5).
10. Arrest (3).
11. In name only (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Comes as river (7).
3. Broken bar or the main support of a machine (5).
4. In music, an interval of twelve semitones (6).
5. Animate a cheerful den (7).
6. He introduced tobacco to France (5).
7. They present really hard cases (11).
8. These people never shun publicity (11).
9. Put ale into high spirits (7).
10. A devil starts this push (7).
11. Wet sob (anagr., 6).
12. Wooden shoe from France (5).
13. To back in incomplete hell is a superior pub (5).



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COMPILED BY OUR
LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



The Australian Women's Weekly, December 15, 1965

THE 14 DAYS OF CHRISTMAS — Page 1

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On Christmas Eve

WHETHER you're catering for expected or unexpected guests, keep the food simple, easily prepared.

A platter of fresh fruit, an assortment of cheeses, and a loaf or two of crusty bread are good stand-bys.

SAVORY CHEESE ROUNDS

One ounce butter, 2oz. finely shredded processed cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped toasted almonds, 3 dozen 1½in. bread rounds.

Toast bread rounds or fry them in hot oil until golden. Blend together butter, cheese, and parsley. Spread on to prepared bread rounds; sprinkle tops with almonds. (All this can be done in advance.) At serving time, place under heated grill until cheese melts and is lightly brown.

CHICKEN LIVER PATE

One large chopped onion, 1 clove crushed garlic, 3oz. butter, 1lb. chicken livers, 1 crumbled bayleaf, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon brandy.

Soften onion and garlic in 1oz. of the butter, then add the cleaned livers, saute 2 to 3 minutes. Sprinkle over herbs and seasoning, cook another minute. Cool, then puree in electric blender, gradually adding remaining butter (melted) and brandy. Pack into mould or jar, chill thoroughly. Serve with freshly made toast and butter.

PRAWN TOASTS

One pound shelled and minced prawns, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon wine, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 unbeaten egg-white, 1 teaspoon cornflour, pinch monosodium glutamate, 1 tablespoon chopped ham, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 8 slices thinly sliced bread, oil for frying.

Mix prawns, ginger, wine, salt, egg-white, cornflour, and monosodium glutamate together well. Mix in ham and parsley. Trim crusts from bread, cut each slice into 4 equal squares. Place small mound of prawn mixture on each square of bread. Press lightly to make garnish adhere. Drop into hot oil, with the prawn mixture side down. Cook until golden brown, turning once. Serve hot.

MACAROON CRISP CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, few drops almond essence, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2-3rd cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk.

Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut, 1oz. shredded almonds.

Cream together butter or substitute, essence, and sugar. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Spread over base of greased 8in. sandwich tin. Prepare topping.

Topping: Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually beat in sugar; beat until of satiny meringue consistency. Fold in coconut. Pile roughly on top of cake, sprinkle over the shredded almonds. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Remove carefully from tin, turn out on teatowel, then turn over, meringue side up, on to cake-cooler.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND CAKE

Four eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4oz. marzipan meal, 4oz. dark chocolate, chocolate icing, whole blanched almonds.

Beat egg-yolks with sugar until thick and creamy. Slowly add chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Gradually add marzipan meal; mix well. Spoon into greased 8in. by 4in. loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Turn out, cool. Ice with chocolate icing; decorate with whole blanched almonds.

Chocolate Icing: Half pound sieved icing sugar, 2oz. dark chocolate, 4oz. butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Heat water, add chopped chocolate, and dissolve. Cool; add icing sugar and vanilla. Beat well; add melted butter. Spread icing over cake while still warm.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

● Friends may be dropping in unexpectedly to wish you the compliments of the season or you may be entertaining on Christmas Eve.

YULE LOG CAKE

(Shown on cover)

Two swiss rolls (bought or home-made), Chocolate Vienna Icing, icing sugar.

Chocolate Vienna Icing: Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 tablespoons cold milk, 4 tablespoons cocoa.

Cut slanting slice from one end of each swiss roll. Place the rolls, uncut ends together, on serving dish. Reshape one of the cut-off pieces to represent a twig; don't make it too long.

Vienna Icing: Combine sugar and boiling water, stir to dissolve sugar; cool. Beat butter until light and fluffy, gradually beat in cold sugar syrup. Add cold milk, beat well. Sift in 1 tablespoon only of cocoa, blend in. Remove 2 tablespoons of this light-colored icing; set aside. Sift remaining cocoa into remaining mixture; blend well.

Cover sides of twig-shaped piece with dark icing, and top end with light icing. Position twig on top of one swiss roll (you will need to make small hole in roll to position the twig securely; a wooden cocktail pick will help); secure with a little icing. Cover the whole log evenly with dark icing; use the lighter icing for the end. With fork, draw lines along length of log, then along twig, to represent bark. With fork, mark ends of log and twig, where the lighter icing is used, in circles. Sift icing sugar over. Decorate with sprig of holly.

WHITE WINE BOWL

Six ripe peaches, 1 cup castor sugar, 5½ bottles dry white wine, ice cubes.

Peel and slice peaches. Place in bowl, sprinkle with sugar. Pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle dry white wine, cover and stand overnight. At serving time, place layer of ice cubes in bottom of punch bowl. Pour over marinated fruit, add remaining wine. Serve in small glasses, adding 1 or 2 slices of the fresh fruit to each.

Note: Sliced fresh pineapple, apricots, or nectarines can be substituted for peaches.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

*"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all
through the house*

*Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads." — Clement Clarke Moore.*

*ASSORTED CHEESES, fresh fruit, and a glass
of wine on Christmas Eve. See opposite page.*



*THE CHRISTMAS HAM can be served cold, as shown above, or
baked with a glaze and served hot. See directions on page 4.*

Christmas Day

• These are the traditional well-loved foods of Christmas—the golden succulent bird; the seasonings and sauces; the juicy ham; and the mince pies.

THE BIRD

ROAST CHICKEN

One 3lb. to 3½lb. chicken, giblets, prepared stuffing, 4oz. softened butter, ½ pint stock or water, salt and pepper.

Fill bird with prepared stuffing, truss; spread legs and breast with softened butter. Place in baking dish with giblets and stock or water. Roast in moderately hot oven until chicken is well browned and tender, allowing 25 minutes per pound cooking time. Baste and turn chicken frequently, adding extra stock or water if necessary. Transfer cooked bird to serving platter. Strain pan juices into saucepan, skim well, bring to boil, cook 1 or 2 minutes, season to taste, then pour into sauceboat.

Alternatively, roast chicken this way:

Fill bird with prepared stuffing, and truss. Spread legs and breast with softened butter, wrap bird in well-buttered aluminium foil. Turn up ends securely to prevent juices escaping. Cook in moderately hot oven, allowing 25 minutes per pound cooking time. Thirty minutes before end of cooking time, turn back foil to allow bird to brown.

ROAST DUCKLING

One duckling, prepared stuffing, little melted butter.

Stuff duckling and truss. Place in baking dish, spoon over a little melted butter. Roast in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook until duck is well browned and tender, allowing 25 minutes per pound cooking time. Turn and baste duck occasionally. When cooked, transfer to serving platter. Serve with well-seasoned gravy made from pan drippings or with orange or apple sauce.

Note: Duck is generally rather fat; after first 30 minutes cooking time, prick skin

gently with fork. This will enable any excess fat to run out and will give extra crispness to cooked bird.

ROAST TURKEY

One turkey, softened butter, salt and pepper, prepared stuffing, extra butter (melted).

Fill turkey with desired stuffing; truss. Rub inside of large paper bag with generous amount of softened butter. (You may need to slit one side of bag.) Carefully place turkey (previously sprinkled with salt and pepper) inside bag, fold ends up securely. Place in baking dish, brush outside of bag with melted butter. Roast in moderately slow oven, allowing 25 minutes per pound cooking time for bird under 12lb. in weight, and 20 minutes per pound for bird over 12lb. Thirty minutes before end of cooking time, remove paper to allow bird to brown. Baste frequently.

Alternatively, the turkey can be cooked in aluminium foil in the same way as chicken, or it can be cooked with stock. If using stock, proceed as for chicken but cover breast and legs with piece of buttered paper during first half of cooking time. In both methods the bird should be cooked in moderate oven; cooking times are approximately same as above.

THE HAM

Choose a half or whole leg ham; or a pumped or smoked leg of lamb or hogget which is cooked as a half-ham.

Baked Ham in Scone Dough: If strongly cured soak 12 hours; scrub rind, rinse well. Roll 2lb. unsweetened scone dough to barely ½in. thickness. Mould round ham, covering completely. Place in thickly greased baking dish, bake uncovered in slow oven. Allow 15 minutes per pound for hams of

12lb. and over; 20 minutes per pound for hams under 12lb.; 25 minutes per pound for half-hams. Test with fine steel knitting-needle ½ hour before end of cooking time. When tender strip off paste and rind. Cover ham with brown sugar combined with little mixed spice and stick with cloves. Cook ½ hour longer, basting 2 or 3 times with cider, apple, or orange juice.

Boiled Ham: Soak several hours in cold water, drain, dry, and scrape. Place in large vessel with tepid water to cover. Add fresh herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram), 4 or 5 peppercorns, blade of mace. Bring slowly to simmering point, taking at least 1½ hours. Simmer gently until tender, allowing 30-35 minutes per pound. Leave to cool in water.

Large hams can be cooked in a copper. Place in copper, cover with cold water, add herbs, etc. Bring slowly to boil, simmer gently ½ to 1 hour. Turn off heat, cover copper with sacks, newspaper, and old blankets to keep in heat. Keep ham covered thus until cold. Remove skin, rub ham with mixture of breadcrumbs, sugar, and ground cloves.

BAKED HAM WITH PINEAPPLE

One uncooked ham (10 to 12lb.), water, 1lb. brown sugar, 6 green apples (peeled, cored, and quartered), 1-3rd cup dry mustard, extra 2-3rd cup brown sugar, dry sherry, 1 large can drained pineapple rings, glaze cherries.

Soak ham at least 12 hours in water to cover; change water from time to time. Drain well, place in large vessel with water to cover. Add brown sugar and apples, cover and bring slowly to just below boiling point. Simmer, without allowing liquid to boil, until ham is cooked, allowing about 30 minutes per lb. cooking time. Allow ham to cool in cooking liquor. Drain ham, peel off skin; trim away any excess fat. Combine mustard and brown sugar, mix to thick paste with little dry sherry; spread over ham. Arrange pineapple slices over ham, securing with cocktail sticks, add cherries. Sprinkle with little extra brown sugar; bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes or until pineapple is well glazed and lightly browned. Serve ham hot with baked sweet potatoes and green beans.

THE MEAT

Pork: Choose loin or leg with fine-grained, pinky-white flesh and firm white fat. Have butcher cut away chine bone from loin to make carving easier. Wipe

surface with damp cloth. Score skin at 3-8in. intervals with sharp knife (or ask butcher to do this for you). Brush with oil, place fat side up in baking-dish. Bake, uncovered, in moderate oven, allowing 30 to 35 minutes per lb. Brush occasionally with hot oil or fat. Crackling should be brown and crisp, not hard and dry.

Veal: Choose loin, boned, and rolled shoulder joint or fillet from leg. Wipe meat with damp cloth, rub with cut lemon. If seasoned, fill pocket and tie or skewer securely; or spread seasoning over boned shoulder, roll, and tie securely. Place small quantity of fat in baking-dish. Bake uncovered in moderate oven, basting frequently to keep surface moist; or place strips of pork fat or bacon on top; allow 30 to 35 minutes per lb. cooking time.

STUFFINGS AND SAUCES

SAUSAGE MEAT STUFFING

(For turkey)

One pound sausage meat, 1 large chopped onion, 2 cups chopped celery, 5 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 beaten egg.

Place sausage meat in large greased frying pan; cook, stirring, until lightly browned. Remove and drain, reserving 2 tablespoons of drippings. Sauté onion, celery in reserved drippings until soft (about 5 minutes). Cool, combine with remaining ingredients. Fill into neck and body cavity of turkey.

RICE STUFFING (For chicken)

Three ounces long-grain rice, salted water, 1 chopped anchovy fillet, 1oz. (4 to 5) black olives (chopped, with stones removed), 1oz. blanched and chopped almonds, ¼ clove of crushed garlic, salt and pepper, pinch paprika, beaten egg to bind.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender; drain. Mix with remaining ingredients. Fill into chicken; roast in the usual manner.

Note: This stuffing is also delicious with turkey. For turkey, ingredients given above should be multiplied by four.

SIMPLE HERB STUFFING (For chicken)

Two cups soft breadcrumbs, 1oz. softened butter, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon mixed dried herbs, 1 small chopped onion, salt and pepper, beaten egg to bind.

Mix together all ingredients except egg.

Add sufficient beaten egg to bind. Fill into chicken, roast in usual way. Multiply ingredients by four for turkey.

BREAD SAUCE (For chicken or turkey)

One medium-sized onion, 2 cloves, small piece of bayleaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 6 tablespoons fresh white breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter, 1 tablespoon cream or top of milk.

Peel onion, stick with cloves. Put into saucepan with bayleaf and milk; cover, infuse over low heat at least 10 minutes. Remove onion and bayleaf, bring milk to boil, add crumbs. Simmer until thick (about 5 minutes). Draw aside, add salt, pepper, butter, and cream. Reheat gently; serve immediately.

APPLE SAUCE

Four large cooking apples, sugar to taste, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter.

Peel, core, and chop apples, place in saucepan with butter. Cover, cook gently until soft. Beat until smooth, add sugar to taste. Reheat gently.

ORANGE SAUCE (for duck)

Liver of the duck (if available), 1 small chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped mushrooms, 3 dessertspoons fat (taken from pan in which duck was cooked), 3 teaspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon tomato paste, 1 cup stock, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine, 1 tablespoon brandy, skinned sections from 2 oranges, salt and pepper.

Saute liver, onion, and mushrooms in 2 dessertspoons of duck fat until onion is soft. Remove liver, add remaining fat. Take off heat, add flour and tomato paste. Add stock, wine, and brandy, bring to boil, stirring. Add orange rind, salt and pepper. Just before serving, add skinned orange sections.

DESSERT

YULETIDE ICE-CREAM

Three-quarters cup chopped mixed glaze fruits, 4 tablespoons brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 4 egg-yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream (whipped), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup unsweetened chestnut puree (available in cans at most large food stores), little extra milk.

Place chopped glaze fruits in bowl, pour over brandy. Cover, stand several hours. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, gradually add scalded milk. Place in top of double saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring, until mixture thickens. Add chestnut puree,

previously mashed with fork and thinned with little extra milk. Cool mixture, fold in glaze fruits and whipped cream. Spoon into refrigerator trays; cover with aluminium foil, freeze until firm.

THE PIES

FRUITY MINCE PIE

Pastry: Eight ounces plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. custard powder, 2oz. cornflour, 1oz. icing sugar, 8oz. butter or substitute, water to mix, egg-white, extra sugar.

Filling: One medium-sized can crushed pineapple, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, 6 glaze cherries (halved), 1 tablespoon mixed peel, 1 grated apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brandy.

Pastry: Sift dry ingredients into basin; rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix to stiff dough with water. Allow to chill 1 hour. Roll out half dough, line 10in. pie plate. Fill with cooled fruit filling. Roll out remaining pastry, cut into strips. Arrange on top of pie in lattice pattern. Brush with egg-white or water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, cook further 30 to 35 minutes.

Filling: Combine in saucepan all ingredients except cornflour and brandy. Stir over low heat until mixture boils; simmer 3 minutes or until fruit is plump. Blend cornflour with brandy, mix into hot fruit mixture. Stir until thickened, then simmer 1 minute. Cool before filling into pie.

FRUIT MINCE

Half pound finely chopped cooking apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. finely chopped beef suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. halved sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, 1oz. blanched and finely chopped almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rum, 1oz. each candied lemon, orange, and citron peel (all finely chopped), grated rind and juice 1 large lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each ground cloves, cinnamon, and ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 2oz. brandy.

Mix all prepared ingredients together, stirring well. Cover closely in clean dry jars. Keep a week or more to allow to mellow before using in large or small mince pies.

Note: This makes quite a large amount of mincemeat, but any left over is delicious if warmed gently and spooned over scoops of vanilla ice-cream.

BOXING DAY

● Recipes that use up the remaining ham and poultry, salads to serve with cold meats, and refreshing drinks to keep in the refrigerator and serve icy-cold.

PILAFF WITH TURKEY

One large onion (chopped), 4oz. butter, 2 cups uncooked long-grain rice, salt and pepper, 1 bayleaf, 2 cups cooked diced turkey, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken or turkey stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts.

Melt butter in large heavy saucepan, add onion, saute until golden. Add rice, salt and pepper, continue to cook, stirring until rice turns golden. Add turkey, bayleaf, and stock, cover; simmer 20 minutes or until rice is tender and stock absorbed. Toss lightly with chopped nuts; serve at once.

FRUIT PUNCH

Half pint orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 1 pint ginger ale, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot tea, 1 pint soda water, 2 tablespoons maraschino cherries with 2 tablespoons of their juice, orange slices, mint sprigs.

Strain tea, pour over sugar, stir until well mixed; cool. Strain and measure fruit juices. Place large piece of ice or ice cubes in punch bowl, pour over tea and fruit juices. Add maraschino syrup, ginger ale, and soda water. Decorate with sprigs of mint, cherries, and orange slices.

HEARTY HAM CHOWDER

One cup diced ham, 1 onion (finely chopped), 1oz. butter, 2 cups diced peeled potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, 4 cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, salt and pepper, 1 can whole kernel corn (drained), paprika.

Melt butter, add onion and ham, saute until onion is soft. Cook potato and celery in small amount of boiling water about 10 minutes; drain. Stir flour into onion and ham mixture, simmer 2 minutes. Add milk, potatoes, celery, corn, salt and pepper; cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens. Serve topped with sprinkling of paprika.

BLUE CHEESE SALAD

One clove garlic (crushed), 2oz. blue vein cheese, strained juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, dash tabasco sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 1 cup sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika, salt and pepper, 1 lettuce.

Combine garlic, lemon juice, crumbled cheese, worcestershire and tabasco sauces, mustard, oil, and sour cream. Mix thoroughly until a thickish dressing is formed. Stir in salt, pepper, and paprika. Tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces, place in salad bowl. Pour over dressing; toss lightly. Serve at once.

BASQUE SALAD

(Picture, page 6)

One red pepper, 1 green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 tablespoons olive oil (extra), salt and pepper, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, few black olives, 1 small onion (sliced, or use pickled onions), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cut peppers into strips, removing seeds and membranes. Saute slowly in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup oil until softened, then drain on absorbent paper. Combine the extra oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Pour over peppers, stand 30 minutes. Peel, seed, and slice tomatoes, add to peppers with onion and olives. Mix all together gently. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving.

CREAMY TURKEY HASH

One small onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon butter or turkey fat, 2 potatoes (peeled and diced), 2 cups cubed cooked turkey (chicken can be substituted for turkey), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chicken or turkey stock, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, salt and pepper.

Saute onion in butter until soft and golden. Add potatoes, cook 2 or 3 minutes, then add turkey, stock, cream, salt and pepper. Cover, cook slowly 10 to 15 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Serve at once.

Continued overleaf



BUTTERY, FLAKY PIE SHELL (left) is simply made with crushed biscuits, holds a deliciously savory filling. See recipe for Seafood Pie on opposite page.

BOXING DAY . . . concluded

LEMON TANG

Juice 1 lemon, rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 2oz. sweet sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, sprig of mint, 1 bottle of cola beverage, cucumber slices.

Remove rind from lemon with vegetable peeler, shred finely. Add to lemon juice with sherry, water, and mint sprig. Stand 5 minutes, strain and chill until serving time. Add chilled cola beverage, top with cucumber slices.

PASSIONFRUIT CUP

One pint cider, juice 1 lemon, 1 doz. passionfruit, 1 large bottle soda-water, little chopped fresh fruit, sugar to taste.

Mix passionfruit pulp and lemon juice with cider; chill. Just before serving, sweeten to taste, add soda. Garnish with fresh fruit.

GOLDEN FREEZE

Juice 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice (more or less to taste), 1 cup cold tea, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, 1 cup drained, crushed pineapple, pulp 3 passionfruit, 1 bottle cola beverage.

Combine all ingredients except cola beverage. Stir until sugar dissolves, then chill. Just before serving, add cola beverage, mix well. Serve with crushed ice.

COLA SODA

Half cup strawberry-flavored cordial, 1 cup water, 2 medium-sized bottles cola beverage, vanilla ice-cream, whole strawberries.

Combine cordial with water, chill until serving time. Just before serving, add chilled cola beverage; pour into tall glasses, top with scoop of ice-cream and a few whole strawberries.

BASQUE SALAD (below) tastes good, looks colorful and gay, is a delightful accompaniment to any cold meats for a Boxing Day meal. See recipe, page 5.



CONVENIENT MEALS

● Keep a good supply of convenient canned and packaged foods on hand during the holiday season, to lighten cookery chores.

CONVENIENT foods in cans or packets help you prepare quick and easy meals for the family. They're also a reliable standby when unexpected guests drop in.

Canned or packaged foods are good to eat when prepared according to directions on the container. But it's the clever cook who uses them as easy short-cuts to create something that's different and delicious—like the dishes on this page.

SEAFOOD PIE

(Picture opposite)

Pie Shell: Eight ounces crushed savory biscuits, 3oz. butter or substitute (melted), 2oz. water.

Filling: One onion (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, little oil for frying, 10oz. can cream of oyster soup, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 4oz. small prawns, salt and pepper.

Pie Shell: Combine all ingredients, blend thoroughly. Press crumb mixture on to base and sides of 9in. pie plate; chill 1 hour.

Filling: Sauté chopped onion and green pepper in little hot oil a few minutes, stir in the soup; remove from heat. Beat eggs with milk, add to soup mixture, stir in prawns. Season to taste. Spoon carefully into prepared pie case. Bake in moderately slow oven 40 to 50 minutes.

SAVORY SANDWICH

Twelve slices bread (with crusts trimmed), 1-3rd cup mayonnaise, 6 slices processed cheese, 6 slices cooked ham, few drops chilli sauce, extra ½ cup mayonnaise, 3 hard-boiled eggs, parsley.

Toast bread on one side only. Spread untoasted side of each slice with mayonnaise. On half the toast slices place slice of cheese, slice of ham, then remaining toast slices. Cut each sandwich into 4 triangles, arrange on plate. Add chilli sauce to mayonnaise, pour this over each triangle. Top each with slice of hard-boiled egg. Garnish with parsley.

SALMON KEDGEREE

Half pound long-grain rice, boiling salted water, 1 large can red salmon, 2oz. butter, 2 teaspoons curry powder (or to taste), 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper, ½ pint hot, medium thick white sauce, chopped parsley.

Cook rice in plenty of boiling salted water until tender; drain, keep warm. Drain salmon and flake, removing skin and bones. Melt butter in saucepan; blend in curry powder; add fish and sauté gently. Combine finely chopped hard-boiled eggs with rice and fish. Season to taste; fold in hot white sauce. Pile on to platter; sprinkle with finely chopped parsley before serving.

TURKEY SUPPER SANDWICHES

One small can devilled ham paste, 4 slices freshly made toast, slices of cooked white meat of turkey, 1 small can condensed cream of mushroom soup, 3 dessertspoons mayonnaise, ½ cup dry sherry, paprika, salt and pepper.

Spread devilled ham on hot toast; top each slice with generous slices of turkey. Place in shallow ovenproof dish. Dilute soup with mayonnaise and wine; season to taste; heat to simmering, spoon over sandwiches. Bake in moderately hot oven about 10 minutes or until piping hot; dust with paprika. Serve at once.

CORN AND CHICKEN SALAD

Three cups diced cooked chicken, 1 large can whole-kernel corn, 4 medium-sized tomatoes, 2 green peppers, ½ cup mayonnaise, salt and pepper, lettuce leaves, 3 hard-boiled eggs (quartered), 6 ripe olives.

Dice chicken, place in large wooden salad bowl; add drained corn. Peel and dice tomatoes, add to chicken and corn. Halve peppers; remove seeds and membranes. Chop peppers finely, add to bowl. Stir in mayonnaise, season with salt and pepper. Toss salad gently, serve on individual plates lined with lettuce leaves. Garnish each plate with quarters of hard-boiled egg and ripe olives.

PINEAPPLE HALOES

One packet plain cake mix, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons undiluted evaporated milk, 1 can pineapple slices, well drained, chopped preserved ginger, milk for glazing, sugar, whipped cream, glace cherries.

Place cake mix in basin, stir in the cornflour. Mix to stiff dough with the combined beaten egg and evaporated milk. Knead, roll out to ¼in. thickness; cut into 3in. rounds. Place half the rounds on lightly greased tray, top each with pineapple round. Fill centre of pineapple with chopped ginger, cover with remaining pastry circles. Prick tops lightly. Brush with milk, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes, or until golden. Remove from tray, cool on wire rack. Decorate with whipped cream and glace cherries.

MEXICANA MEAT LOAF

Two cups soft breadcrumbs, 8oz. can tomato soup, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon dry basil, salt and pepper, 1 small onion (finely chopped), 1 large red pepper (finely chopped), 4oz. can whole-kernel sweet corn, ¼lb. minced steak (or use ¼lb. each minced steak and minced pork or veal), ½ cup chutney.

Place in basin breadcrumbs, soup, beaten egg, basil, onion, and red pepper; mix thoroughly to moisten breadcrumbs completely. Add drained corn and meat, mix well; season. Mould into loaf shape on lightly greased baking dish, sprinkle over a little flour or dry breadcrumbs, then wrap firmly in aluminium foil. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour, remove foil, bake further 10 to 15 minutes; cool. Before serving, spread chutney over top. Cut into slices, serve with salad vegetables.

FRANKFURTS IN BLANKETS

One can ready-to-bake scones, 1lb. thin frankfurts (cooked).

Open can of scones as directed on can. Roll each scone out to 4in. round. Wrap a

scone round each cooked, cooled frankfurt, secure with cocktail sticks. Place on ungreased baking sheet, bake in hot oven 10 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with tomato sauce or mustard.

TUNA SUPPER SNACKS

Sixteen slices fresh bread, softened butter, 1½oz. extra butter, 3 dessertspoons plain flour, 1½ cups milk, salt and pepper, ½ teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 4oz. processed cheese (shredded), 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, blanched, 7oz. can tuna.

Remove crusts from bread, spread both sides of bread with softened butter. Press into small patty tins. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

Melt extra butter in saucepan; add flour, cook, stirring, a few minutes. Gradually stir in the milk, then add salt, pepper, worcestershire sauce, and half the shredded cheese. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until cheese has melted and sauce is smooth. Fold in green pepper and flaked tuna; heat through. Spoon into toasted cups, sprinkle with remaining cheese. Serve immediately.

SAMBALI RICE

One ounce butter, ¼lb. uncooked rice, 1 onion (chopped), 1 packet beef noodle soup, 2 cups water, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 10oz. can whole-kernel sweet corn, ¼lb. cold cooked meat (beef, chicken, or salami), 1 hard-boiled egg.

Melt butter in saucepan, add rice, stir until evenly browned. Add onion and continue stirring, without over-browning rice, for 1 minute. Blend soup mix with water and sauces, pour over rice, stir until boiling. Cover, simmer slowly over low heat 10 minutes, remove lid, cook further 2 minutes, if necessary, to absorb liquid. Remove from heat. Mix through drained corn, chopped meat, and egg. Cool; fill into fancy mould, chill. When firm, invert on to serving dish; serve with salad vegetables.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

AN ideal way to cater for a New Year's Eve party at home is to serve a buffet meal. The menu on this page gives quantities sufficient to serve 50 guests.

If you're catering for less than 50 people, halve the quantities in our menu, or you might prefer to serve only one hot dish and one dessert.

Buffet dinner for 50

MENU: Devilled and Curried Nuts; Salmon Mousse; Wine Chicken and Savory Rice; Gourmet Steak and Kidney; Green Salad; Hot Chive Bread; Creamy Trifle; Coffee Bavarian Cream; Cheese and Biscuits; Coffee.

DEVILLED NUTS

Assortment of nuts (almonds, peanuts, cashews), butter, salt and cayenne, paprika. Melt generous amount of butter in large, heavy frying pan. Put in nuts and saute, stirring, until lightly golden. Remove from heat, add salt, cayenne, and paprika to taste; continue stirring until nuts are nicely brown. Drain and cool.

Curried Nuts are made in the same way, substituting curry powder for cayenne and paprika.

SALMON MOUSSE

Bechamel Sauce: One bayleaf, blade of mace, few peppercorns, slice of onion, 2 cups milk, 2oz. each butter and flour, salt and pepper.

Mousse: One pound canned salmon, 4oz. well-creamed butter, 2 tablespoons sherry, 2 to 3 tablespoons whipped cream.

Combine milk, bayleaf, spices, and onion; heat gently. When well flavored, strain and cool slightly. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook few minutes. Remove from heat. Gradually stir in milk, return to heat; stir until boiling, season to taste; cool.

Drain salmon, removing skin and bones; pound well in bowl. Add sauce by degrees, with plenty of seasoning. Fold in creamed butter, lemon juice, whipped cream, and sherry. Turn into dish; chill until set. Serve with fingers or triangles of hot buttered toast. Make 4 or 5.

WINE CHICKEN

Six chickens (about 4lb. each), 4lb. butter, 6oz. flour, 2 cloves garlic, 2 chopped onions, 2 pints strong chicken stock, 1½ pints milk, 1 cup dry white wine, 2 cans pimientos (drained and cut into strips), 2 cups blanched almonds, Savory Rice.

Steam chickens until tender. Cool, take flesh from bones. Cut flesh into strips. Melt butter in large saucepan, add garlic and onions, cook very gently until soft and golden. Remove from heat, stir in flour. Combine stock, milk, and wine, heat gently. Gradually add to butter and flour mixture, stir over moderate heat until sauce thickens; add more stock if necessary. Season to taste, add almonds and pimientos. Stir in chicken meat. Transfer to serving dish, surround with Savory Rice. Serve at once.

Savory Rice: Eight pounds long-grain rice, salted water, 4lb. butter, salt, freshly ground pepper, 1 bunch finely chopped shallots, ½ cup chopped parsley, 2 red and 2 green chopped peppers, extra butter.

The day before the party, cook rice in batches in plenty of boiling salted water until just tender (about 15 minutes). Drain well, cool, place in baking dishes. Next day, dot rice with the 4lb. butter, season with plenty of salt, pepper. Cook shallots and peppers in little extra butter until soft; stir into rice with parsley. Cover dishes with aluminium foil, place in moderate oven about 30 minutes or until rice is thoroughly heated.

GOURMET STEAK AND KIDNEY

Eight pounds stewing steak, 2lb. beef kidney, seasoned flour, ½ cup oil, 2oz. butter, ½ cup brandy, 1lb. diced bacon, 4 scraped and chopped carrots, 6 chopped onions, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 bayleaves, 1 teaspoon dried thyme, 1½ bottles dry red wine, stock, extra 2 tablespoons butter mixed to paste with extra 2 tablespoons flour (if desired), 4lb. small white onions, little extra butter, sugar, 2lb. mushrooms (sliced and sauteed in little butter and lemon juice), extra chopped parsley.

Cut meat into cubes; chop kidney, removing core and membranes. Toss meats in seasoned flour. Heat oil and butter in large frying pan, put in meat, a little at a time; brown thoroughly. Heat brandy, ignite and pour over; allow flames to burn out. Transfer meat and kidney to large ovenproof dish (or use 2 dishes). Add to frying pan the bacon, carrots, chopped onions, and parsley; cook, stirring, until bacon is crisp and vegetables lightly browned. Transfer vegetable mixture to casseroles, add bayleaves, thyme, wine, and sufficient stock to cover. Cover, cook in moderate oven 1½ hours. Remove from oven and if desired thicken with extra butter and flour. Return to oven, cook until meat is tender. Meanwhile, peel whole onions, brown in little butter, with sprinkling of sugar. Add little water or stock, cover, cook about 20 minutes or until onions are tender. Add onions to casseroles with mushrooms; simmer for last 15 minutes. Check seasoning, sprinkle with extra chopped parsley.

GREEN SALAD

Ten lettuce, 3 cups olive or salad oil, 1 cup vinegar, salt and pepper, 2 teaspoons each dry mustard and sugar, 3 large sliced cucumbers, celery curls.

Wash lettuce, place in refrigerator to crisp. Combine oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, sugar, and mustard in large screwtop jar; shake thoroughly. At serving time, tear lettuce into bite-sized pieces, place in bowls with cucumber slices and celery curls. Pour over dressing, toss thoroughly. Serve at once.

HOT CHIVE BREAD

Eight long loaves french bread, approximately 2lb. softened butter, salt and pepper, 4 bunches finely chopped chives.

Slice loaves but do not cut through bottom crust. Combine butter with chives, salt and pepper, mix well. Spread between slices. Spread any remaining butter over tops. Place loaves on baking sheets, bake in moderate oven until golden brown and crisp. Cut through slices, pile into baskets for serving, or leave whole and arrange on wooden boards.



BUFFET SUPPER for the New Year



New Year's Eve party. An electric hot-tray keeps the main dish hot.



TUNA ROLLS for brunch on New Year's Day. See page 10.

CREAMY TRIFLE

Two swiss rolls, rum or dry sherry, 4 pints milk, 12 egg-yolks, 1½ cups sugar, 4 tablespoons cornflour, whipped cream, shredded toasted almonds.

Cut swiss rolls into slices, arrange in 2 large glass serving dishes. Sprinkle with rum or dry sherry. Beat egg-yolks with sugar; mix cornflour to paste with little of the milk, then heat remaining milk. Gradually add hot milk to egg mixture, stir in cornflour. Place in top of double saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring, until custard thickens. Flavor to taste with extra rum or sherry; cool a little, pour over cake while still warm. Cool, then chill. Decorate with whipped cream and shredded almonds.

COFFEE BAVARIAN CREAM

Two cups sugar, 10 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons gelatine, water, 2 cups milk, 2 cups strong black coffee, vanilla, 2 pints whipped cream, extra whipped cream and grated chocolate to decorate.

Beat together egg-yolks and sugar. Heat milk, gradually stir into egg mixture. Transfer to double saucepan, stir over hot

water until custard thickens. Stir in gelatine (which has been dissolved in a little hot water), add coffee and vanilla; strain into basin, set aside until mixture cools and begins to thicken. Then fold in whipped cream. Pour into serving dishes, chill until set. Decorate with whipped cream and grated chocolate.

YOU might like to serve the traditional Scots shortbread as a finale to your New Year's Eve menu.

SCOTCH SHORTBREAD

Seven ounces butter, little vanilla, 3oz. castor sugar, 9oz. plain flour, 2oz. rice flour or cornflour.

Cream butter until light and fluffy, beat in vanilla, then gradually beat in sugar. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Press into lightly greased shallow tin. Mark into bars with knife. Prick each bar decoratively with fork. Top with almond halves, or leave plain. Bake in slow oven 50 to 60 minutes. Remove from oven, re-cut into bars.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

● New Year's Day is often a lazy day, with the family rising late. A brunch, combining breakfast and lunch, is a good idea. Here are some easy-to-cook recipes.

AT night have a simple dinner—perhaps cold meat and salads—then serve a special hot savory for supper. On this page are dishes suitable for brunches and suppers.

CRISP TUNA ROLLS (Picture, page 9)

Five long bread rolls, 1 large can chunk-style tuna (drained), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup celery (chopped), 1 dessertspoon chopped dill pickle, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 3 dessertspoons mayonnaise, 1 tomato (cut into 5 slices), 1oz. cheese (grated).

Cut tops off rolls, remove some of the soft centres. Combine tuna, celery, dill pickle, lemon juice, and mayonnaise. Season with salt, pepper, and curry powder. Spoon filling into rolls. Cut each tomato slice into 3, arrange down centre of each roll. Sprinkle with grated cheese, place under grill until cheese melts. Serve at once.

ITALIAN SANDWICH

One small green or red pepper, 1 small onion, 3 dessertspoons butter, 1 cup skinned, chopped tomatoes or canned tomatoes, salt, pepper, 4 slices toast, 4 poached eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated cheese, grilled bacon rolls, parsley to garnish.

Wash green or red pepper, remove stem and seeds, dice finely. Place in saucepan with butter and chopped onion, cook slowly until lightly browned. Add tomato pulp, continue cooking until tomatoes are cooked and mixture has reduced a little. Season with salt and pepper, spread over toast slices. Place poached egg on top of each, cover with grated cheese. Place under grill until cheese is melted. Serve piping hot with grilled bacon rolls and parsley.

SPECIAL SCRAMBLED EGGS

Eight eggs, 2oz. butter, 4 tablespoons cream, salt and pepper, 2oz. crumbled blue vein cheese, dash worcestershire sauce, hot buttered toast.

Beat eggs with the cream, salt, pepper, cheese, and sauce. Heat butter in frying-pan, pour in egg mixture, stir until softly scrambled. Pile on to toast slices. Serve at once.

CREOLE EGGS

Two tablespoons butter, 1 small onion (diced), 2 large mushrooms (sliced), 2 large tomatoes (peeled and seeded), 1 tablespoon capers (drained), salt and pepper, dash tabasco sauce, 6 eggs, slices of toasted, buttered rye bread.

Melt butter in top of double saucepan, add onion and mushrooms; cook until onion is soft. Then add tomatoes, simmer 10 minutes. Place pan over hot water, add capers, salt, pepper, tabasco, and lightly beaten eggs. Stir mixture until softly scrambled. Serve on slices of toasted, buttered rye bread.

SAUTE OF KIDNEYS

Twelve lamb's kidneys, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry vermouth or sherry, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, salt and pepper, 1 cup sour cream, chopped parsley.

Skin kidneys and cut in halves, removing cores. Dust lightly with a little seasoned flour. Heat butter and oil in large frying-pan, put in kidneys, cook until well browned on both sides (about 7 minutes). Transfer cooked kidneys to hot serving dish. Add wine to pan, bring to the boil; simmer 2 to 3 minutes then add mustard, salt and pepper. Mix well, add cream; blend until heated but not boiling. Pour sauce over kidneys; sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve with hot, cooked rice.

HAM KEDGEREE

One cup uncooked long-grain rice, 1 cup diced cooked ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, salt and pepper.

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, mix with remaining ingredients, adding enough cream to moisten. Heat gently; pile on to platter for serving.

CREAMY CURRIED EGG SANDWICHES

Two hard-boiled eggs, 1oz. softened butter, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper.

Chop eggs roughly; add remaining ingredients, blend well. Spread on fresh, buttered bread or hot toast.

CHICKEN LIVERS WITH APPLES

One and a half pounds chicken livers, flour, salt, and paprika, 2oz. butter, 3 onions, 2 large green apples (peeled, cored, and cut into rings), brown sugar, chopped parsley, extra butter.

Wash livers, dry carefully. Dredge with flour mixed with a little salt and paprika. Brown livers in heated butter, turning to cook on all sides. When livers are cooked (they should take about 10 minutes) transfer to serving dish; keep warm. Peel onions, cut into rings; saute in remaining butter until golden. Meanwhile, saute apple slices in little extra butter until golden, sprinkling them with little brown sugar. Arrange onion rings on top of livers; surround with apple rings. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

RICE SAVORY

One or two lean rashers bacon, 1 egg, 1 medium-sized chopped onion, 1 medium-sized chopped tomato, pepper and salt, 2 cups cooked rice, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 tablespoon butter, parsley.

Heat butter in pan, add chopped bacon (rind removed) and onion, brown lightly. Drain off surplus fat. Add tomato, rice, sauce, and chutney; cook gently 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

HAM AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES

One cup finely chopped or minced cooked chicken, 4oz. finely chopped ham, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, little grated nutmeg, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk or chicken stock, 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper, seasoned flour, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, fat or oil for frying.

Make thick white sauce, using the butter, flour, and milk or chicken stock. Mix together chicken, ham, nutmeg, parsley, and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Add sauce and mix well; season to taste. Roll tablespoons of mixture to form croquettes. Cover with seasoned flour, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs; deep fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper; serve at once.

OYSTER CROQUETTES

Twelve oysters, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup canned fish, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup thick, white sauce, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, lemon juice, salt, flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, oil for frying, lemon wedges, parsley.

Flake fish. Add with the oysters to white sauce; mix in cheese. Season to taste with lemon juice and salt. Shape into croquettes with flour-dusted hands. Dip in beaten egg then in breadcrumbs. Deep fry in hot oil until golden brown. Drain well, serve garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

DELICIOUS SUPPER SANDWICH

Eight slices rye or other bread, softened butter, 4 slices of ham (to fit size of bread slices), 4 tablespoons grated gruyere or cheddar cheese.

Butter 4 bread slices. Arrange them, buttered side up, in shallow baking dish; top each with ham. Butter remaining 4 slices, place them on top of ham, buttered side up. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until crisp and golden. If wished, top with spoonful of mayonnaise, sprinkle with some finely chopped chives, green shallot tops, or parsley.

CHEESE AND CURRY SPREAD

Four ounces gruyere cheese (grated), 3 spring onions or shallots (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon curry powder (according to taste), 1 tablespoon sliced, stuffed olives, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, cracker biscuits.

Combine all ingredients except biscuits. Spread mixture on biscuits, place in hot oven or under heated grill until golden brown. Serve at once.

CHINESE OMELET

Four eggs, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled prawns, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pepper to taste.

Melt butter in heavy frying-pan. Add chopped onion, brown lightly. Beat eggs well with salt and pepper, add to pan. Stir in celery and prawns. Cook over low heat, stirring centre occasionally until set and lightly browned underneath. Place under hot grill until lightly browned on top. Cut into wedges. Serve immediately.

Children's party

AT party meals, children's tastes seem to run more to savory than sweet foods, so at your children's Christmas party have a variety of sandwiches, sausage rolls, cocktail frankfurts, and packaged potato chips.

But add just one type of novel small cake, such as the Green Frogs below. And there's a wonderful Koala Cake which will be the hit of the party.

GREEN FROGS (Picture below)

Cake: One packet sponge mix, eggs, and water.

Make cake with eggs and water according to directions on packet. Bake in lamington tin. When cold, cut into 1 1/2 in. cubes.

Cream: Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. water.

Combine sugar and water in small saucepan, cook until mixture forms a syrup, cool

GREEN FROGS are little cakes to please children. Make with a sponge cake mix. Directions a b o v e.

slightly. Cream the butter well, gradually add the syrup. Continue beating until white and fluffy.

Icing: Six ounces icing sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, flavoring, few drops green coloring.

Sift icing sugar into top of double boiler. Add boiling water gradually, mix thoroughly with wooden spoon. Add flavoring and coloring; stir over hot water until smooth and of pouring consistency.

To assemble: Pipe, or spoon, a little of the cream on to each sponge cube; place cube on skewer, pour icing over it slowly, covering completely. (Hold cake above saucepan, so any surplus icing drops back into pan.) Stand on wire rack to drain. When icing sets, make slit in mound of cream for a mouth. Dot with melted chocolate to form eyes.

KOALA CAKE (Picture right)

Two packets of cake mix, Butter Cream Icing, 2 to 2 1/2 cups desiccated coconut, cocoa, 2 large round sweets, 2 small candy-coated colored sweets, 1 licorice strap, 1oz. chocolate, 2 wooden spoons, candy mint leaves.

Make up cake mixes according to directions on packet. Pour the batter into following greased cake tins:—Two 5in. or 6in. round tins; one 7in. round tin; one 9in. square tin. Bake in moderate oven: 5in. or 6in. tin, 12-15 minutes; 7in. tin, 20 to 25 minutes; 9in. tin, 30 to 35 minutes. Remove cakes from tins, cool on cake cooler. Leave overnight for best cutting results. Cut cakes as shown in Picture 1 on page 13. Assemble on sheet of paper as shown in Picture 2 on page 13.

Butter Cream Icing: Half pound butter or substitute, 1 1/2 lb. icing sugar (sifted), 1 to 2 tablespoons cocoa, juice 1/2 lemon.

Cream butter until soft and fluffy, add enough icing sugar to make fairly thick and creamy mixture, beat in lemon juice and cocoa to tint light brown. Add more icing sugar, if required. Beat well.

To Decorate: Spread butter cream icing



SLICES, savory, and apple and raisin. See recipes on page 12.

KOALA CAKE (right) for a party highlight. Recipe on this page.

thinly all over assembled cakes. Tint 1 1/2 to 2 cups of coconut dark brown with cocoa dissolved in little water, and 1 cup coconut light brown by similar method. Press light coconut on centre of ears, on body front, and under arms and tops of legs. Press dark brown coconut over remainder of body. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; when melted but not too soft, spoon on to greased paper in oval shape. This will be the nose. Set in refrigerator.

Cut small strips of licorice for eyelashes, pointed strips for claws on the 4 paws. Press in large round sweets for eyes, then small candy-coated sweets on top of these, joined with little icing, for pupils. Arrange eyelashes and chocolate nose on face. Place wooden spoons for tree branches, with mint leaves arranged decoratively round spoons.

Continued overleaf



CHILDREN'S LUNCH

● With the children home from school — and always hungry — make some of these appetising and nutritious lunch dishes.

NUTTY OATMEAL BARS

One cup plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 2-3rd cup brown sugar, 1 cup oatmeal, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, approximately 10oz. sifted icing sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar, oatmeal, nuts, and coconut. Stir in beaten egg, milk, and vanilla; mix well. Spread in well-greased slab tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. When half cold remove from tin, allow to cool completely. Mix orange juice and rind with sufficient sifted icing sugar to make spreading consistency. Spread over, allow to set, then cut into bars.

SAVORY SLICE

(Picture, page 11)

Pastry: Eight ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, milk to glaze.

Filling: One pound sausage meat, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 1 rasher bacon (chopped), 2 cups cooked rice, salt and pepper.

Mix together wholemeal flour and salt, rub in butter; mix to dry dough with milk. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly. Divide into 2 portions; roll each to fit lightly greased slab tin. Line tin with one portion. Prepare filling. Put meat, bacon, and onion in saucepan; cook gently 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Combine with remaining ingredients; cool. Spread cooled filling over pastry; place remaining pastry over top, press edges well together. Slit top in 2 or 3 places to allow steam to escape. Glaze with milk.

Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 25 to 30 minutes.

SIX-WAY BISCUITS

Foundation Mixture. Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Coffee Creams: One quantity of foundation mixture plus 1 tablespoon coffee essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Monte Carlos: One quantity of foundation mixture plus 1 tablespoon honey, raspberry jam, mock cream.

Orange Slices: One quantity foundation mixture plus grated rind 1 orange, 3 tablespoons orange juice, small quantity orange-flavored icing.

Ginger Biscuits: One quantity foundation mixture plus $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped preserved ginger, crushed corn cereal.

Coconut Biscuits: One quantity foundation mixture plus 2 tablespoons milk, 4oz. coconut, castor sugar.

Afternoon Tea Biscuits: One quantity foundation mixture, substituting 1 cup of cornflour for 1 cup of self-raising flour, small quantity lemon butter cream.

Coffee Creams: Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add coffee essence and vanilla, then beaten egg and sifted flour. Pipe in various shapes on to greased oven trays. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes or until very lightly browned. Dust with icing sugar or top with coffee-flavored icing when cold.

Monte Carlos: Add honey to creamed butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, then sifted flour. Roll into balls with lightly floured hands. Place on greased oven trays, press lightly with fork. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool, join with jam and mock cream. Dust with icing sugar.

Orange Slices: Add orange rind to creamed butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, then sifted flour and orange juice. Roll into balls with floured hands, place on greased oven trays, press with fork. Bake in

moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes; cool. Top with orange-flavored icing.

Ginger Biscuits: Cream butter with sugar, add beaten egg and ginger. Fold in sifted flour. Shape into small balls with floured hands, roll in crushed corn cereal. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

Coconut Biscuits: Cream butter with sugar, add beaten egg and milk. Fold in coconut, then sifted flour. Shape into balls with floured hands, roll in castor sugar. Bake on greased oven trays in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes.

Afternoon Tea Biscuits: Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg. Fold in sifted flour and cornflour. Roll into balls with floured hands. Place on to greased oven trays, press with fork. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool, join with lemon-flavored butter cream.

APPLE AND RAISIN SLICE

(Picture, page 11)

Six ounces wholemeal self-raising flour, 2oz. white self-raising flour, 2oz. butter or substitute, juice 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 or 4 tablespoons water, 1 cup chopped, seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 apples, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, extra 2 dessertspoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Sift white flour, mix with wholemeal. Rub in butter or substitute, add lemon rind. Mix to firm dough with water and lemon juice. Knead lightly on floured board, divide into 2 portions. Roll each to fit slab tin 7in. x 11in. Place one in bottom of slab tin. Peel and grate apples, mix with brown sugar, raisins, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Spread evenly over pastry in tin, place second portion of pastry on top, pressing down lightly. Brush with butter, sprinkle with extra brown sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Bake in hot oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cool, cut into finger lengths, remove from tin. Finish cooling on cake-cooler.

Nice for a dessert, too; serve with custard or ice-cream.

CHILDREN'S PARTY SWEETS . . . from page 11

A liquid sweetener substitutes for sugar in these sweets.

APRICOT BALLS

Three-quarters cup dried apricots, cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, chopped nuts, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons liquid sweetener, crushed cereal crumbs.

Soak apricots several hours in sufficient cold water to cover, then simmer gently about 5 minutes in same water. Drain apricots, combine with coconut and nuts; beat until mixture breaks up and softens, or put through coarse mincer. Add lemon juice and rind and liquid sweetener. Form mixture into small balls, roll in crushed cereal crumbs; chill.

RAINBOW JELLIES

Two and a half tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint boiling water, 1 tablespoon liquid sweetener, yellow, green, and pink coloring.

Mix gelatine with orange and lemon juice, add boiling water, stir until gelatine has completely dissolved; cool, then add liquid sweetener. Divide mixture into 3; color one pink, one yellow, and one green. Pour pink mixture into wetted tin, refrigerate until set; top with yellow mixture, chill; finally add green portion, refrigerate until jelly is firmly set. Cut into squares.

PASSIONFRUIT MARSHMALLOWS

One and a half tablespoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 3 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon liquid sweetener, pulp 3 passion-fruit.

Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water; add lemon juice, allow mixture to cool completely. Whip egg-whites until very stiff, gradually add gelatine mixture, stir in liquid sweetener, then passion-fruit pulp. Pour into tin which has been rinsed out in cold water, refrigerate until set, then cut into squares.

Economy meals

● Don't mention the word "economy" when you serve these meals to the family — because, unless you told them, they'd never guess the low cost; they'd just comment on the good taste of the food.

SAUSAGES DE LUXE

Six pork sausages, 3 rashers bacon, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon grated carrot, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon each of chopped parsley and celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mixed dried herbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1 egg-yolk or about 1 dessertspoon milk, 2 tablespoons fat for frying.

Parboil sausages 5 minutes, drain. Combine breadcrumbs, carrot, onion, parsley, celery, herbs, salt, and butter. Bind with beaten egg-yolk or milk. Cut slit along centre of each sausage and fill with seasoning. Wrap half rasher of bacon round each sausage, secure with cocktail stick. Melt fat in baking dish. Place sausages in dish, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Make gravy in dish after removing sausages. Serve with vegetables.

DEVILLED LAMB GRILL

Four chump chops cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, pinch salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Remove skin from chops. Grill 8 to 10 minutes, turning several times. Mix sauces, mustard, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, butter or substitute, and parsley until well blended. Spread thickly on one side of each chop, place under hot grill 2 minutes. Serve hot.

STUFFED SAVORY MARROW

One small marrow, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. chopped, cooked beef (or use any left-over meat), pinch herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, squeeze lemon juice, salt and pepper, 1 oz. butter or substitute, 1 oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or milk, beaten egg, seasoned flour, 4 oz. breadcrumbs, oil for frying.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook a few minutes, stirring. Season with salt and pepper, add stock. Cook, stirring, until mixture thickens. Simmer for a few minutes. Add beef, herbs, lemon juice, and parsley.

Peel and core marrow, cutting off one end to scoop out pith and seeds. Cook marrow in boiling water until nearly tender. Remove from water, drain. Rub outside dry. Roll into seasoned flour, then in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs. Stuff carefully with prepared meat mixture. Fry until golden brown in hot oil. Sprinkle with chopped parsley; serve with creamed potatoes.

STEAK LOAF

(Picture, page 14)

Two pounds minced steak, 1 chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fruit chutney, 1 cup chicken stock (made with stock cube), 1 dessertspoon curry powder, salt and pepper.

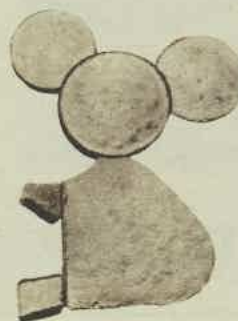
Combine all ingredients, shape into meat loaf on shallow baking dish. Bake in moderate oven about 1 hour. Serve hot with Curried Parsley Sauce.

Curried Parsley Sauce: Two onions, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter or substitute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons curry powder, 2 cups chicken stock, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley.

Saute grated or finely chopped onion in melted butter until lightly golden. Blend in flour, salt, and curry powder, cook few minutes; gradually blend in chicken stock. Heat, stirring, until smooth; simmer 5 minutes. Stir in parsley.

KOALA CAKE (See page 11)

PICTURE 1 (right): Cut out the four cakes into pieces as shown to make the koala's body, and the head, the ears, and paws.



PICTURE 2 (left): Assemble cut-out pieces to make the koala. Then cover with icing and decorate, as directed in the recipe on page 11.

BUTTERSCOTCH CUSTARD TART

Tart Case: Six ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3 oz. butter or substitute, 2 oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk if necessary.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to firm dough with beaten egg, and milk if needed. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to fit 8 in. tart plate. Prepare filling.

Filling: Three-quarters cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons plain flour, 2 egg-yolks, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 tablespoon white sugar, vanilla, 2 egg-whites, and 3 extra tablespoons sugar for meringue.

Brush base and sides of tart case lightly with a little egg-white. Mix brown sugar and flour thoroughly together. Place in bottom of tart case. Press lightly on to pastry. Beat egg-yolks, add milk, sugar, and vanilla. Beat until sugar is dissolved. Pour carefully into tart case. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate, bake further 25 to 30 minutes. Allow to become cold. Make a meringue of egg-

whites and sugar, pile on to tart, return to very moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold.

APRICOT CREAM MOULD

(Picture, page 14)

Three dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup syrup (from apricots), 1 cup mashed cooked or canned apricots, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, extra halved apricots, whipped cream and fresh or crystallised cherries to garnish.

Soften gelatine in cold water, add sugar, salt, and syrup; stir and heat until gelatine and sugar are dissolved. Add mashed apricots and lemon juice, mix well, chill. When beginning to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Arrange pattern of halved apricots and cherries in bottom of wetted mould, carefully add a little apricot mixture, allow to set. Gently pour in remainder of mixture, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving-dish, garnish, if desired, with halved apricots, whipped cream, and cherries.



FAMILY MEAL (left) of Steak Loaf and Apricot Cream Mould. See page 13.

CELEBRATE Twelfth Night with this cake (right). Recipe is given in panel opposite.



Afternoon tea

If you want to return hospitality or to entertain in a simple way, then serve a special afternoon tea.

JIFFY ORANGE CAKE

One and a half cups self-raising flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, pinch salt.

Sift flour 3 times, add sugar. Mix milk with salt, melted butter, orange rind, and well-beaten egg. Fold into dry ingredients. Turn into small greased loaf tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 35 to 40 minutes. Ice when cold with orange-flavored icing.

STRAWBERRY CHEESECAKE

(Picture at right)

Crumb Crust: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1oz. castor sugar, 8oz. crushed sweet plain biscuits, 2 teaspoons cinnamon.

Filling: Two dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup cold water, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1lb. cream cheese, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 cup cream (whipped), 1 cup halved strawberries, 1 tablespoon brandy, extra whole

strawberries, 4 tablespoons red currant jelly.

Melt butter, add to sugar, crumbs, and cinnamon; stir well. Line base and sides of 8in. greased spring-form pan with crumb mixture. Refrigerate while preparing filling. Cover halved strawberries with brandy and set aside; stir occasionally.

Sieve cheese through coarse sieve. Soften gelatine in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Separate eggs, put beaten yolks, sugar, and remaining $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water into double boiler, cook together (stirring) until thickened. Add soaked gelatine, allow to dissolve in hot mixture. While mixture is still warm, strain into cheese, beat well until smooth and creamy; add lemon rind, juice, and salt. Chill until beginning to thicken. Whip cream lightly, add to mixture with stiffly beaten egg-whites. Lastly, fold in brandied strawberries; be careful not to crush berries.

Pour mixture into prepared crumb crust, stand in refrigerator 6 hours, or overnight. Before serving arrange extra strawberries round edge of cheesecake, glaze them with melted red currant jelly.

LUSCIOUS Strawberry Cheesecake for afternoon tea. Recipe left.

COCONUT DATE LOAF

Eight ounces dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut.

Place half the chopped dates in basin with sugar. Bring butter and water to boil, pour over dates in basin; mix well. Add beaten egg. Fold in sifted flour, soda, and salt, then coconut and remaining dates. Fill into greased loaf tin. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes. Serve sliced and buttered.

PRUNE AND ORANGE LOAF

One and a half cups sifted white self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups wholemeal self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prunes, grated rind 2 oranges, 1 cup sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 eggs.

Mix flours and salt; add finely chopped prunes. Simmer orange rind, sugar, and 1 cup of water 10 minutes. Add remaining water to make up $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups liquid. Melt butter, mix with beaten eggs. Add to dry ingredients alternately with syrup. Divide into 2 greased nut-loaf tins. Bake in moderate oven 60 minutes. Stand one day.



AFTERNOON TEAconcluded

APPLE-GINGER SCONES

Eight ounces plain flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1 medium-sized apple, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2oz. each of sultanas, raisins, and currants, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 tablespoons sugar, approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Sift together flour, cream of tartar, ginger, and salt. Rub in butter, add sugar and fruit. Peel, core and coarsely grate apple, add to dry ingredients and mix in well. Mix to soft dough with milk in which bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved. Knead lightly on floured board, pat out to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut with floured scone-cutter. Place on greased oven trays, glaze with extra milk, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm, well buttered.

DANISH KRINGLE

Four cups plain flour, 5 tablespoons castor sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons baking powder, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, egg and milk for glazing, 2 tablespoons castor sugar (extra), 1 dessertspoon boiling water, chopped nuts, mixed peel, glace cherries.

Sift flour with baking powder, add castor sugar. Mix in beaten eggs, melted butter, and milk; add raisins. Form mixture into slender roll, then shape into ring. Place on well-greased baking tray, glaze with mixture of beaten egg and milk. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Remove from oven and glaze with mixture made by combining extra castor sugar and boiling water.

Decorate with nuts, mixed peel, and glace cherries.

PASSIONFRUIT TEACAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops vanilla, 1 egg, 2 cups plain flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup milk, pulp of four ripe passionfruit, 2 tablespoons sugar (extra), 1-3rd cup chopped nuts.

Cream butter with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add eggs, mix well. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Fill into greased and lined 8 in. cake tin. Mix together nuts, extra sugar, passionfruit pulp. Spread evenly over top of cake. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderately hot, cook further 15 to 20 minutes or until cake begins to shrink from sides of tin and feels firm to the touch. Remove from tin. Cool, dust with icing sugar, serve cut in wedges.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT WAFERS

Biscuit: One and a half cups self-raising flour, 1 cup desiccated coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute.

Icing: Six ounces icing sugar, 1 oz. solid white shortening, 3 dessertspoons milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon peppermint essence.

Topping: Three ounces solid white shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup drinking chocolate.

Biscuit: Mix together all dry ingredients. Melt butter or substitute, pour over dry ingredients, mix well. Press into greased swiss roll tin, bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. While still warm, top with the following:

Icing: Sift icing sugar, add white shortening (which has been melted over very gentle heat), milk, and essence. Mix well. Spread over biscuit layer and allow to cool. Then spread over topping.

Topping: Pour melted white shortening over drinking chocolate, mix well. Cool slightly, then pour on top of peppermint icing. Leave to set firmly, then cut into wafers to serve.

ALMOND PETTIS FOURS

Four ounces ground almonds, 3oz. castor sugar, 2 egg-whites, few drops almond essence, glace cherries, 1 extra tablespoon castor sugar, 2 tablespoons milk.

Mix ground almonds with castor sugar. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in almond mixture with the essence. Fill mixture into forcing bag fitted with large rose nozzle; pipe rounds of mixture on to greased baking sheet. Decorate each biscuit with halved cherry. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Remove from oven and, while still hot, brush with the extra sugar dissolved in the hot milk.

ICED COFFEE

Brew coffee in usual manner, cool, then chill. Iced coffee is more thirst-quenching if served unsweetened, but this is a matter of individual preference. Top each serving, if desired, with a scoop of coffee or vanilla ice-cream.

Or you might like to make the coffee with half chilled milk. Top each serving with a spoonful of whipped cream and a sprinkling of grated chocolate.

Note: If sweetening the coffee with sugar, castor sugar will dissolve more readily. Or dissolve sugar in a little hot water before adding to glasses.

ON THE TWELFTH NIGHT

TWELFTH NIGHT is the festival that celebrates the arrival of the Three Wise Men at their destination, and so brings to a happy close the Christmas season.

Leigh Hunt wrote: "Christmas goes out in fine style — with 12th Night. It is a finish worthy of the time. Christmas Day was the morning of the season; New Year's day is the middle of day, or noon; and 12th Night is the night."

This is the time for taking down the Christmas cards, for dismantling the Christmas tree.

Many countries bake a special Twelfth Night cake or bread; most of the cakes have baked into them the traditional dry bean, pea, whole nut or silver coin. Whoever gets this token in their slice of cake is elected king of the revels.

Here is one version of this lovely cake, which you might like to bake to serve with coffee while the Christmas tree is being dismantled.

TWELFTH NIGHT CAKE

Two and quarter cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 8oz. butter or substitute, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 3oz. sliced glace cherries, 3oz. sultanas, 3oz. ground almonds, 1oz. chopped dried apricots.

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter until fluffy, add sugar gradually, beating at least 10 minutes. Beat in vanilla and cinnamon. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fold in fruits and ground almonds. Turn into greased 6-cup mould, or 9 x 5 x 3 in. loaf tin. Bake in slow oven $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until cake is done. Cool in tin 5 minutes, then remove. Cool completely, sprinkle with icing sugar.

CHOCOLATE NEENISH TARTS

Pastry: Four ounces ground almonds, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ egg-whites, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 6 tablespoons icing sugar, pinch salt.

Filling: Four tablespoons butter, 8oz. icing sugar, 1oz. melted chocolate, 2 tablespoons rum or sherry.

Icing: Half pound icing sugar, 1 tablespoon warm water, 1oz. melted chocolate, few drops almond essence.

Pastry: Sift together flour, salt, and icing sugar; mix in ground almonds. Beat egg-whites a little, add to mixture, form into stiff dough. Roll out thinly, cut into rounds, line small greased patty tins. Prick well, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes. When quite cold, spoon in filling.

Filling: Cream butter well, add sifted icing sugar, melted chocolate, and rum or sherry; mix well. Spread filling quite level in tarts, refrigerate until firm.

Icing: Sift icing sugar, add just enough warm water to make a firm icing; mix in

essence. Divide icing mixture in two. Spread half of each tart with white icing. Add melted chocolate to remaining mixture, spread over remaining tart halves; refrigerate until set.

DELICIOUS APPLE CAKE

One pound apples, 3oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 4oz. butter, extra 4oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 7oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream.

Peel and slice apples. Combine in saucepan with the 3oz. sugar and the water. Cook gently until apples are soft; cool, strain off juice and reserve.

Cream butter and extra sugar. Add egg-yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in the sifted flour alternately with the whipped cream; fold in cooled apple pulp. Whip egg-whites until stiff, fold in. Turn mixture into greased 8 in. cake tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. While cake is still hot from oven, pour over apple juice.



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